WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE

By Julian Hawthorne

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY

A. Conan Doyle

Rudyard Kipling

AND OTHERS

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FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS,
V. C., K. G., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E.,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

War's Brighter Side

The Story of "The Friend" Newspaper
Edited by the Correspondents with
Lord Roberts's forces, March–April, 1900

By

Julian Ralph
(One of the Editors)

With contributions from

A. Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, and others,
and a letter from Earl Roberts

WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

New York
D. Appleton and Company
1901

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THIS HISTORY

OF HIS UNIQUE AND HISTORIC EXPERIMENT IN

PUBLISHING A NEWSPAPER FOR AN ARMY IN THE FIELD

IS DEDICATED TO

FIELD MARSHAL, EARL ROBERTS, K.G., K.P., V.C.

ETC.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

V

220494

LETTER FROM EARL ROBERTS TO LORD STANLEY REGARDING "THE FRIEND"

BLOEMFONTEIN,

April 13th, 1900.

DEAR LORD STANLEY,—I understand that on Monday next, the 16th inst., THE FRIEND will come under the new management, and it will, I hope, continue to thrive now that it has been established on a sound basis.

The Army owe a debt of gratitude to the gentlemen who so kindly came forward, and who have given their services gratuitously in the management of the paper.

That their labours are appreciated is evident from the eagerness with which the paper is purchased by officers and soldiers alike.

On behalf, therefore, of the troops, I would ask you to convey my best thanks to all who have contributed toward making the paper such a success, especially to the following gentlemen, Messrs. Landon, Ralph, Gwynne, and Buxton.

Believe me to be

Yours very truly,

ROBERTS.

PREFACE

LORD ROBERTS is the first General of whom I have heard who ever recognised and acknowledged the Value and Power of the Press by establishing a Newspaper as a source of Entertainment and Information for an Army in the Field, and as a Medium for conveying such Arguments and Appeals as he wished to make to the Enemy. This he did, as one might say, the instant he conquered the first of the Boer Capitals, almost simultaneously with his appointment of a Military Governor and a Provost Marshal, and the establishment of a Police Force.

The story of Lord Roberts's experiment and the Experiences of the Men he selected for his Editors must be especially attractive to all Journalists, and they will find here set forth whatever is of purely professional interest to them. To those details I have added the most Notable Contributions with which each of the twenty-seven Numbers of THE FRIEND was made up,

and here this narrow limitation of the interest in the book is broken wide asunder. These newspaper articles are mainly the Works of Fighting Men, at rest between Battles, and of others who were at the moment going to or coming from Engagements. They hold the Mirror up to the Life of an Army, in Camp, on the March, in Battle, and in a Conquered Capital.

In these Letters, Sketches, and Verses the Reader lives with the Soldiers in camp. He sees what they work and play at. He hears of their deeds of Daring, Mishaps and Adventures. He catches their strange Lingo. He observes what they Eat—(and what they do not get to Drink). He notes how they speak of their Faring in Battle. In all the Wealth of English Literature I know of no such a Mirror-reflection and a Phonograph-echoing of Soldier Life as is here.

Generals, Colonels—in fact, men of every rank and grade contributed their shares; of every rank down to "Tommy Atkins," who, in general, sings his Songs in the background, in verse, like the Chorus in an Ancient Drama.

To these features I have added many Personal Recollections, as well as Anecdotes and Stories told by or about the men around me in camp, and in the conquered Capital of the Free State, with Notes and Comments upon a wide

variety of subjects suggested during the editing of the other Matter here collated.

In the Proclamations of the wise and great Field-Marshal, and the Notices, Ordinances, and Camp Orders of his Lieutenants set to rule Bloemfontein after its capture by us, are to be found an account of the Methods by which a Triumphant Army establishes its own new rule in a Conquered City and Territory. This peculiar and most interesting history runs, like a steel thread, through the book from beginning to end. I do not know where else it is told, or even hinted at, in what has thus far been written of the War.

It was because each of the chief elements that make up this book of THE FRIEND is equally fresh and impossible to obtain elsewhere, that I undertook the labour of compiling this work.

It was my first intention to reproduce all the Reading Matter which appeared in THE FRIEND during the period in which we managed it (March 16th to April 16, 1900) but this would have formed a ponderous book of 270,000 words —without including the Military Proclamations. Such a work could not be produced for a price at the command of the general reader, and, furthermore, the general reader would have found it too tiresome to work his way through the many Technical Articles and others which time

has rendered stale or of little interest. Therefore, not without regret, I felt obliged to select, as my best judgment prompted, the matter of the Most Peculiar character, or of Widest Interest for reproduction here.

As the former Editors of THE FRIEND have now formed themselves into an Order to which none is eligible except he or she who tells the truth without fear of consequences, the reader may as well prepare himself to meet with that rare quality in some of the pages that follow.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER PAGE

I.—THE BIRTH OF "THE FRIEND" . . . 1

Showing how it was Fathered by a Field Marshal, sponsored by a Duke and three Lords, and given over to four certificated male nurses.

II.—ITS INFANCY 15

A little Thing, puling Great Promises in its Nurses' Arms.

III.—MR. KIPLING MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE 33

A Costly Sheet—Lines by Kipling—The Steynless City—A Love Letter—Exciting Experiences.

IV.—WE BEGIN TO FEEL AT HOME . . . 47

A Strange Editorial Adventure—Lord Roberts's New Government under Way—The Sin of Horse Theft.

V.—SENTRY STORIES 73

Obnoxious Natives—The Australian Correspondent—More Love Letters.

VI.—OURS WAS NO BED OF ROSES . . . 95

Kipling's regard for "Tommy Poetry"—Our English as it was set up by Boer compositors.

VII.—RUDYARD KIPLING, ASSOCIATE EDITOR . 115

A chapter which introduces a Prince, and tells of our Appeal to the whole Army to write for THE FRIEND.

War's Brighter Side

CHAPTER PAGE

VIII.—Lord Roberts's Headquarters . . 130

Like a beehive for industry when Rudyard Kipling went to lunch with the Field-Marshal.

IX.—"Oh, How Good it Was!" . . . 154

All Ranks join our Corps of Contributors, and the Paper Sparkles.

X.—I Visit Miss Bloemfontein . . . 184

And shall here discuss her, Mr. Kipling, Lord Stanley, and our own behaviour.

XI.—Our Very Mixed Public. . . . 206

A Study of Tommy Atkins, the Inscrutable—Our Dutch Compositors Arraigned.

XII.—"Vive la Compagnie" 227

Four Correspondents dine the General, the Governor, and Rudyard Kipling, and Produce The Friend as well.

XIII.—We Leave "The Friend" to See a Fight 249

The Thirteenth Number, produced by Mr. James Barnes of New York.

XIV.—My Horse Offered For Sale . . 268

Kipling at last writes something that pleases the Boers—A Predikant's letter.

XV.—Contributions from Kipling . . 281

XVI.—Our Loss and the Army's . . . 295

The Departure of Mr. Kipling leaving The Friend vigorous with the Impetus he gave it.

XVII.—Lord Stanley, Journalist . . . 307

XVIII.—Our Christening Competition . . 314

I declare the Original War ended and a New One begun—Enteric's ravages.

Contents

CHAPTER PAGE

XIX.—Fooled by the Boers 324
British Leniency and Credulity abused Past Endurance.

XX.—Dr. A. Conan Doyle Contributes . 349
And this suggests a few remarks about the much-discussed Treatment of our Sick.

XXI.—Loot and Lurid Crazes . . . 363
A chapter in which we also tell of a modest Prince and a gallant Adventurer.

XXII.—In the Shadow of Sanna's Post . 377
We try to Name the New Colony, and describe the Kornespruit Fight.

XXIII.—A Complete Newspaper . . . 395
Full of matter no longer a tenth as interesting as there and then.

XXIV.—False Hearts Around Us . . . 400
Where only the Women were frank—The art of the War Artist.

XXV.—The End Approaches 412
We arrange to retire from our posts, but also start a Portrait Gallery.

XXVI.—Wanted, a Millionaire . . . 423
A number as sparkling as a string of jewels—Joke Portrait Number Two.

XXVII.—A Notable Number 438
Captain Cecil Lowther joins the Wits and Poets again. A Report by Mr. Jenkins, who was "our Staff in himself."

XXVIII.—"Our Friend" no Longer . . . 452
We retire from the paper, leaving it in able and patriotic hands.

XXIX.—Adieu to "The Friend" . . . 465

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Earl Roberts	*Frontispiece*
Lord Stanley at work as Censor	7
The Editors in their Office	16
The Capitulation of Bloemfontein	71
A Corrected "Proof" by Rudyard Kipling . . .	96
Miss Bloemfontein	185
Menu of a notable Dinner	230
Julian Ralph and his horse "Rattlesnake" . .	269
The Front Page of "The Friend" of April 4, 1900 .	314
A Page of Conan Doyle's "Copy"	350
Julian Ralph	454

WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE

CHAPTER I

The Birth of "The Friend"

Showing how it was Fathered by a Field Marshal, sponsored by a Duke and three Lords, and given over to four certificated male nurses

We reached Bloemfontein with men who had done extraordinary marching, fighting, and feats of exposure and privation. Some of the troops, notably the Guards, had walked more than thirty miles in one of the three days' continuous marching. Many had fought at Jacobsdahl, Paardeberg, and Dreefontein, not to speak of lesser actions at Waterval Drift and Poplar Grove.

During at least the last week of this almost unprecedented military performance the army had been reduced to less than half rations. We were very short of food for beasts as well as men. We had lost a large number of transport waggons, with their contents and the animals that drew them, and we had put the torch to two

great hillocks of food which we could not take with us beyond Paardeberg. All our four-footed helpers were spent, hundreds of horses were ill, hundreds of bodies of others were lying along our wake upon the veldt, with flocks of glutted, yet still gluttonous, aasvogels feeding upon their flesh.

Worse, far worse than all else combined, the dreadful microbes of enteric had entered the blood of thousands of the soldiers, who had found no other water to drink than that of the pestilential Modder River which carried along and absorbed the bodies of men and horses as well as the filth of the camps of both the Boers and ourselves.

We had done as the Boers had said we never would do—as only one man of their forces (Villebois-Mareuil) had foreseen that a great general like Lord Roberts must be certain to do: we had left the railway and swept across the open veldt for one hundred miles, from Jacobsdahl and Kimberley to Bloemfontein. For warning his cruel and foul-mouthed commander-in-chief, Cronje, that we would do this, Cronje insulted the brilliant Frenchman grossly, and bade him keep his idiotic notions to himself. But we had done it, and Cronje had lost his army and his liberty for failing to heed the warning. At Bloemfontein we came upon the steam highway once more,

but to the south of Bloemfontein it was wrecked at many points, while to the northward it was in the enemy's country and control.

There was therefore nothing for us but to rest. Yet how heroically we had worked to make rest necessary! How well we had earned the right to enjoy rest if we had been of the temper to desire it! In one month under the great Field Marshal we had gone further and accomplished more than all the other British armies had done in nearly six months. We had won over the eagles of victory to perch upon our standards. We had freed Ladysmith and Kimberley, drawn the Boers away from the Cape Colony border, captured the best army and leading general of our foes, and were encamped around Bloemfontein with President Steyn's Residency in use as our headquarters.

The manner in which four of the war correspondents first learned that we were not to push on to the northward in an effort to seize the Transvaal capital, but were to halt at Bloemfontein, was most peculiar. It was so peculiar as to have led to the establishment of the first newspaper ever conducted by an army for an army on the field of battle. It was so unique an episode that this volume is published to commemorate and explain it; and I trust that no one who reads this will decide that it was not an

episode worthy of an even more marked, substantial, and valuable memorial than I possess the talent to construct.

We entered Bloemfontein on March 13th. Two days later I was asked by Mr. F. W. Buxton, of the *Johannesburg Star*, to attend a meeting of some other correspondents and Lord Stanley in Lord Stanley's office on that day. I had caught up with the army by a dangerous journey with only two companions across the veldt from Kimberley, where an injury to my leg had laid me up. I had reported myself to Lord Stanley, the censor. I had previously carried on some correspondence with him, but our personal acquaintance had not been of more than five minutes' duration. I could not, therefore, know at that time that he was to prove himself the most competent of all the censors appointed to supervise the work of us correspondents. In saying that he was the "most competent" I mean that he ranked above all the others in every quality which goes to make up fitness for this unceasing and exacting work. He had quick intelligence, great breadth of judgment, unfailing courtesy, unbroken patience, and all the modesty of a truly able man.

Hardly can the average reader estimate the degree of satisfaction with which we correspondents came quickly to realise the admirable quali-

ties of this first and only fair and considerate censor that most of us had known in the war. At one place we knew a censor who read the letters which came to officers and privates from their wives in England, and who used to regale his chance acquaintances with comparisons between the sterling virtues and deep affection of the letters to Tommy, and the colder, more selfish, and even querulous messages of the wives of officers.

At another place we had a censor who obliged us to hand to him our letters to our wives and sweethearts unsealed, and in one case this censor kept for twenty-four hours a letter I had written to my family.

Still another censor showered his contempt upon certain correspondents who, in every way which goes to make up refinement, self-respect, and dignity, were many times better men than he. It amused him to take the despatches of a Colonial lad, who was doing his best to enter upon an honourable career, and throw them in his waste basket daily for ten days without informing the youth of their fate. It pleased him to insult me by telling me that the only message I could send to England must be a description of a sandstorm; while to Mr. E. F. Knight, a man Lord Methuen said he "was proud to have with his army," this censor said, "There is only

one thing I will allow you to write—that is, a description of a new Union Jack which has just been run up over the headquarters."

With such ill-chosen, mistaken men had we undergone experiences, and now, at last, we met with Lord Stanley, who, having been born with the attributes of a gentleman, never could forget them; who had the most intense likes and dislikes for those around him, yet never let these hinder or temper his unvarying fairness; who was as firm as iron and yet always gentle; a stout, strong, stalwart man in build, hearty and kindly in manner; a man who took command as easily and exercised it as smoothly as if he had been a general at birth.

I speak of him at some length not merely because his case proves that the one well-equipped censor appointed in the armies on the west side of the continent was a civilian, and not only because this one competent censor gave equally complete satisfaction to both the Army and the Press, but because he assumed a conspicuous and important part in the story I am telling.

His office was as nearly literally a hole in a wall as a room in a house could well be. It was in the corner of the Free State Post Office building, facing the great central square of dirt, in the middle of which stood the market, under whose

Mr. Ralph,
Mr. Scull, of Chicago,
Mr. Buxton, of *The Friend*,
are the three men behind the Censor.

Mr. Pearse, *Morning Post*.
Mr. Bennett Burleigh,
Daily Telegraph.

W. B. Wollen,
R. I.

Mr. Maxwell,
of the *Standard*.

Mr. Melton Prior.

Mr. Rennet,
of "Laffan's Bureau."

Lord Stanley Censoring Reports of a Battle.

Photographed by H. Mackern, of *Scribner's Magazine*.

open shed the mounted men of the City Imperial Volunteers lived among their saddles and bridles, and slept on the tables of the greengrocers, whose place this once had been. On the Post Office side of the square was the Free State Hotel, the best in the town. On the opposite side, an eighth of a mile away, was the Club. Between the two ends ran a double row of such shops as one looks for in a small village, and behind one of these was the office of a newspaper called *The Friend of the Free State.*

Lord Stanley's office was a wretched poke-hole of a room. It boasted a door with glass panels and no window. Its floor was of bare boards. Its walls were partly made of soiled plaster and partly of bare boards. Opposite the door, in the corner, stood a kitchen table which was never used, and in the other dark end of the room was another kitchen table, behind which, on a kitchen chair, the ex-Guardsman and Whip of the Unionist Party sat nearly all day, and some hours of every evening, with one hand full of manuscript and the other holding the little triangular stamp with which he printed the sign manual of his approval upon nearly every despatch which was written by those correspondents who kept within the law governing the cabling of news to their journals. A kerosene lamp, an inkpot and pen, and a litter of papers

were the other appointments of the room. The censor was clad in khaki like all the rest of us, but the collar of his tunic bore on each side the short bit of red cloth which marked him as a staff officer.

To this office, at the censor's invitation, came Percival Landon, correspondent of the *Times*, H. A. Gwynne, of Reuter's Agency, F. W. Buxton, of the *Johannesburg Star*, and myself.

"Gentlemen," said Lord Stanley after the door had been closed and locked to keep out the current of "Tommies" with telegrams which flowed in and eddied before the desk all day, "Lord Roberts wants to have a daily newspaper published for the entertainment and information of the Army while we are here. I may tell you that we are likely to stay here four weeks. You four are asked to undertake the work of bringing out the newspaper. Will you do it?"

Three of us did not clearly see how we could undertake so laborious and exacting a task and still do justice to our newspapers at home; nevertheless, the censor's words had been, "Lord Roberts wants this."

"We must do it if Lord Roberts desires it," was the reply of one of us. The rest nodded acquiescence, but said nothing.

"I am very glad," the censor replied.

Mr. Buxton, who knew South Africa and its

Press very well, appeared to have devoted some attention to the matter earlier in the day. From him and from the censor we learned that two daily newspapers had been published in Bloemfontein up to the time that we took possession of the town. One was the *Express*, the property of the widow of one Borckenhagen—a Boer organ of the most pronounced type, and notorious for the virulence of its attacks upon the British, for its lying reports, and its mischievous influence. That paper had been stopped by Lord Roberts, and its machinery, type, and all else belonging to it were for us to do with it as we pleased.

The other paper was the little *Friend of the Free State*, owned, as I understand, by an Englishman named Barlow, who was out of the country and had left the property in the care of his son. This younger Barlow had not conducted the paper in such a spirit toward us as one would have looked for from a man of English blood; but, either for good cause, worldly interests, or wholly despicable reasons, there was so much disloyalty and so much more of fence straddling throughout South Africa that a very lenient view was taken of this case, and we were asked to find out what sum of money would satisfy Barlow for the loss of income from his paper while we conducted it. He was to be told

that he could not be permitted to continue his editorship, and that therefore it was necessary to settle on some figure covering any shrinkage that might occur in his customary profits while the newspaper was in our charge.

Mr. Buxton was appointed to confer with Barlow, and in a few hours we all met again to hear that the dethroned editor would be satisfied with a guarantee of £200, or £40 a week during the month of our editorship.

"We ought not to be at any risk of having to pay this sum," said Mr. Landon. "If we give our time to the work cannot the Government assume the responsibility for the money?"

"No," said the censor, "you cannot be allowed to lose anything by your kindness. Two hundred pounds will be the utmost cost, eh? Well, I think that Westminster, Dudley, and I, can raise that between us."

We held our breaths for a moment as he said this, for it flashed upon us that the heir of Lord Derby, the owner of the great Dudley estates, and the greatest landlord of London, were to be our backers, that they were high up among the richest men of England, and that one of them was saying he was hopeful that among all three two hundred pounds might not prove an impossible sum to raise.

"Yes, that's all right," Lord Stanley re-

peated; "I think that Dudley, Westminster, and I can manage it."

The reader will not be prepared to hear that anything funnier than that could grow out of this situation. But it was to be so. Weeks after our singular editorial experience ended I received, while in Capetown, a letter from an interested Afrikander asking me whether I thought the three men who guaranteed Barlow against a loss of profits from his paper were responsible men, and Barlow would be likely to get his forty pounds!

I went away to nurse my injured leg, and the other editors went their ways to arrange for getting out a new paper, which all of us agreed should be christened with the now historic name of THE FRIEND. While we are thus separated from them let me draw a pen picture of each.

Percival Landon, representing the *Times*, is a university man, who has been admitted to the bar, and who took up the work of a war correspondent from an Englishman's love of adventure, danger, and excitement. It can be nothing but his English blood that prompted him to this course, for in mind and temperament, tastes and qualifications, he is at once a scholar and a poet rather than a man of violent action. Had the *Times* so desired he would have charmed the public with letters from the front as human and

picturesque in subject and treatment as any that were sent to London. His charms of manner and of mind caused his companionship to be sought by the most distinguished and the most polished men in the army, and all were deeply sorry when, at the close of the army's stay in Bloemfontein, illness forced him to return to London, though not until he had served in the war as long as any man at that time on the west side of the continent.

Mr. H. A. Gwynne, representing Reuter's Agency, is a veteran war correspondent, though a young man otherwise. He is Landon's diametrical opposite, being above all else a man of action and a born soldier. As an author and as a mountain climber of distinction he was known before he adopted the profession of journalism and took part in, I think, ten campaigns: The Turko-Greek, the Omdurman campaign, the Egyptian campaign preceding it, and others. It was Gwynne who, with Mr. George W. Steevens, received the surrender of the Volo from the Greek authorities before the Turks entered the town. Mr. Gwynne has superabundant strength, health, and spirits, loves soldiering and adventure, and is so shrewd in his judgment of men, and practised in his observations of war, that more than one general made it a practice to consult him upon what he knew and saw during the

South African campaign. How well he can write the pages of THE FRIEND attest.

Mr. Buxton is a specialist in the interests which are uppermost in Johannesburg, where, as a member of the staff of the *Star*, and as a citizen of consequence, he has made himself intimately known to the forceful men of South Africa, and has mastered the problems that lie before the British in reconstructing the government and welding the two leading races together. He had accompanied Lord Methuen's unfortunate army from its start to its rescue by Lord Roberts, and during all that time his knowledge of the country and of the Boers might have been turned to good account had he been consulted. It was fitting that the staff of the newspaper should have had upon it a representative colonial of English stock, yet of long and masterful local experience such as Mr. Buxton.

For a striking picture of the minor characters who figured as our foremen and compositors in the newspaper office the reader will do well to read Rudyard Kipling's "A Burgher of the Free State," one of the short stories he wrote after his return from South Africa in the early summer of 1900.

It showed us associates of the master story-teller how instantly, broadly, and accurately he is able to imbibe and absorb the colour and spirit,

and even the most minor accessories of any new and strong situation around him. It will show the reader better than any amount of another man's writing the characters of our helpmeets and neighbours, and the atmosphere in which they moved.

CHAPTER II

Its Infancy

A little Thing, puling Great Promises in its Nurses' Arms

On March 16, 1900, there glimmered (it cannot be said to have flashed) upon the Army and the half-wondering, half-treacherous population of Bloemfontein, the first number of The Friend. It was produced in the office of the former *Friend of the Free State*—an office that had the appearance of having been arranged out of a dust-heap, and stocked with machinery, type, and furniture that had been originally bought at second-hand and left to itself through fifty years of frequent dust-storms.

Everything in it was either the colour of dirt or the tone of type-dust—everything, including the window-panes and the printers. Of the latter we never knew the number, names, or characters. Only one gnomish man ever appeared at large out upon the uncharted floor of the composing-room, and he was elderly and silent—a man

grown mechanical, and now making but a feeble fight against the dirt and type-dust which was slowly covering him in what was apparently to be another such upright tomb as held the last of the wife of Lot. He sometimes came into the editorial dust-hole—if we yelled and stamped our loudest and our longest. He came wearily and softly, heard our orders, and vanished in the type-dust as we used to see our army friends at Modder step out of our tents into a dust-devil and disappear on the ocean of veldt and at high noon.

The other printers lived in the little side alleys between the rows of type-cases. They were evidently drawn there by the feeble, straggling light that still shone faintly through the filth upon the window-panes. I judged that they were older than the foreman, and too feeble, too nearly entombed by the dirt, to be able to go out upon the floor. We only got glimpses of them, and never heard one speak.

Out in the back yard, behind Barlow's stationery shop, the sun glared fierce and hot upon a strip of desert ground, a blue gum-tree, and a preternatural boy. He lived out there, refusing to be drawn into the dust-heap until the awful sentence of serving as a printer should, at last, be read out to him. We had a fancy that each of the old men inside had begun like that boy, cling-

Julian Ralph. Perceval Landon.

H. A. Gwynne. Rudyard Kipling.

The Editors in their Office.

Photographed by H. Mackern, of *Scribner's Magazine*.

ing as long as possible to the region of air and light, that each in his turn had been sucked in at last, and that it was this last boy who went in at lunch time and led the old fellows out of their solitary, silent cells, and gave each a push in the back to start them toward their homes.

How Messrs. Gwynne, Buxton, and Landon managed to get out the first paper, which they forgot to mark with what a great man once said were "the saddest words ever seen in print," that is to say, "Vol. I., No. 1.," I never asked them, though I wondered. They did produce it, however, and called it

Playing Cards. All Qualities at Barlow's. 3d.

THE FRIEND.

Cue Tips and Wafers at Barlow's. 3d.

VOL. IV. NO. 1,027.

Its sheet was of the size of two copies of the *Spectator* laid side by side. Each of its four pages measured twenty inches long by fifteen wide. Far more striking than its title was this sentence, in blackest type: "If you once use Vereeniging coal you will never use any other." All the advertisements, except the very many scattered about for Barlow's stationery business, and for which I hope he was made to pay at the highest rates, were old notices carried on from the days of Boer rule.

Upon the second page two advertisements were brand new. They were proclamations signed " By order, G. T. Pretyman, Major-General, Military Commandant, Bloemfontein." One was in the Taal language, the other was in English, and both announced that a market would be held daily, near the town, for the sale of such local produce as butter, eggs, milk, poultry, and vegetables. The prices to be charged were laid down by this sapient and enterprising general, who declared eggs to be worth two shillings a dozen, milk fivepence a bottle, turkeys five shillings and sixpence and higher, butter two shillings a pound, &c. The English proclamation was headed " Notice." The Dutch copy bore the title " Kennisgeving," and was signed, " Bij order, G. T. Pretyman, Majoor-Generaal, Krijgs-Kommandant van Bloemfontein."

On the third, or editorial page, was another military notice entitled " Army Orders," which I reprint in full, as showing how almost instantly Lord Roberts established his own rule in the conquered capital. General Pretyman's market notice was dated the day we took the town, and we knew that on that day a local police force was established, headquarters and quarters for all the branches of the military rule were at once set up, and here on the 15th there had been found

time to arrange and prepare for publication a directory of the new arrangements.

ARMY ORDERS—SOUTH AFRICA

ARMY HEADQUARTERS, GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
BLOEMFONTEIN, *March* 15, 1900.

1. *Civil Population to be unmolested.*

It being desirable and in the interest of both the British Government and the inhabitants of this country that all residents should be assured that so long as they remain peaceably disposed their civil rights and property will be respected, it is strictly forbidden that any private property should be compulsorily taken possession of by other than the authorised Supply Officers.

All articles required by the troops must be obtained and paid for in the ordinary way, and no trespassing or interference with the inhabitants will be permitted.

These instructions apply to detached bodies of troops as well as to the Force generally, and it is specially the duty of all officers to put a stop to all attempts to infringe them.

By order,
J. W. KELLY,
A.G. for C. of Staff.

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6. *Office of Departments.*

The offices of the various Departments are situated as shown below:—

Military Secretary Chief of Staff G.O.C. Royal Artillery Chief Engineer	At Government House.
Director of Transport Director of Supplies Provost Marshal	At Government Buildings.
P.M.O.	3, Maitland Street.

The office of the Press Censor is established next door to the entrance to the Telegraph Office. All telegrams except official ones must be censored. Office hours from 7 to 8 a.m., 10 a.m. to 12 noon, 3 to 5 p.m.

7. *Supply Department.*

As soon as the Supply Park arrives, a Supply Depot will be established at Mr. Beck's Store, on Baumann's Square.

8. *Divisions, Brigades, &c., where quartered.*

The following units are quartered as shown below:—

CAVALRY DIVISION

Headquarters—Club, Market Square.
1st Brigade—About 2 miles W. of town.
2nd Brigade—Bloemspruit, about 3 miles east of town.
3rd Brigade—Rustfontein, about 1 mile N. of town.

Mr. James Collins, under State Secretary to the late O.F.S. Government, has been appointed Landdrost of Bloemfontein.

The period for handing in arms and ammunition by burghers and residents of this town and district has been extended to March 26th.

After a notice that Major Hamilton, the Carabineers, would like to receive two £5 notes, a Mauser pistol, a pair of Zeiss glasses and a grey gelding, all lost by various persons in and near the town, we published our editorial announcement that the paper was established by and for Lord Roberts's army:—

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The events of the last few days have rendered it expedient that an official organ should be published in Bloemfontein during the period of Military Governorship. With that end in view, and also to provide for public requirements, a small committee formed from the corps of war correspondents with Lord Roberts' Field Force has been entrusted with the control and management of the long-established paper hitherto known as THE FRIEND OF THE FREE STATE.

In future this will be issued under the style and title of THE FRIEND, and will be a daily publication,

containing military intelligence and orders for the general information of the troops now quartered here, and other matter.

We are glad to be able to announce the immediate publication of contributions from the pens of such well-known writers as Rudyard Kipling, Julian Ralph, Bennet Burleigh, and other distinguished journalists. We congratulate our readers upon the happy chance which has enabled us to offer the public the voluntary services of such a staff of writers as cannot be paralleled elsewhere in South Africa.

In conclusion we wish to state briefly the simple policy which will be adhered to in their columns.

The maintenance of British Supremacy in South Africa and Equal Rights for all white men without respect of race or creed.

These two principles in our opinion embody the essentials of sound government, the prosperity of this country, and the happiness of the people.

For the Committee of Management,

P. Landon,
E. W. Buxton,
H. A. Gwynne.

Mr. Buxton explained to me, with unnecessary but commendable delicacy, that only three of our four signatures were appended to this

notice because I was better known as a writer than as an editor, and it was deemed best not to give me the double credit of serving in both capacities.

The first editorial in this new and unique journal was entitled, "Sulk or Duty," and was written by Mr. Buxton. It was an appeal to all Afrikanders not to sulk, but to "buckle to the work of making their country become what it shall be, a great and glorious home for countless millions yet unborn." The remainder of the page was given over to a report of the letter of Kruger and Steyn to the Marquis of Salisbury, insisting upon the independence of the two Republics, and Lord Salisbury's reply that his government was "not prepared to assent to the independence of either republic." To us of the army this was great news. It stirred the camp, and was well suited to attract the widest attention to our journalistic enterprise. But Lord Salisbury's answer seemed to us the only answer he could make, whereas the comment upon it by a Colonial writer in THE FRIEND showed a feeling of relief and of delighted surprise which was born of the bitter disappointments the loyal men of Africa had suffered in the past. "Now, at last, we know the foundation upon which we shall build. The unhappy issue of Lord Wolseley's promise at Pretoria in 1879 is still fresh in our

minds . . . late, indeed, but still, to the letter, that solemn undertaking shall be fulfilled. At last we see the one obstacle vanish that has for these long years stood between South Africa and her prosperity."

Whoever can feel the spirit of that cry of satisfaction needs not to be told how just and necessary was the war we were waging. Few of us in the army could probe the sources of the war to their depths. Comparatively few men in England thoroughly grasped the situation. It is all revealed in this shout by Mr. Buxton in THE FRIEND. The long-protracted feud between the two races, the injustice of Boer rule, the sufferings of the British, the threats of the semi-civilised men in power, the past troubles all ending in broken promises or shameful neglect by the British Government—these are all apparent in that cry of delight. The war had not produced such satisfaction. There had been war before and nothing but humiliation of the loyal Uitlander had come of it. But a decided, firm declaration that the war could only end in British sovereignty—that was news that thrilled the heart of every Anglo-Saxon colonial in the republics and the adjacent colonies.

Other articles and official notices of the first interest or importance were as follows:—

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE CAMPAIGN

War is grim and fearsome and horrid as we know, or rather as we are being continually told, but nobody seems to have noticed that there is a humorous side to it, and sometimes the spectre Death wears the cap and bells. Up to the present the campaign has not been without its little amusing incidents. In the camp they have been quite numerous, and even on the battlefield itself they have not been unfrequent. The story of a private at Paardeberg who lay behind one of those ever-to-be-blessed ant-heaps, and contemplating a shattered tibia, exclaimed, addressing the injured member, "Well, you ain't done me badly after all. You 'elped to carry me 'ere, and now you've got me a life pension and free baccy from the parson," has the merit of being true. One cannot refrain a smile at the soliloquy of another private who wished to exhibit a bullet-riddled helmet to his friends at home. He was firing from behind a big boulder on which he placed his helmet. The inevitable shower of bullets followed, but as has been so often the case with Boer marksmen, not a single one touched the helmet, but one "fetched" its owner in the shoulder, whereupon he took the helmet from its exposed position, and, looking at his bleeding shoulder, remarked, "that comes of cursed pride and nothing else."

The removal of all badges of rank from officers has been the source of many amusing mistakes. On

the march from Poplar Grove here, it is related that a certain general officer was returning to camp after a terribly hard dusty dry day. A subaltern of the A.S.C. sat under his canvas awning, and thus addressed this distinguished general, "Now look here, if this happens again I'm d——d if I don't report you. For the last two hours you have been away, and heaven knows what the mules are up to." It is true it was dusk, but that was hardly a sufficient excuse for mistaking General —— for a conductor. "I say, old cocky," was the remark made once by a captain to a full colonel, "hadn't you better see about getting some grub?" Apologies followed, of course.

Then who can resist laughing at the tale of woe unfolded by one of our most distinguished correspondents who dined one night with the —— Guards and slept in the tent of his host? The next morning he walked into the mess hut and sat down to breakfast. But imagine the trembling horror which seized hold of him when he looked round at his hosts of the night before and failed to recognise a single one of them. Was it a failure of memory, or was it incipient paralysis of the brain?—it could not, of course, have been the whisky. And so he sat in a bath of hot and cold perspiration, thinking that the blow which had so often attacked and destroyed fine intellects had reached his. But sudden as a straw is whisked past the drowning man by the fast current, so there passed through his brain one ray of hope. He remembered the name

of his host, and turning quickly to his neighbour, fearing lest his brain might again fail him and he should forget the name, asked, "Where is ——?" The answer was a relief and yet a horror, "—— is having breakfast in the mess tent of his battalion," —and, pointing through the door, "there it is over there." It was with slow, sobered steps that our correspondent left the table and made his way to the hut of his host. He had made what, after all, was not an uncommon error, and had mistaken the S—— Guards' hut for that of the C—— Guards.

Facts and Otherwise

Mr. Arthur Barlow has resigned his position as editor of The Friend.

* * *

Original contributions and correspondence are invited from all ranks of the Field Force.

* * *

As in all probability the territory hitherto known as the O.F.S. will in the near future be designated by a different title, the Committee of Management offer a prize of £5 for the best suggestion for re-naming this country.

CANADIANS ON MAJUBA DAY

On the afternoon of Monday, the 26th February, the 6-in. howitzers bombarded Gen. Cronje's laager

at Paardeberg with Lyddite shells. The effect of the salvos viewed from a distance of 3,000 yards was terrific. What the occupants of the laager felt cannot be told, for the reason that no truthful account is obtainable. The explosions in appearance were not unlike the great dynamite explosion in Johannesburg in 1896, only the great cloud of smoke was greenish-yellow instead of grey. An air of expectancy pervaded the British camp, every one knowing that the morrow was Majuba Day, and it was thought that something decisive would be done. Early next morning, about 3 o'clock, the silence of the night was broken by the softened spit-puff sound of the Mauser rifle, and immediately after the firing became a fierce fusilade, the sharp crack of the Lee-Metford joining in. The crackling concert lasted about an hour, rising and falling with sudden acute crises like a passage of Wagner's music. Bullets were falling around the camp at distances up to 3,000 yards, from the Boer laager, and it was evident that the firing was wild.

At first streak of dawn a ride to the advanced trenches of the Canadians on the river bank enabled one to learn the wherefore of the night's disturbance. The ambulance waggons were already proceeding quickly up the south bank of the river. A pontoon ferry was plying from bank to bank bringing across wounded Canadians, nearly all suffering from bullet wounds, but some few had by accident been struck by the bayonet.

The Canadians occupied trenches on both banks

of the river, and were within about 500 yards of the enemy. On their left—that is some distance north of the river—were the Gordons, and further to the south the Shropshires. The orders were that the four companies of Canadians in the north bank should advance under cover of the darkness and try to gain the enemy's trenches, or at least get nearer. They advanced in two lines of two companies each, the front line having bayonets fixed and the second carrying rifles slung with picks and shovels in their hands to dig an advanced trench, should it be thought advisable to go right to the trenches.

When the Canadians left the Gordons were to occupy the left of their trenches, and the Shropshires placed in advance in a position to command the Boers, should they rise in their trenches to fire on the Canadians. They were told to hold their fire until the Mausers first spoke. The Canadians and Gordons were not to fire at all. The operation was one requiring coolness, nerve, and pluck, and the Canadians did it magnificently. They advanced as quietly as possible about 400 yards, and then halted, the order being conveyed by pressure of the hand from one to another. Every one thought that the second line would now dig the trench, but another pressure ordered a further advance. Five paces had been covered when Mauser bullets hissed past, and the men, as ordered, fell flat, just in time to avoid the terrific fire that was immediately poured from the Boer trenches. A minute or two elapsed, and the order came to retire. Not a shot was fired

by the Canadians, and they quietly crept back, gaining their trenches with comparatively little loss. Meanwhile the Shropshire men, who had carefully taken the range and direction before dark, opened fire on the Boers, and at the end of an hour put them to silence. A bugle sounded "cease fire," and all was still again. That morning (Majuba Day) Cronje surrendered.

PROCLAMATION

TO THE BURGHERS OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

The British troops under my command having entered the Orange Free State, I feel it my duty to make known to all Burghers the cause of our coming, as well as to do all in my power to put an end to the devastation caused by this war, so that should they continue the war the inhabitants of the Orange Free State may not do so ignorantly, but with full knowledge of their responsibility before God for the lives lost in the campaign.

Before the war began the British Government, which had always desired and cultivated peace and friendship with the people of the Orange Free State, gave a solemn assurance to President Steyn that if the Orange Free State remained neutral its territory would not be invaded, and its independence would be at all times fully respected by Her Majesty's Government.

In spite of that declaration the Government of the Orange Free State was guilty of a wanton and unjustifiable invasion of British territory.

The British Government believes that this act of aggression was not committed with the general approval and free will of a people with whom it has lived in complete amity for so many years. It believes that the responsibility rests wholly with the Government of the Orange Free State, acting, not in the interests of the country, but under mischievous influences from without. The British Government, therefore, wishes the people of the Orange Free State to understand that it bears them no ill-will, and, so far as is compatible with the successful conduct of the war and the re-establishment of peace in South Africa, it is anxious to preserve them from the evils brought upon them by the wrongful action of their Government.

I therefore warn all Burghers to desist from any further hostility towards Her Majesty's Government and the troops under my command, and I undertake that any of them who may so desist and who are found staying in their homes and quietly pursuing their ordinary occupations will not be made to suffer in their persons or property on account of their having taken up arms in obedience to the order of their Government. Those, however, who oppose the forces under my command, or furnish the enemy with supplies or information, will be dealt with according to the customs of war.

Requisitions for food, forage, fuel, or shelter made on the authority of the officers in command of Her Majesty's troops, must be at once complied with; but everything will be paid for on the spot,

prices being regulated by the local market rates. If the inhabitants of any district refuse to comply with the demands made upon them the supplies will be taken by force, a full receipt being given.

Should any inhabitant of the country consider that he or any member of his household has been unjustly treated by any officer, soldier, or civilian attached to the British Army he should submit his complaint, either personally or in writing, to my Headquarters or to the Headquarters of the nearest General Officer. Should the complaint on enquiry be substantiated, redress will be given.

Orders have been issued by me prohibiting soldiers from entering private houses or molesting the civil population on any pretext whatever, and every precaution has been taken against injury to property on the part of any person belonging to, or connected with, the Army.

ROBERTS,
Field Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief, South Africa.

CHAPTER III

Mr. Kipling makes His First Appearance

A Costly Sheet—Lines by Kipling—The Steynless City—A Love Letter—Exciting Experiences

Cup Tips and Wafers at Barlow's. 3d. **THE FRIEND.** 3d. Playing Cards. All Qualities at Barlow's.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

The above was hereafter to be the wording of the full title of the new paper. It was again of the small size, necessitated by the infirm and petty possibilities of the dust-heap in which it was produced.

In this second number appeared a verse of a poem by Rudyard Kipling, who, unknown to us and unsuspected by himself, was soon to be so closely connected with our enterprise. As soon as we agreed to take control of the new paper, Mr. Landon had wired the news to Mr. Kipling, then in Capetown, with a request for a contribution for the first number. The fact that the poetic reply reached Bloemfontein twenty-four hours later was a matter of delight and surprise to all of us, for the chained lightning of the wired highway of correspondence loses its chief charac-

teristic of speed where the military make first use of it in time of war.

I should not like even to imagine the disgust with which some of the lower order of censors, at terminal and junctional points, viewed this bit of poetry as it crawled along and they were called upon to approve it, perhaps, as "unseditious matter not calculated to give information to the enemy." But then I do not like to think of that breed of censors under any circumstances. It wrinkles my temper.

Mr. Landon's journalistic enterprise not only turned the eyes of all the Kipling collectors of the world upon our newspaper, but because our printers left the date line "March 16" unaltered on an inside page of this number of the 17th, that issue became a curio among our readers. On the next day copies of the first hundred papers, which were issued before the mistake was noticed, fetched five shillings. Within a month their price was twenty-five shillings. But that is only a twentieth part of what an odd and not specially distinguished number of THE FRIEND sold for at a bazaar in London last summer (1900).

Mr. Landon wrote a notable and brilliant editorial on "The Collapse of the Rebellion"; General Smith-Dorrien replied to the remarks about the Canadians at Paardeberg in the previous day's issue; Lord Roberts's congratulation

to the Army was published in this number; and there also appeared my "love letter to Miss Bloemfontein."

As this love-correspondence attracted great interest then and was peculiar in its commencement, continuation, and end, I will tell, briefly, what the facts are concerning it. I was invalided and confined to my bedroom in the Free State Hotel, and being advertised as a contributor, bethought me that it would be a graceful and pleasant thing to act as spokesman for the army in praising the pretty town, and acknowledging the gratitude we felt to the people for their friendly behaviour to us conquerors.

I did not know at that time that the town was a pestilential, bacillus-soaked headquarters for disease, or that far too many of those who smiled upon us hated us bitterly, and were even then engaged in encouraging the Boers, conveying information to them, and sneaking out at night to fight with the enemy or to snipe our outposts. In a word, though I had studied the Boer more closely and longer than any other London correspondent, I had not measured the breadth and depth of his contempt for truth, honour, and fair play. Therefore I wrote the letter to Miss Bloemfontein which, with the other notable contributions to that day's paper, is herewith republished.

On this day the advertisements for what were then called "lost" horses already numbered three, and, already, we published a communication headed "Loot News" in which was stated the fact that the horse-stealing had become so bold that a horse had actually been taken from in front of the Club.

"Please note the following," the reporter wrote, "Section 1, clause 1, of the newly promulgated constitution of the city without a Steyn —A man may kill a man and live, but a man who steals a horse may not live." Whether there will occur an opportunity in this book to explain how the neighbourhood of the Boers affected the moral atmosphere and demoralised our earlier views of property rights, especially in horse-ownership, I cannot yet say, but whenever the tale is told it will be discovered to be extraordinary.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900.

LINES BY RUDYARD KIPLING

MARCH 17, 1900

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Oh! Terence dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The shamrock's Erin's badge by law,
Where'er her sons be found.

Mr. Kipling's First Appearance

From Bobsfontein to Ballyhock
'Tis ordered by the Queen,
We've won our right in open fight
The wearing of the Green.

THE STEYNLESS CITY

Loot News

Absent-minded beggars please note following intimations displayed at the Club House, Market Square:—

Taken from a boy in front of the Club on 15th inst., about 7 p.m., a bay gelding, about thirteen hands, star on forehead, white patch on top lip, tick marks on hind quarters, long tail trimmed square, branded R G off forehoof. A 15 near forehoof.

Will the gentleman who took a brown pony *by mistake* from a boy at the door of this Club-house on March 15 kindly return it to manager?

Also please note following:—

Section 1, clause 1, of newly-promulgated constitution of the City without a Steyn—A man may kill a man and live, but a man that steals a horse may not live.

The Late Presidency

The official Headquarters of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and his staff are at the Residency.

TO MISS BLOEMFONTEIN

A LOVE LETTER

Come, little Miss Bloemfontein, sit down beside me and let me hold your dimpled hand and look into those eyes which have caught the wonderful blue of these heavens, and the tints of your gardens and your bowery streets. I think our whole army likes you, you belle of the Boer aristocracy. You certainly change your lovers easily and lightly, but soldiers are reported not to mind a little coquetry when they are far from home. You have tripped out to meet us so enticingly, you have so led us into your bower with your warm little hand, and you have spoken so kindly to us, that we dislike to think you were quite the same to your earlier beaux in their homespun suits, their flapping hats, and their lavish indulgence in whiskers and beards, which, as you must know, are the cheapest of luxuries—prodigalities in which misers indulge to make a show and save a barber's bill.

You might have been hateful to us and we could not have blamed you, for we came too nearly, as certain other soldiers came to the Sabine sisterhood, with blood in our eyes and weapons in hand, fancying that you would cling to your old love, and never dreaming that he would run away and leave you unprotected in this placid and pretty little boudoir that you have set up here. You won't forget that little episode, will you, Miss Bloemfontein? And you did take note, didn't you, my dear, that when

we found you deserted, all forlorn, we changed from lion to lamb, from blustering warrior to soft-spoken wooer? We spoke no harsh word to your people and did their goods no violence. Even now, we stand aside in our own place, crowding none of your servitors, but smiling back the smiles you bathe us in, and breathing our admiration softly—for you are a pretty miss and gentle—and we are not so stupid as to fail to see that you are no Boadicea, but a lover of peace and concord, if ever one has lived on earth since the muses took to the clouds. Sweetness of loving sighs its soft song of delight in every breeze that rustles the leaves of your tree-garlands. Domesticity asserts its command, by your order, in the aspect of every cottage in your park-like nest. Homely comfort radiates from the hearths and the faces of all who live under your delightful rule.

I never anywhere saw a prettier or a more astonishing scene than I witnessed in your market-square on the second night of the stay, which we hope you will invite us to prolong to eternity. We sent a few greasy and stained melodists with pipes and drums to play in the square, partly to show you that we had dethroned Mars and substituted Pan in the best niche in our hearts, and partly to set our own pleasure tripping to gay tunes. And lo! out you came with your maidens and their lovers, your old men and matrons, and the children within your gates. And we all forgot that we had quarrelled with your cast-off favourite, that each of us had

shed the other's blood, and that we had come to you with an anger that we supposed you matched within your own fair bosom. Your people and ours touched elbows and laughed and sang together. For one I was amazed. Of all the sharp contrasts of strife I know of none so bold and strong as that scene when it was compared with the scenes of only a few days back at Paardeberg and Driefontein.

It was your magic, your witchery, your tact that brought it about, you South African beauty. Without these helps we never could have enjoyed that evening as we did, and that evening was the bridge that spanned the gulf between the angry past and the happy future in our lives, little miss.

Draw closer, Miss Bloemfontein. Let our arms touch, and the thrill of ardent friendship vivify our new relation. You do like us British, don't you, dear? You don't have to be British yourself, you know. You can stay on being Dutch and piously Presbyterian and all the rest. We will respect whatever you admire, and we will promise to make you richer, freer, happier and even more beautiful—with the ripened charms of a long-assured content, if only you will let your chief predikant publish the banns next Sunday—or sooner, if you will.

JULIAN RALPH.

A RECENT EXPERIENCE

A recent experience of Mr. Bennet Burleigh and his colleague, Mr. Percy Bullen, of the *Daily*

Telegraph, affords a fitting illustration of the dangers to which those attached to Field Forces are exposed. These two gentlemen left Poplar Grove last Saturday with the object of reaching General Kelly-Kenny's column, which had preceded them by several hours travelling along the high road running almost parallel with the Modder River. Near Abrahamskraal they caught sight of the central division fighting the Boers along the kopjes lying to the right. Mr. Burleigh, who was travelling in a Cape cart drawn by four horses, stepped down to survey matters, and while looking through his glasses along the high road he saw a party of Boers digging trenches. Some of them wore khaki, others were dressed in a style of the country, which betrayed their identity to the experienced eye. It was decided to return by the same road, further progress being obviously very hazardous, as the enemy was within a distance of 500 yards. The two carts occupied by the correspondents had barely turned round when a shower of bullets was sent in their direction, several striking Mr. Burleigh's vehicle, and others falling immediately in front of Mr. Bullen. A desperate race followed over a distance of several miles, in the course of which a convoy of several mule waggons was met. The officer in charge ordered the convoy to return immediately, and his instructions were quickly followed. Meantime a messenger was sent across to the central division to ask for assistance, as the Boers, though a considerable distance behind, were still shooting. By dint of hard

work and much lashing of horses and mules, every one got safely away, but one of Mr. Bullen's team fell a victim to the enemy's fire. Fortunately the shot came from across the river, and the remaining animal, though sorely tried by the boulders and sluits of a bad road over which the whole of the convoy and escort had likewise proceeded at a break-neck pace, was able to pull the cart out upon the veldt and so elude further damage. By this time some of Rimington's scouts appeared, and one of the number kindly lent the correspondent his horse, by means of which he was able to rejoin his colleague at Poplar Grove, where the entire party passed the night. It was an exciting chase extending over several miles, and the safety of the correspondents and convoy was largely due to the zeal of the native drivers, who worked as if life as well as liberty depended on the result. The huge column of dust thrown up by the carts and horses was sufficient to baffle even the most expert riflemen, and the Boers who pursued were certainly not good shots even at close quarters. In order to assist his flight Mr. Bullen jettisoned a large quantity of horse fodder, whereas his experienced colleague, Mr. Burleigh, arrived in camp with all his goods intact, including a live sheep. It transpired subsequently that the messenger despatched for assistance, as well as two others who followed him, were captured. The correspondents state that the skill displayed by their drivers in avoiding the huge boulders which lined the high road, and especially

in descending and ascending the banks of a very precipitous sluit with a twelve feet dip, was a most creditable performance, reminding one of the wonderful exercises of our artillery drivers at the Islington Military Tournament.

CORRESPONDENCE

CANADIANS ON MAJUBA DAY

By MAJOR-GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN

BLOEMFONTEIN, *March* 17, 1900.

To the Editor of "THE FRIEND."

DEAR SIR,—I have read your account of "The Canadians on Majuba Day" in your issue of yesterday. It is correct up to a certain point, but the last part of it is quite erroneous.

In justice to this gallant corps, and to the Company of Royal Engineers who were with them, I trust you will publish this letter—which recounts what actually happened from the moment the Royal Canadians advanced from the trench, 550 yards from the enemy, until they established themselves and made a new trench within 93 yards of the Boer trenches.

At 2.15 a.m. (on the 27th February), the Royal Canadians with 240 men in the front rank, the latter with rifles slung and entrenching tools, and about 30 officers and men, Royal Engineers under Lieut.-Colonel Kincaid forming the right of the rear rank

of the Canadians, moved steadily from the trench, shoulder to shoulder in the dark night, feeling their way through the bushes, and keeping touch by the right.

At 2.50 a.m. they were met by a terrific fire from the enemy's trench, now only 60 yards in front of them.

The line was forced to fall back, but only a very small distance, the right of it under Captain Stairs and Macdonell, Royal Canadians, some twenty yards, where they lay down in the open and returned a steady fire—mostly volleys—for the next one and a half hours ; the left had had to fall back rather further.

Under cover of these two Captains, Lieutenant-Colonel Kincaid and his R.E. officer and men, and the Canadian working party in that part of the line constructed trenches in spite of the galling fire, and by daylight had completed a most admirable work which gave grand cover against fire in all threatened directions, and was so well traversed with banks and sand-bags that not a single casualty occurred after it was occupied.

As day dawned a ruined house was noticed on the opposite bank of the river, from which this work could be enfiladed, and a party from the reserve was sent up the left bank to occupy it.

To cover the early morning attack as soon as the fire opened at 2.50 a.m., the Shropshires, in order to hold the enemy in the main laager, engaged them with long-range volleys, whilst the Gordons re-

mained partly in the open and partly in the most advanced flank trench, which latter they lengthened and enlarged, ready to move forward in support.

Shortly after daylight a white flag was flying in the Boer trench, which was 93 yards from our newly-constructed trench, and soon the Boers came trooping into our line. They stated that they had no orders from General Cronje to surrender, but that they heard he intended to give in on the 28th February.

The result, however, of this gallant operation was that General Cronje altered his date one day earlier.

Your account says that our losses were comparatively small ; so they were for the results gained, and considering the heavy fire which continued for nearly two hours at 80 yards' range. They only amounted to 45 casualties in the Brigade —thus, 12 N.C.O.'s and men Royal Canadians killed, 30 N.C.O.'s and men Royal Canadians wounded, and 3 officers wounded, Major Pelletier and Lieut. Armstrong, Royal Canadians, and Lieut. Atchison, King's Shropshire Light Infantry—a fold in the ground exactly covered the spot where the party was working, hence the absence of casualties in the Royal Engineers, and the slight losses in the working party of Royal Canadians.

Yours faithfully,

H. L. Smith-Dorrien,

Major-General, Commanding 19th Brigade.

(We are glad to be able to supplement our contributor's account of the gallant action of the 27th

by General Smith-Dorrien's categorical letter which supplies details which could hardly be obtained accurately at second-hand.—Eds. Friend.)

A COLONIAL HERO

While scouting at Makouw's Drift, two troopers of Rimington's Guides were fired on from a small kopje at close range. One had his horse shot, and the other, young Ewan Christian, son of Mr. H. B. Christian, of Port Elizabeth, rode back to bring him away. As he was bending down to help his comrade up behind he was himself fatally shot, the bullet passing through his back and out through his chest. He rolled off his horse and told his comrade to mount and ride away. Shortly afterwards Major Rimington and more men came up and heard the last words of the dying hero : "Tell my old governor that I died game." On retiring the party were under a hot fire, several horses, including that of Major Rimington, being shot. Mr. Christian was buried with military honours.

CHAPTER IV

We Begin to Feel at Home

A Strange Editorial Adventure — Lord Roberts's New Government under Way—The Sin of Horse Theft

Once, far along the Grand Canal in China, where the people were all afraid or hostile at the first sight of me, a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen ran along the bank of the canal after my boat, beckoning to me and to Mr. Weldon, the artist, who was with me, to disembark and visit her home. She was out walking with her mother. There was no doubt when one considered how far from any big town she was, and the fact that she was largefooted and willing to be seen of men, that she was a poor peasant girl, a farmer's daughter, either curious to see us strange men, or anxious to prove herself a Christian convert and to repay the hospitality and kindness she had received at the hands of Christian missionaries.

That was what I thought, at any rate, and in that view I told of the happening in *Harper's Magazine*. At once a cry arose, in the companies of men I met and even in some newspapers as well, against my introducing so *risque* a subject in my account of my adventures. Until then I had no idea how prone to evil-thinking is the world, how anxious to twist impurity out of innocence even though it required violence to do it.

Once again, and here, I am going to tell of an incident equally sweet to memory and the reflection of wholesome minds; equally delicate in the perfume of innocence which it exhales. After the second issue of THE FRIEND, Sunday gave us a day of rest. We had known and seen no women for months. They were to us as our homes were, as London was—mere memories, vague and shadowy, beside the substantial realities of fighting, marching, thirsting, and going hungry in the company of men—of men by the tens of thousands, but of no women.

There was in Bloemfontein a very blond young woman of sixteen who served behind the counter of a shop in the main street—a slight, sunny-haired, blue-eyed miss, sparkling with fun and excited by the novelty of waiting upon British soldiers and living in the middle of what had changed from a dead-and-alive Boer village to a great armed British camp. The soldiers had

noticed her as well. Generals and colonels compared notes of what gossip she and they had exchanged, and sent their friends to the shop to see her. The appearance of a few unattractive women among the soldiers in the village streets had made a mild sensation, but the discovery of a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked girl of English blood was the talk of the camp.

Among the first men in Bloemfontein and the first to make the acquaintance of this maiden was Mr. Gwynne, of THE FRIEND. Foreseeing Sunday, and scenting a chance to revive the best memories of civilised life, he proposed to gather two army friends if she would invite two of her feminine friends for a drive and a luncheon on the veldt on Sunday. He invited James Barnes, a talented American correspondent, and myself. In two Cape carts we called for the young ladies at their homes. They proved to be the very blond young woman, a fourteen-year-old friend, and a little girl of ten or eleven years of age.

I confess that I never would have asked mere children upon such an outing, but it is equally true that I could not have experienced either the same or as great and peculiar pleasure with others of older growth. They were frank and free, and merry as grigs. They came as near to having us killed or captured by the Boers as I wanted to be, and from them we learned most interesting

and valuable information about the enemy and about the town as it was before we captured it. We proposed to visit the home of one of the girls, a farm which the girls said was "quite close." It proved to be miles beyond the British outposts in a country that seemed to us to be uncomfortably peopled with Boers and which proved afterwards to have been alive with them. Of the danger to us which lay in such a situation the girls took no account. They had been born there. They had seen nothing of war, and did not understand it. The Boers were their lifelong neighbours. And, in a word, they were going to visit friends and to have fun, and nothing else entered their minds.

When we were miles away and among some very suggestive little kopjes we discovered that our friends had lost their way and that we were adrift on the veldt. Boers dashed up to the crests of the hills, saw us and disappeared. Boers were on every hand. Why we were not gobbled up and sent to Pretoria none of us can explain. Eventually, with only one mishap—the overturning of one of the carts—which seemed for a moment more terrible than capture by the enemy—we reached the farmhouse, and aided by several tiny boys and the farmer and his wife, spent a happy hour and a half. We made our way back to Bloemfontein in the evening, and

within a day or two Colonels Crabbe and Codrington and Captain Trotter were wounded and the Honourable Edward Lygon was killed, at the Glen—a rifle shot from where we had picnicked!

The adventures and hairbreadth escapes in war are apt to take only three or four well-ordered forms. This adventure was in no way like those of the stereotyped kinds.

Monday came, and, with it, the third number of THE FRIEND. It was now of the enlarged size, which it retained to the end—a sheet 19 inches wide by 32 inches in length. We continued to do the editorial work in the old dust-bin, as at first, but we had discovered that the *Express* works were more modern and capable of turning out a paper of the size we preferred. The *Express* works were two blocks away from our little den, in a side street behind the main thoroughfare of the town. They belonged to Frau Borckenhagen, but had been seized by order of Lord Roberts and sealed up. The printing office and engine and press rooms were afterward made over to us, the bindery was used by the military, and only the office of the departed editor, whence had proceeded the most mischievous reflections of Krugerism and the policy of the insidious Afrikander Bond, remained sealed. Frau Borckenhagen sent her agents to the military to ask leave to recover some of her hus-

band's private papers. By this means she showed us that, like all other Boers, she put the very lowest valuation upon our intelligence. But in this case she only succeeded in turning the attention of the military to her husband's papers without getting the shading of a degree nearer to the possession of what must have been—and I think I have heard, really proved—of the utmost interest to us.

However, we were able by using the commandeered property of the Boer frau, to produce a newspaper of pretentious size and considerable importance.

THE FRIEND now began to bristle with proclamations, and their number appeared to be doubled because each one was repeated in the Taal language under the heading "Proclamatie." In one "I, Frederick Sleigh Baron Roberts of Kandahar, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field Marshal and Commanding-in-Chief the British forces in South Africa, appoint George Anosi Falck Administrator of the Civil Posts and Telegraphs in such portions of the Orange Free State as have been or may hereafter be occupied by British troops."

Another proclamation related to bills of exchange and promissory notes; and a third, by General Pretyman, appointed James Allison Collins as "Landdrost of Bloemfontein to administer

the ordinary civil and criminal laws." In this proclamation the landdrost's court was ordered to resume its work on Monday, March 19th. A district surgeon, clerk, receiver, and second clerk to the landdrost's court were also appointed.

General Pretyman extended his original market proclamation as that it established the ruling prices of cattle, meat, breadstuffs, and groceries. In the proclamation as translated into the Taal, Lord Roberts was declared to be " Ik (I), Frederick Sleigh Baron Roberts van Kandahar, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Veld-maarschalk, Opperbevelhebber van de Britsche Krijgsmachten in Zuid-Afrika."

In a notice to the Army we said that our chief aim was to make the paper welcome to and supported by all ranks, and we invited all in the Army to write for us. It is true that when, in the previous day's issue, we published a poetic contribution by a kind friend, who was the first to come to our assistance, we did not precisely encourage others to follow his example. On the contrary, we accompanied the verses with the remark to the writer, "Your verses are execrable. See for yourself in print." But this was merely one of the many interesting peculiarities of the paper. We offered a prize of £5 for the best suggestion of a new name for the colony, as has been already noted; and we published the fact that

Miss Elliott, daughter of the General Manager of the Cape Government Railways, arrived with her father by special train on the previous night, and was the first lady to cross the Free State border and to visit Bloemfontein. The editorial of the day was by Mr. Buxton, and was entitled "Uitlander or Rebel, Subject or Burgher."

The most notable article was called "The Confession of a Horse-stealer," and was written by one of the editors. In the same number another member of the editorial quartette wrote a strong little article calling attention to the prevalence and brazenness of horse thieves, and deploring the facts in earnest and indignant language. I was now at work at a desk in the editorial room, and was forced to act as judge between the outraged virtue of my colleague who detested horse-stealing and the pained surprise of my other colleague who (shall I say pretended or) confessed in writing that he was an expert at the crime.

"Surely you agree with me that this thing has got to stop?" said the one editor.

"Surely you will not allow such canting nonsense to go into the paper?" said the other, "especially where the entire army has become adept at the practice of looting Boer horses or exchanging worn-out steeds for the fresher ones of friends."

We Begin to Feel at Home

Being a born diplomat I agreed with both my colleagues, praised both their articles, and voted that both should ornament the columns of THE FRIEND.

I was in a position to behave with this impartiality. My character and reputation at home forced me to the side of the indignant moralist, and yet, on the other hand, certain episodes in my recent experience inclined me to view the confessions of the horse-stealer with leniency. More than once I had been forced to choose between walking for days in the enemy's country or utilising horses that had been abandoned by the Boers. If I were again placed in such a position I would surrender myself a prisoner to the Boers rather than touch even a little thing like a horse that did not belong to me. I have had time to reflect, and I see how weak I was; but at that time I was in the Boer country where stealing is called "commandeering," and seems a trifling thing, rather creditable if practised successfully and with a high hand. In justification of my course in commending the high moral view of my other colleague, I could say with pride that the horses I had taken were both dead, and my character was thus lifted above reproach.

The happy combination of these points in common with both my colleagues, enabled me to publish both their articles and bring them

back to the friendliest terms. So successful was I that we allowed our feelings to carry us beyond the bounds of reason—that is to say that we agreed to go to the Club and take a drink. It was a thing which no intelligent man would lightly agree to do. The only liquid refreshments then obtainable at the Club were enteric germs in water, gin, vermouth, and port wine. It required an occasion of the first importance to induce any of us to go to the Club, which was always as crowded with officers as an egg is with meat. All day, and until late in the evening, the principal apartment barely afforded standing room. The porch was equally well filled, and horses in dozens were tethered before the house. It was the social exchange and rendezvous of the officers of something like 80,000 men, and I can hardly believe that anywhere in the world was there a club-house so constantly crowded.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Force.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1900.

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS it is deemed expedient and necessary for the welfare of the Orange Free State that Postal and Telegraph Services shall be resumed in the

aforesaid Republic, as far as circumstances permit,
NOW THEREFORE

I, FREDERICK SLEIGH BARON ROBERTS OF KHANDAHAR, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field Marshal and Commanding-in-Chief of the British Forces in South Africa, do hereby nominate and appoint David George Anosi Falck Administrator of the Civil Posts and Telegraphs in such portions of the Orange Free State as have been, or may hereafter be occupied by British troops. And I do hereby order that the Postal and Telegraph services shall be resumed in the portions of the aforesaid Republic already referred to, from the nineteenth day of March, 1900, under the existing Laws and Conventions of the Orange Free State, subject to such alterations as may from time to time be notified.

Given under my hand at Bloemfontein this Seventeenth Day of March, 1900.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ROBERTS,
Field-Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief British Forces, South Africa.

ARMY ORDERS—SOUTH AFRICA

ARMY HEADQUARTERS, GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
BLOEMFONTEIN, *March* 15, 1900.

1. *Civil Population to be unmolested.*

It being desirable and in the interest of both the British Government and the inhabitants of this

country that all residents should be assured that, so long as they remain peaceably disposed, their civil rights and property will be respected, it is strictly forbidden that any private property should be compulsorily taken possession of by other than the authorised Supply Officers.

All articles required by the troops must be obtained and paid for in the ordinary way, and no trespassing or interference with the inhabitants will be permitted.

These instructions apply to detached bodies of troops as well as to the Force generally, and it is especially the duty of all officers to put a stop to all attempts to infringe them.

By order,
J. W. KELLY,
A.-G. for C. of Staff.

ARMY ORDERS—SOUTH AFRICA

BLOEMFONTEIN, *March* 14, 1900.

It affords the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief the greatest pleasure in congratulating the Army in South Africa on the various events that have occurred during the past few weeks, and he would specially offer his sincere thanks to that portion of the Army which, under his immediate command, has taken part in the operations resulting yesterday in the capture of Bloemfontein.

On the 12th February this force crossed the

boundary which divided the Orange Free State from British territory. Three days later Kimberley was relieved. On the 15th day the bulk of the Boer Army in this State, under one of their most trusted generals, were made prisoners. On the 17th day the news of the relief of Ladysmith was received, and on the 13th March, 29 days from the commencement of the operations, the capital of the Orange Free State was occupied.

This is a record of which any army may well be proud—a record which could not have been achieved except by earnest, well-disciplined men, determined to do their duty and to surmount whatever difficulties or dangers might be encountered.

Exposed to extreme heat by day, bivouacking under heavy rain, marching long distances (not infrequently with reduced rations), the endurance, cheerfulness, and gallantry displayed by all ranks are beyond praise, and Lord Roberts feels sure that neither Her Majesty the Queen nor the British nation will be unmindful of the effort made by this force to uphold the honour of their country.

The Field Marshal desires especially to refer to the fortitude and heroic spirit with which the wounded have borne their sufferings. Owing to the great extent of country over which modern battles have to be fought, it is not always possible to afford immediate aid to those who are struck down; many hours have, indeed, at times, elapsed before the wounded could be attended to, but not a word

of murmur or complaint has been uttered; the anxiety of all, when succour came, was that their comrades should be cared for first.

In assuring every officer and man how much he appreciates their efforts in the past, Lord Roberts is confident that, in the future, they will continue to show the same resolution and soldierly qualities, and to lay down their lives, if need be (as so many brave men have already done), in order to ensure that the war in South Africa may be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

By order,

(Sd.) W. F. Kelly,
Major-General.
Deputy-Adjutant-General, for Chief of Staff.

ARMY ORDERS—SOUTH AFRICA

Army Headquarters, Government House,
Bloemfontein, *March* 16, 1900.

1. *Telegrams.*

The Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has great pleasure in publishing the following telegrams which have been received:—

(*a*) From Her Majesty the Queen: "Accept my warmest congratulations for yourself and those under you on your great success. Trust all wounded doing well."—V. R.

(*b*) From His Excellency the High Commissioner: "In a spirit of deep thankfulness I congratulate you and your gallant Army on the rapidity and

completeness of success which has attended the recent operations—crowned by the occupation of the enemy's capital."—MILNER.

(*c*) From the Rear Admiral Commanding-in-Chief, Simonstown: "My personal and Navy's heartiest congratulations on your success."—ADMIRAL.

(*d*) From Chairman of the London County Council: "On behalf of Metropolis, whence many of your brave soldiers have been drawn, I congratulate your Lordship's having gloriously reached a point which brings you one step nearer towards final success and peace."—DICKINSON, Chairman of the London County Council.

(*e*) From the Lord Provost of Glasgow: "The Corporation of Glasgow in Council assembled offer you and Her Majesty's troops under your command their hearty congratulations on the success of your operations, culminating in your occupation in the Capital of the Free State, and their earnest hope for a speedy termination of the War."—LORD PROVOST.

2. *Distinction.*

Referring to Army Order (of March 11, 1900), it is notified for information that Her Majesty's orders that all Irishmen, whether serving in Irish Regiments or not, shall be allowed to wear the Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day.

By order,
W. KELLY,
Major-General,
Deputy-Adjutant-General.

War's Brighter Side

NOTICE

The first hundred copies of our last issue—Saturday, March 17, were, by accident, wrongly dated under the title on the front page.

The Editors are willing to pay Five Shillings each for a few clean copies of this portion of the issue.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A HORSE-STEALER

(N.B.—This article is privileged. The Provost Marshal cannot, therefore, take proceedings against the author.)

When somewhere about the beginning of December I arrived at Modder River, I think I may say I was as honest as the generality of mankind. I do not remember any incident in my early childhood and youth which could in any way have been cited as a proof that I had predatory instincts. At home I never stole, at schools I never stole, at Colleges I never stole, and during several years of wandering about the face of the globe I never stole. But since I accompanied Lord Roberts' force from Enslin to Bloemfontein I have stolen freely, and I as freely admit it. Why? Ah, the answer to that question involves deep ethical considerations, and cannot be answered right off. Let me tell my tale, and I fancy that I shall receive the sympathy of most

members of the force, and even the Provost Marshal will no longer pine to hang me.

When I left Enslin I was the proud possessor of three fine saddle-horses and two decrepit-looking but sturdy cart-horses. Now I have to hire a man to repeat daily to me the number of my riding-horses, and I drive about Bloemfontein with a spanking team. I am aware that this confession will make the Provost Marshal's hair stand straight on his head; but let him have a little patience. Let him think what a glorious thing it is to find the one horse-thief in the army. I calculate that about 5,000 horses have illicitly changed hands during the advance from Modder River, and yet I have never found a man who has not most indignantly denied the merest, slenderest imputation of being concerned in a horse "transaction." Therefore—the army is honest, and there is only one horse-thief in it. The honour of the force is saved, and I am the only culprit. This is centralisation with a vengeance, and no longer need the Provost Marshal send his myrmidons galloping far and wide in search of horse-thieves. When next he hears of the loss of a horse, let him come to me—the only thief. I will let him know my address when Martial Law is replaced by the ordinary procedure of justice.

But let me recount, to what, I hope, will be a sympathetic public, how I fell from honesty into the blackest depths of dishonesty. At Jakobsdal, Messieurs les Boers shot my finest horse. I was grieved naturally, and hurt, too, that a poor non-

combatant should have been treated so cavalierly. But "à la guerre comme à la guerre," I whispered to myself, and hoped for better luck next time. I followed the force from Jacobsdal to Klipkraal and Paardeberg, and at the last-named camp I awoke one morning to find my sturdy black pony had been taken quietly from under my very nose. I raved and stamped and swore at the loss. My sympathetic black boy tried to console me. "If master like," he said "I go catch another horse." But so high and pure was my morality at that time that I almost thrashed him on the spot for daring to make such a suggestion. I walked away disconsolate, and sought a friend whose ribboned breast showed that he had seen service in every quarter of the globe. His answer to my request was short and simple. "Go and see whether he is picketed with —— Horse" (wild rhinoceri will not drag from me the name of that gallant regiment of M.I.). I went, and there conspicuously displayed in the front rank of the tethered horses was my black pony. I did not hesitate, but, blessing the members of —— Horse for so kindly caring for my poor wandering pony, I began to untie the ream of the halter. But the watchful eye of one of the men was open, and I was startled to hear a noise at my side say, "Well, upon my soul, this beats cock-fighting. You come to the wrong shop if you think you can steal a horse from *this* regiment," and he roughly took the ream out of my hand.

I protested. "The horse is mine," I said, "I'd

know him anywhere." "Get on," was the answer, "he belongs to my captain. Why, look at the brand." And, sure enough, on my poor pony's quarters were three big letters which represented, I suppose, his initials.

But I was in no way cast down. To go and explain to the officer that a little mistake had occurred was, after all, quite an easy matter, and I approached the gentleman who was sitting under a mimosa bush having breakfast. I explained the matter to him, and asked permission to lead my property home. But the captain roared with laughter. "Lead my horse home?" he shouted in another burst of laughter. "I like that. Why, do you know that the dam of that horse belonged to my Uncle Jim? He was the first man in that part of the country. Why," and again he laughed, "I remember when that black pony of mine was foaled. It was the 7th, no—the 10th of October. I remember quite well, for three weeks after we had a big garden party and all the ladies fell in love with the little beggar because he ate bread and butter from their hands and was the greediest beggar you ever saw after chocolate creams. Why, damme, if I didn't take that pony home again, I believe my old governor would cut me off with a shilling."

I stood aghast. What a fool, what a sanguinary fool I was to go and make such a mistake. My apologies were ample, humble and profuse. But as I passed the horse lines again I could not help thinking how singularly like my lost pony was the

animal which, as a foal, so amused the ladies at the garden party.

And then I did the foolishest thing I ever did in all my life. I bought a new horse. Twenty-four hours afterwards it was claimed by four different officers, and I narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of the Provost Marshal, who at once ordered me to return the animal to its rightful owner. I gave it up to the four claimants, and let them decide among themselves the question of ownership.

And now I had but one pony left—and I guarded it as the apple of my eye. But again the Fates were against me, and it went off—I do not for a moment suggest that it was taken off. Again I tried ——'s Horse and all the Regular and Irregular Corps in the force, and was indignantly rebuked for daring to look for a stray horse in their lines. And so I was reduced to walking to and fro at Paardeberg Camp. But one fine afternoon, returning across the huge endless plain, I was nearly ridden down by a subaltern, and as I glanced at the reckless rider I saw that he was riding *my* pony. I shouted and yelled to him to stop, which he did.

"You are riding my pony," said I.

"I'm not," was the laconic answer.

"But I'm sure of it."

"So am I."

"Well, you're wrong this time. That pony is mine. I've had him for three months and I know him as well as I know my own boots."

But there was never a blush on the face of the

subaltern. The pony he rode was, he admitted, of a very common type as regards colour and height. And he discussed at great length the difficulty of recognising horses. He told us that one of the greatest horse-dealers in London failed to recognise a horse that he had himself ridden a whole year. And then he drowned me in dates. The pony he was riding was bought for the remount of December 13th, kept at Stellenbosch till January 4th, arrived at De Aar on January 6th, was used there by a staff officer who did not like him and sent him up to Orange River on February 1st. On February 5th he became the property of the subaltern, who appeared to have tethered the beast at night to his waist, so positive was he that "he had never lost sight of the pony since."

What could I say? I couldn't call him a liar, for he was a tall, well-made subaltern, and he might have knocked me down, so I let him ride my pony away, and I trudged home to my camp beside the river.

Early next morning I collected all the servants and I addressed them as follows: "I have not got a single riding-horse left, and I want some; go and get some."

It was a laconic speech, but wonderfully effective. By five o'clock that afternoon three grand beasts were standing under the shelter of the river bank close to my camp, undergoing the different processes of hogging, tail-cutting, dyeing and other forms of transformation used by horse-stealers. In

ten days I could have mounted a whole troop of cavalry. I will confess that I was a bit frightened, when, at five o'clock one morning, they brought me two magnificent chargers, for I recognised them as the property of the Commander-in-Chief. But although I delayed His Excellency's departure to Kimberley for an hour, I succeeded in sending them back to his lines unperceived.

I now possess a splendid stud of saddle-horses. I find it so difficult to feed them all, however, that it is my intention to offer them for sale next Wednesday. The conditions of the sale are usual ones, but it is to be distinctly understood that if any person dares to claim one of the animals as his own he will be turned out of the enclosure with ignominy.

TO THE SOLDIERS' POET

BY B. CHARLES TUCKER

So you've come, Mynheer Kiplin', so you've come,
Wot a chap you are to foller up the drum,
S'pose yer's gwine to make some verse,
Well, there's lots wot does it worse,
You'd 'ave made a better Laurrytte than some.

We 'ave read your latest rimin' in the "FRIEND,"
But it's finished up too soon toward the end,
But the paper's raither small,
Sure it's 'ardly none at all,
If 'twere larger now 'twould be the bigger friend.

We Begin to Feel at Home

Now I arsks yer, Mister Kiplin', ain't yer proud
Of the "absent-minded beggars," how they've ploughed
Through 'ard ground to "Bobsfontein,"
Dorp of late departed Steyn,
Ain't yer proud of this great ragged Kharki crowd?

Glad to see yer, Mister Kiplin' and the "boys."
Old Bloemfontein never knew such times—and noise,
There's paradin', drillin'—and
Every night we gets the band,
And there's nothin' now our 'appiness alloys.

A SERIOUS MATTER

BY PERCIVAL LANDON

Horse-stealing is becoming a grave scandal. It constitutes the one blemish upon the otherwise excellent military régime that has been firmly but unobtrusively imposed. From their grazing grounds, from the rail in front of the Club, from the actual hands of Cape boys leading them to or from their lines, horses have been stolen with as little compunction as though they had been found grazing on the veldt.

In some cases marks have been obliterated and manes and tails cropped by the thieves in the endeavour to conceal the identity of the animal, and it is our duty to ask that an example shall be made

of any person found in the possession of a horse not his own, or from which such marks or brands have been recently obliterated, or upon which others have been recently imposed.

It must be apparent to any man of sense that a horse which is offered to him by any person, white or coloured, for a nominal sum, is a horse which that boy or person has no right whatever to possess or attempt to sell, and any man purchasing under these circumstances must be held to be an accomplice in the theft.

It is earnestly to be hoped that in felling necessary timber for the use of the troops all particularly fine or ornamental trees will be spared. This district is sufficiently well wooded to supply otherwise all requirements, and depends largely upon its timber for its attractiveness.

Mr. Kruger was being sped from the late Presidency when he recently visited the front near Gallaiskop and Osfontein, and President Steyn's parting remark was "Mind the British don't catch you, or you'll get a better place in St. Helena than I." It is hardly necessary now to remind the late President Steyn that many a true word is spoken in jest.

It is not a little offensive to the ordinary British sense of the fitness of things that a native should be parading the Market Square in the red tunic of the

The Capitulation of Bloemfontein.

Soldiers of the Queen. Yet this was to be seen yesterday afternoon when the pipes were skirling their martial strains, to the delight of all and sundry. The name of the regiment—Shropshire—was plainly in evidence on the shoulder strap.

Lord Roberts's entry into Bloemfontein narrowly missed marking another of those historical, dramatic episodes such as Cronje's Day afforded. The British withdrawal from the Orange Sovereignty Territory actually took place on March 11, 1846, the proclamation being dated February 23rd of the same year. The Queen's soldiers re-entered this town on March 13th, only missing what would have been a wonderful coincidence by less than forty-eight hours.

PROCLAMATION

TO THE BURGHERS OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

In continuation of the Proclamation which I issued when the British troops under my command entered the Orange Free State, in which I warned all burghers to desist from any further hostility, and undertook that those of them who might so desist, and were staying in their homes and quietly pursuing their ordinary occupations, would not be made to suffer in their persons or property on account of their having taken up arms in obedience to the order of their Government, I now make known to all burghers that I have been authorised

by the Government of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen to offer the following terms to those of them who have been engaged in the present war:—

All burghers who have not taken a prominent part in the policy which has led to the war between Her Majesty and the Orange Free State, or commanded any forces of the Republic, or commandeered or used violence to any British subjects, and who are willing to lay down their arms at once, and to bind themselves by an oath to abstain from further participation in the war, will be given passes to allow them to return to their homes, and will not be made prisoners of war, nor will their property be taken from them.

ROBERTS,
Field Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa.

Government House, Bloemfontein,
15th March, 1900.

CHAPTER V

Sentry Stories

Obnoxious Natives—The Australian Correspondent—More Love Letters

"The Friend" of March 20th contained five advertisements for stolen horses, one of which described the favourite horse of one of the editors; picturesque justice, some will say, for our light and trifling attitude toward the growing evil of horse-lifting. The editorial of the day, "Greater Britain," was one that I wrote, and the note of it was this: "It has been said that each of the preceding centuries during a long period of European history has ended in a great war. This one which closed the nineteenth century is not, and will not become, great, as wars are measured. But it will be recorded as phenomenally important in having given birth to Greater Britain."

We had been offering five shillings each for copies of the "curio" numbers of March 16th. We now raised the offer to ten shillings a copy.

A paragraph in the paper stated that a native (negro) police force had been established in town, with badges bearing the letters " B.N.P." " These police," we said, " have nothing whatever to do with white people."

A few words upon the subject of the natives will not be amiss. It will be remembered that even as the British troops were entering Bloemfontein the negroes were engaged in looting a semi-public Boer building. Lord Roberts felt obliged to stop the triumphal advance and order his staff to drive the ruffians away. Some noble lords carried out the order. After we had established ourselves in the town the negroes were included with the white people in an order requiring them to have passes when they entered or left the town, and in order to be out of doors after nightfall. They deeply resented this, after making themselves as obnoxious as they were ridiculous, by their complaints. They said that they had always been friendly to the English, and had hated the Boers for the way they had maltreated the blacks, but that it seemed the English were little better than the Boers.

The truth is that from Capetown to Bloemfontein they had traded upon a hatred of their Dutch masters, and, whether this was genuine or assumed, they had endeavoured to turn it to their account in every way. Everywhere that I

found them they were too much impressed by the importance which they assumed, and which we too often encouraged. We paid them many times what was paid to "Tommy Atkins," and employed them in preference to the poor whites. In return they were often lazy, often impudent, sometimes treacherous. I personally know that they were welcomed when they ran from the Boer lines to ours, and I also know that they sometimes ran back to the Boers with what they had learned. The Afrikanders in our ranks and in our employ often knocked them down for impudence, and the English were horrified; but I fancy that the Afrikander knew what he was about in his dealings with these people.

Mr. Gwynne, in this day's issue, wrote a series of parodies of the despatches of the correspondents of all the leading London and local newspapers. It was the purest fun. It caricatured and exaggerated the methods of each of us so cleverly as to make the series altogether laughable and yet so as to suggest something recognisable in each man's style.

Mr. F. Wilkinson, of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, wrote about the Australians an article that is here reprinted. A correspondent of whose name I am not certain continued from the previous day an account of the expedition to the Brit-

ish forces southward of us. The article was so interesting and full of local and military colour that I wish I could give the author the credit he deserves.

The chief event of the day was the receipt of an angry answer to my love letter to Miss Bloemfontein. Even as we read the copy we supposed that some wag in the army had tried to perpetrate a joke upon us, but Mr. Buxton came in and, finding us reading the letter, said that he had received it from a leading man of Bloemfontein, whose talented daughter had written it. She was an earnest adherent of the Boer cause, and expressed her sincere sentiments in this letter, in which she waved aside my protestations of our friendship with something painfully like scorn. Her name was given to us in confidence, and we published her letter with my reply, all agreeing that as she was certain to write another answer, we would give her the last word, and then close the episode.

We were able on this day to announce the establishment of a regular daily train service to all points south. The country below had been cleared of Boers, but the bridge at Norval's Pont was still a wreck, and the trains ran over a temporary structure. Sir Henry Rawlinson arrived in Bloemfontein and took up his quarters at the Residency with Lord Roberts, who on this day

announced that he would review the Naval Brigade on the following morning.

We published these three informing paragraphs:—

Note: the price of whiskey is 11s. a bottle, on a rising market.

A French Canadian member of the R.C.R. was doing sentry-go one night at Enslin (Graspan). The countersign for the night was " Halifax." Presently there came a strolling soldier whom our gallant Canadian promptly challenged.

" Who go dare? "

" Friend."

" Advance, fren, and pace on—and say ' Haversack '—all is vale."

There were many such sentry stories in circulation in the army. Another one was to the effect that a Yorkshireman having to halt, and demand the countersign of a man he knew very well, acquitted himself of his task in these words: " Halt! who goes there. Say ' Majuba,' and toddle along—isn't it all blooming nonsense? "

Finally, there was this one other paragraph especially full of the local colour of our surroundings—

A captured Free Stater tried to impress a sense of his importance upon his captor by declaring that

he was a Field Cornet. "I don't care if you're a field big drum. You're my prisoner, and you'd better be very civil and come on."

THE AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

BY F. WILKINSON

For one very obvious reason war corresponding has not had very much of a vogue in past years with Australian journalists ; in fact, the fighting business altogether has been very much neglected. As a group of colonies or a nation—which we hope to be almost immediately—we are not old enough to invite anyone else to put up his hands, and we are too far away to take more than a languid interest in other peoples' scraps. We did send a contingent and a few corespondents to the London Show, in '86 I think it was, but we only got there in time to return and make ourselves look rather ridiculous. Since then the "professional correspondent" might have starved and pined comfortably to death for all the work he would be likely to get. He couldn't have kept up the lecturing dodge with such long intervals between scraps. We didn't even think it worth while to send to the Philippine show, although it occurred almost at our very door.

You see, in some of our Australian legislatures we groan under the inflictions of what are known as "labour parties," and labour parties all the world over have a rooted abhorrence of anything which

tends to the maintenance of law and order. Labour parties, moreover, are generally made up of men who have before their accession to Parliament led some big anti-capitalistic agitation, and they know what the sensation is to find themselves confronted with rifles, and even bayonets. Consequently they dislike the military element with a mortal dislike. They make a dead set at raw military estimates every year, and laugh to scorn the military spirit. From all of which may be inferred that war corresponding with us has not hitherto been one of the most lucrative of professions. Rich squatters don't choose it as a career for their sons, and poor people have still the Banks and the Church and Parliament to fall back upon. Those of us, therefore, who for our sins have been sent out of this show, come as mere " rooineks," or " new chums," to use the Australian equivalent. Strange to say, the only one amongst us who was also in the Soudan received a mortal wound the other day near Rensburg.

There is this to be said, however, in extenuation of our greenness to the business, that our early training is of the sort which ought to make for efficiency, the Australian pressman, like his cousin over here, is a child of the bush. His " beat " covers some thousands of square, solid, British miles. One day he is out in the wild West among wilder shearers, beside whom the average Tommy is a mere circumstance. There is trouble in station sheds, and wild, uncivilised war between unionists and blacklegs. Blue metal in chunks buzzes past

one's ears as thick as Mauser bullets at Magersfontein; railway carriages are quickly reduced to ruins, huts and grass fired for miles round; mobs of unionists carry havoc on the luckless blackleg and let slip the dogs of war—always blue metal. This is the stuff on which the Australian pressman is fed up.

Next day he may be sent up to the flooded north: a river has burst its banks and submerged some twenty miles of settled country; occupants of single story houses find themselves high and dry on their roof-tops, others have sought shelter in trees; their household goods float gaily downstream alongside dead cattle and horses. Rescue parties in flood boats pull frantically from house to house carrying provisions and clothing for shivering women and children. These floods occur quite frequently, and your pressman soon learns to live for weeks almost up to his waist in water. He manages to boil his "billy" in the bottom of his boat without springing a leak. He will make excellent "damper" with arrowroot and Epsom salts if he can't get flour and baking powder. He will ride anything which will go on four legs, and after he has been lost on the trackless bush a time or two, he won't always travel in a circle.

He has a standing engagement in an annual encampment where 5,000 or 6,000 troops are concentrated for nine days' continuous training, and when general orders are issued beforehand notifying the exact time and spot where an engagement will take place, between so-and-so representing the en-

emy, whose position will be indicated by red flags, and such and such regiments representing the attacking force, who may be distinguished by blue flags. We manage those things better at Easter manœuvres than we do on service. Here, they don't send round cards of invitation to correspondents when a fight is going to take place. One has to chase round the country after it, fighting staff officers on the lines of communication all the way. But that is another story. Since our present illustrious Commander-in-Chief has taken over the conduct of the campaign we haven't been able to raise much of a grumble, and what happened prior to this is forgotten—at least for the time.

F. Wilkinson,
Sydney Daily Telegraph.

MISS BLOEMFONTEIN'S ANSWER

TO MR. ENGLISHMAN—A LOVELESS LETTER

Come, tall Mr. Englishman, and sit down beside me, but for the love of heaven, do not look into my eyes, lest they scorch you with a fiery "hate of hate." The blue of mine eyes may be perilously near that blue which men have named electric, and such an electric shock of scorn would they shoot that you would wish yourself amidst the turmoil of war again, some of whose bolts and bombs have taken the lives of our fathers, brothers, friends! You will not wonder then that I do not like your whole

army or any part thereof, although it may have done me the great and unwished-for honour of liking me —or you, the conqueror of the land, which is mine by the same right as your little island is yours—the right of old tradition which is so great a factor in the history of nations, and in which our land abounds; the right of residence which has been ours since our peacefully ruled and hitherto prosperous little Free State was created—the right of love for the land of our birth—the right of pride in our despised beaux, with their homespun suits and lavish beards and whiskers, who have gone out to fight with such bravery for their cause and country.

Surely, Mr. Englishman, you of all men should be able to appreciate this factor in them, you who pride yourself on being the bravest man of the bravest of living nations. Were this factor missing in them, would you not have been here five long months ago? Surely you, I say, should be able to overlook such small matters as the bad cut of their coats and the length of their beards. You should know that greatness does not lie in outward seeming.

Please do not say "Miss Bloemfontein tripped out to meet us so enticingly;" say, rather, "little Miss Uitlander," who has, as you rightly think, by no means hitherto scorned our homespun youths, and to whom we extended a loving hand when she came, and who now, in return for this, unnecessarily flaunts your colours in our faces, and welcomes you too kindly. Much bitter sorrow was there, oh sir,

when you entered this loved home of ours; I and my sisters, who felt as would your English dames, were another William Conqueror to take their island home from them, lay in dumb anguish and writhed when the word went forth, "we have fallen into bondage," "our enemy hath us in his grasp"—and our cup of bitterness was more than full.

We do not cling to our old love, who left us with much misgiving to your tender mercies. Mr. Englishman, fain would he have stayed to protect us, but that he had his command to go;—and this is another thing which you, who think so much of discipline, should be able to appreciate. Though for fear of your displeasure we must hide our feelings, you are hateful to us, oh slayer of our brothers and taker of our home!

We will not forget, Mr. Englishman, and are truly grateful to you, that you behaved to us with common courtesy, and stood aside to let us pass; but surely you, the politest of polite men, would not take credit for that, which should be the birthright of all gentlemen. We dwell not in times of Sabine sisterhoods, good sir!

And if little Miss Uitlander bathe you in smiles, and lisp pretty nothings into your much-astonished ear, call but to mind that she comes from your own "far countree," and has here learned this way of welcoming the conqueror.

I am no Boadicea, say you. Oh, sir, you mistake grievously. I would smite you with mine own hands, were I able. Did you perhaps not catch a

glimpse of me in General Cronje's laager, whither I went to share the danger with my brother, and cheer him in his arduous task?

True it is that homely comfort abounds in our cottages, and should it not be so? Perhaps there was a time too when your stately sister did not scorn to keep house, instead of attending theatres, soirées, musicales, at-homes. Evidently, Miss Uitlander forgot the divine music of Queen's Hall and Covent Garden, when she crowded to do justice to the awful and untuneful melodies, to which your English bandsmen treated her on the Market Square. But you see "It is so long since she left 'home,' and it is sweet to hear those sounds which come straight from dear old England." I, sir, stopped my ears with cotton wool (for, whatever Miss Bloemfontein is, she is musical, and even had I been pleased to see you, I could never have allowed myself to be tortured with those fragments of the divine art). Poor Pan! he stood afar on the topmost steeple of the Dutch Church, and played his pipes and wept, and had you not been so absorbed in "tripping to your gay tunes," you might have heard faintly stealing over our ancient towers "Heeft burghers t'lied der Vrijheid aan," while the organ within our "piously Presbyterian" edifice echoed the anthem, which was caught up by the instrument in your exclusively English cathedral, and Miss Bloemfontein heard the echo and was comforted.

And now, Mr. Englishman, do you fully realise that I am not pleased to see you, that I hate to have

you here; I, a real daughter of the soil? And if to-morrow I could turn you out, I would do so joyously, while little Miss Uitlander would stand by, her lovely eyes moist with grateful tears, and whisper, "That is right," or perhaps push you with her tiny left hand, while she once more extended her right to my badly dressed brothers, as they came over the top of the Bloemfontein Hill!

The gulf between the angry past and the still more angry present will never be bridged, Mr. Englishman. You have made Afrikanderdom by fighting us, and have awakened in our breasts the knowledge that we are of another sort than yourselves. Only now, with the "Schwanenlied" sounding in our ears, do we feel what it is to have a country—to be a nation!

MISS BLOEMFONTEIN.

OUR REPLY TO THE LADY

DEAR MISS BLOEMFONTEIN,—If there is doubt about which young lady it is who has made us welcome here, there is none at all about the genuineness of your letter and yourself. Its sheets exhale the subtle perfume of the mimosa flower, its strong, free writing reveals the confidence, health, and high spirits of the graceful rider of the veldt! Thank God (and thank you also, my dear) there is no line or phrase of resistance to our suit in all your letter but has a tender phrasing or carries a compli-

ment—so that we know you do not dislike us a tenth so much as you hate the thought of seeming light-of-love, of feeling that we have dared to pity you, of fancying we think you are to be won for the mere asking.

Sweetheart, that was a clumsy letter of ours if it ruffled your maidenly sensitiveness with such misapprehensions. Henry V. was not the only one, or the last, of us Englishmen who could war with men better than he could woo women. And as Katharine looked through young Hal's rough armour into his warm and loyal heart, so we ask you to do with us.

Well, well! so it was your cousin, Miss Uitlander, whose azure eyes and twining fingers sent me into my rhapsody of love, while you, the true Katharine, the real princess, have held back, hid in some leafy bower of your pretty capital. Ah, well, it was not her hand that took our heart captive. It was not her eyes that slew us. What we loved was the essence of your soul and spirit which breathed upon us from your park-like seat, from your trees and gardens, from the pretty, happy houses of your subjects. It was you we loved, dear neighbour, you whom we have admired through all your youth and never quarrelled with and never known to be at fault.

As I wrote on Saturday, we still stand aside and look upon your charms of peaceful domesticity, all garlanded for your bridegroom. Still, too, we see your selfish, scheming guardian of the past fleeing from the wreck and ruin into which he has plunged

your people. And we see your sworn champions in similar flight, leaving you forlorn, deserted. It is eminently womanly of you to defend these faithless gallants rather than solicit pity for yourself. It is the true maidenhood in you which makes you retire to your bower until you have forced us to acknowledge your value and earn your love. If we misjudged you and fancied you had tripped out to put your hand in ours, it was only because we were so eager and so smitten. We like you better as you are, shy and modest, proud and pure.

That deft touch of your pen upon the quality of our music—it was—I mean to say we find no fault in you for—but, no, we may not be disloyal, even to our pipes. It was the best we had to offer, and when better comes from home we fancy that even you will cease to barricade your pearly ears against it. We shall enjoy hearing Pan set your sighs to melody. We promise not to drive him away; he shall ever play your songs just as he trills the lays of ever so many fair maidens who throng around our Queen, and who remember the chains she has stricken from their limbs without for an instant forgetting the traditions which still knit each to her past and her kindred in so many far lands.

You speak of the "great honour" of our liking you. You extol our bravery. You admit our "tender mercies" and our love of order. You say you will not forget our courtesy to your people or our modesty. You call us "the politest of polite men"—ah, dear little Afrikander, we treasure each

word in each of those sentences. We cannot help taking heart of hope. If you can speak of us so fair to-day, when the whispers of your old lover still sound in your ears, what may we not expect in time to come? We will not try to hurry your heart, but we warn you we shall melt it. For we love you, and there is no selfish prompting, no hope of mercenary gain in our affection. We love you because you are irresistible, even with your dimpled little hand clenched, and, perhaps, partly because of the lightning that flashes in your pretty eyes.

JULIAN RALPH.

JOINING HANDS WITH GATACRE AND CLEMENTS

On Thursday morning last a small force was despatched by train from Bloemfontein to the South, in order to open up the country, to find out the dispositions of the enemy between here and the Orange River, and, if possible, to join hands with the British forces now operating in the direction of Stormberg and Colesberg.

The force consisted of 4 guns and 66 men of the 84th Battery, R.F.A., 21 mounted men of Roberts' Horse Bodyguard, 6 Grahamstown M.I., a section of the M.R.E., and 2 battalions of Guards (3rd Grenadiers and 1st Scots), totalling about 2,100 men and 120 horses, besides vehicles and mules sufficient to make the force mobile if required.

We moved off in 5 trains, the first being a short

"breakdown" pilot train in charge of Lieutenant Mozley, R.E., carrying an advanced party of 51 Grenadiers under Capt. Clive. Ten minutes after, a full train of Grenadiers, carrying in addition Major-General Pole-Carew, C.B., commanding the expedition, and his Staff; and the other three trains carried the remainder of the force.

We were in hopes that there would be some parties of the enemy between us and the Orange, especially as Edenburg was reported occupied; and the country between that and the river ought to have been swarming with Boers opposing the advance of Generals Gatacre and Clements. But, as it turned out, we had no chance of loosing off even one round, and our progress was peaceful and unwarlike in the extreme.

At Kaalspruit we met Lieut. Russell Brown, R.E., who had just returned off an adventurous trip per train to Edenburg, which he had reconnoitred in the dark when it was full of Boers. After that we steamed slowly along, and reconnoitred Kaffir and Riet River Bridges, with a view to their occupation if necessary.

As it was quite possible that stray Boers might walk into the telegraph offices behind us and read off any messages going through, we transferred the instruments to the safer keeping of the detachments of Scots Guards we left at the bridges. The disconnecting of wires at one of the stations was carried out by a highly distinguished and zealous party of Grenadier officers, headed by the C.O. himself, but

the result was somewhat unfortunate, as messages refused to pass through for some considerable time afterwards. Edenburg was approached at dusk, but, thanks to a friend who told us that the enemy had evacuated it, we had no need to use caution in so doing. On the contrary, we were warmly welcomed on coming to a standstill, and found a deputation of three ready to hand over the keys of the town and to ask for protection.

The General received the deputation, consisting of the Landdrost, Mr. Fourie, Mr. Groenwoud and the Clerk of the Council, graciously, but demanded, as a guarantee of good faith, that all arms and ammunition in the town and district should be given up. This was agreed to, and messengers were despatched to the Commandant and two Field-cornets, who lived some way off, to come in next morning at 6 and arrange the matter with the General. A messenger was also sent to warn the Fauresmith commando of 400 to 500 men, which was approaching the town, that they had better disperse, as the British were in possession and might fire on them if they came too near. The commando had, however, kindly anticipated the purport of this message, and had already melted away on its own initiative.

Edenburg is a pretty little town, well supplied with water and provisions of all sorts. But its chief posesssion must be acknowledged to be a veritable Don Juan, to judge from the number of affectionate letters addressed to him that were found among the budget seized at the Post Office. This young man,

who shall be nameless, must have broken the hearts of numberless charming ladies. Letters from every part of the Free State and a large portion of the Transvaal, some couched in most amorous language, others upbraiding him for faithlessness, all signed by names of the fair sex (mostly without the addition of a surname), brought a hot blush to the brow of the unfortunate officer whose duty it was to scan their contents. It was past 1 a.m. before he had finished his work, but the fair writers may rest assured that their missives will all reach their destination in time, and their secrets remain locked in the breast of that particular Staff Officer.

Early next morning the town was awakened by a series of violent explosions, which caused several timid people to imagine that a serious battle was raging. It was, however, caused by the burning of 67,000 rounds of ammunition which had been taken from the gaol and court house and which were being destroyed by order. Five hundred rifles were also taken, all of them Martinis, except twenty-one.

After arranging with Commander Cloete and the Field-cornets van der Merwe and Roule the details of handing over the rifles, &c., to their districts, the General proceeded on his way, and soon arrived at Jagersfontein Road. Here we were met by a Union Jack and patriotic inhabitants, but rapidly steamed on to Springfontein, on hearing that General Gatacre had crossed the Orange River at Bethulie, and was expected that morning at Springfontein Junction.

We arrived at this place at ten o'clock and, to our

secret joy, found no signs yet of a British occupation. We heard, however, that an engine had brought two English officers thither from Bethulie on a short visit the night before.

Shortly after arriving mounted scouts of Montmorency's Horse made their appearance, and were followed by General Gatacre, who rode up, somewhat surprised to find us already in possession. Cordial greetings were exchanged between the Generals, and after a short stay we pushed on in the direction of Norval's Pont, which we were assured had been evacuated by the enemy 24 hours before.

On the strength of this information we left the three rear trains behind, and pushed on through rapidly steepening country to Prior's Siding. Here we were enthusiastically welcomed by the only inhabitants, two Russian Jews, who so far allowed their feelings to overpower their pockets as to present the General with a box of excellent cigars in honour of the new flag.

Another half hour through a horrid defile brought us to Donkerpoort, and at this uninviting station we found the vanguard of General Clements' force. These had crossed the Orange River by means of a pontoon bridge, flung across the river 2½ miles below the great bridge, and consisted of a squadron of Inniskillings, the 4th Field Battery, 250 Australians, and some Infantry.

As we steamed slowly ahead, the extended lines of horsemen advancing over the plain raised cheer after cheer, and we were moreover honoured by a

patriotic officer dismounting and taking a historical snapshot with the ever-present kodak at the advancing engine. This latter, one should add, was adorned by 4 officers sitting just over the cow-catcher, who obtained an excellent view of the surrounding country. Their admiration was, however, somewhat tempered by the knowledge of a widely spread report that at certain places there lurked under the line masses of deadly dynamite. Considerable caution was at first observed at the culverts; but when the engine-driver assured us that dynamite was hidden at one place only, and that place known to him, we bade him proceed until within 50 yards of the spot, and then halt. When within half a mile of the bridge, we asked whether the fatal place was near at hand. Judge of our mingled horror and relief when we heard that the miscreant driver had not recognised the spot until within 5 yards of it, and had driven unwillingly over it at full speed!

Except for a short glimpse a mile back, one cannot, from a train, see the bridge broadways on. It was, therefore, difficult to estimate the exact damage that had been done as we approached it, even when we had walked out as far as we could go, and actually stood over the gap. The wreck is terrific; 3 spans and one pier had been blown up and lay in the water 100 feet below, connected with the standing part of a steep and tangled wreckage of beams, girders, and iron. Three months at least must elapse before the bridge can be thoroughly

in working order again; but a little bird has whispered in the ear of the writer that by an ingenious series of connections from bank to bank a very large amount of stores will shortly be passing across. Those Burghers who refused twice, when ordered, to blow up the bridge, were wise men in their generation, for its destruction will mean a much more serious loss to the Free State than to the British troops.

CHAPTER VI

Ours was no Bed of Roses

Kipling's regard for "Tommy Poetry" — Our English as it was set up by Boer compositors

"The Friend" was an afternoon paper published at three or four or five o'clock in the evening, according as the Dutch compositors chose to get it out. We editors went to our tiny editorial room between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and worked until lunch time—one o'clock—writing, seeing visitors, correcting proofs, and reading manuscripts. What I have called "seeing visitors" mainly consisted in turning away private soldiers who came for copies of the paper. Though we posted notices that ours was the editorial room, and that papers were to be had at Barlow's stationery shop, "Tommy" would insist upon coming to us; therefore we gave up a large part of our time to sending him away, now yelling at him, now bursting into profanity, and anon pleading most

politely that we were neither newsboys nor railway bookstall keepers.

What I have called "reading manuscripts" was largely the work of examining the poetry of this same Mr. Atkins, who, fired by the genius of Mr. Kipling, is sometimes a better poet than you would think, sometimes a worse poet than you can imagine, but is generally a poet—of one sort or another.

We had good "Tommy" poets in our ranks, wherefore, when Mr. Kipling came, he insisted that all soldier poetry should be religiously read, and the best of it published. He pored over miles—but we are coming to him presently. At the idea of re-writing and improving Tommy's verse he was pained, and when Mr. James Barnes, on one occasion, spent half a day in putting a "Tommy" poem into Queen's English, Mr. Kipling was righteously indignant, and spent an hour in getting it back to Tommy's vernacular.

The rest of the time of all except the man who wrote the leader of the day was spent in correcting the typographical errors of the Dutch compositors, who, by the way, could make more numerous and more dreadful mistakes in type than ever an intelligence officer made in getting news of the enemy. The consequence was that we often took up the first paper that reached us

FABLES FOR THE STAFF.

THE ELEPHONT AND THE LARK'S NEST.

A discriminating boer having laid a nestful of valuable and infirming eggs, fled across the horizon under pressure of necessity leaving his nest in a secluded spot where it was discovered by a disinterested observer who reported the same to an Intelligence Officer. The latter arriving at his leisure with a great pomposity said "See me hatch it" And sitting down without reserve converted the entire output into an unnecessary omelette. After the mess was removed, the disinterested observer observed:—"Had you approached this matter in another spirit you might have obtained valuable information." "That," ~~quoth~~ replied the Intelligence Officer, "shows your narrow-minded prejudice. Besides I am morally certain that those eggs come out of mine's nest." "It is now too late to enquire" said the disinterested observer, "and that is a pity." "But am I not an intelligent officer?" Said the Intelligence Officer "Of that there can be no two opinions," said the disinterested observer. Whereupon he was sent down.

Moral. *Do not teach the Intelligence to ~~hatch~~ eggs*

A Corrected "Proof" by Rudyard Kipling.

(Giving a glimpse of the struggle between the editors and the Dutch compositors.)

from the presses, and with a sigh assured each other that it was almost wholly given up to bad verse and printers' errors.

At noon during these early days one of us would gather up all the proofs that we could get from the printers, and march over to Lord Stanley's office to have them censored. He was so considerate and liberal that this soon proved a mere formality. I think he must have regarded the eccentric but interesting journal as a child of his own, or at least as one whose parentage he would be too polite to dispute if Lord Roberts claimed it. We used to hear how very much the great Field Marshal, also, was interested in it; how eagerly he secured his copy every day, and how much he liked all that it contained. A visitor at the Residency told us that one afternoon Lord Roberts saw an officer reading THE FRIEND, and called to one of his staff: "I see a man in there reading THE FRIEND. How is it I have not had my copy?" The officer's paper proved to be a copy of an earlier number, so that the Field Marshal's wounded pride was healed. But we liked that story; we liked it very much indeed.

Our fifth number, published on March 21st, began with Mr. Gwynne's hearty leader on Rudyard Kipling, who was expected to reach Bloemfontein on that day. Mr. Gwynne also wrote one

of his characteristic satirical articles on "The Soberest Army in the World." Mr. Landon contributed a lively and picturesque narrative of the principal feat our despatch riders had performed up to that time, and I perpetrated a modest bit of reporting on South Africa's attractions—an article of greater interest here and now than it was then and for our army readers.

We had made it known that private soldiers would be charged only a penny for the paper, the original threepence being demanded solely of officers. In this way we hoped to earn a greater profit than by shutting out of our trade the humble private, to whom a threepence (a "ticky," as it is called in Africa) sometimes appears as big as a cart-wheel. But our new plan brought us a lot of trouble—especially of the kind you feel when you know you are being done out of something and yet cannot help yourself. The fact was that the officers encamped at a distance sent in their servants for their papers, and these messengers, being privates, only paid a penny for each paper. Then, again, the officers were dressed so nearly like the men that the newsboys and assistants in Barlow's shop could not distinguish them apart, and charged many of the officers the penny of the private. This annoyed us, because we were intent upon making

as much money as possible in order to turn over a handsome sum to a soldier charity when we should end our stewardship—for not a penny did we mean to keep for ourselves. Mr. Landon wrote a strenuous appeal to the officers to help us to get our just dues. To the same paper Mr. A. B. Paterson, of the *Sydney Herald*, contributed a very clever bit of verse, entitled, "Fed up." He was one of the contributors of whom we were most proud—and justly so.

In this day's paper there were seventeen notices of horses lost—presumably stolen, but a close scrutiny of all horse-flesh was in progress, and in the same column with the wails of the robbed was a notice of the recovery of twenty-one horses—none of them being the same as any of the lost that were advertised for. The Provost-Marshal, Major R. M. Poore, on this day announced that every native with a horse must carry a certificate proving that the animal was his own. He also declared that every person possessing any property of the Orange Free State Government—horses, mules, oxen, or anything else—must quickly hand it up.

Lord Roberts reviewed the Naval Brigade on the preceding day, and we had a report of it showing how splendidly Captain Bearcroft's command appeared. The late Admiral Maxse, out there on a visit, witnessed the review, and

said that it was the first one he had attended since the Crimea, when he acted as naval A.D.C. to Lord Raglan. This review gave us all one of our rare chances of seeing Lord Roberts, for he went out but little, and even at such times hurried directly to his destination, returning with as little loss of time. Every man, of every rank, saluted him, and he was scrupulously careful to return the salute even of the bugler boys. It was said to be surprising to note how many men he knew of all ranks, and how watchful and observant he was. "You managed that very cleverly," he would say to a man in conflict with unruly horses; or he would reprove a soldier for untidiness in dress. Nothing escaped his restless eyes.

He wore no decorations of any kind, and I have even heard it said that not every coat of his was decked with gilt buttons—though this I repeat only upon hearsay. I can testify, however, that no man more modest and making less of his rank was in his army. I always saw him in plain khaki with that badge of mourning upon one sleeve which gave us all a keener thrust in our emotions than even the hardest felt losses of comrades and acquaintances which befell us all so frequently.

Ours was no Bed of Roses

THE FRIEND.

BLOEMFONTEIN, MARCH 21, 1900.

RUDYARD KIPLING

EDITORIAL BY H. A. GWYNNE

To-day we expect to welcome here in our camp the great poet and writer, who has contributed more than any one perhaps towards the consolidation of the British Empire. His visit is singularly appropriate. He will find encamped round the town not only his friend Tommy Atkins, but the Australian, the Canadian, the New Zealander, the Tasmanian, the volunteer from Ceylon, from Argentine, and from every quarter of the globe. He will see the man of the soil—the South African Britisher—side by side with his fellow colonist from over the seas. In fact, Bloemfontein will present to him the actual physical fulfilment of what must be one of his dearest hopes—the close union of the various parts of the greatest Empire in the world. His visit, therefore, will have in it something of the triumph of a conqueror—a conqueror who, with the force of genius, has swept away barriers of distance and boundary, and made a fifth of the globe British, not only in title, but in real sentiment.

We, belonging to that portion of the Press to which is assigned the duty of witnessing and chronicling the deeds which make history, extend to the illustrious writer a welcome, sincere and whole-

hearted. We feel, all of us, that his brush alone can do complete justice to the wonderful pictures of war which we have been privileged to see. We, who have been with Tommy Atkins on many a hard campaign, have long ago come to love him for his quiet, unostentatious courage and his patient endurance of hardships, but we feel that Mr. Kipling alone can translate to the world the true inwardness of Tommy's character. We feel sure that the Mulvaneys, the Leroyds, and the Ortherises will welcome him as heartily as we do, and we are hopeful that this fresh meeting of Tommy Atkins and perhaps the only man who rightly understands him, will be productive of fresh pictures of the British soldier.

THE SOBEREST ARMY IN THE WORLD

BY H. A. GWYNNE

The force which, under the command of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, left Enslin and occupied Bloemfontein will undoubtedly be known in history as the "Sober Army." Never before in the history of campaigning has there been known such an absence of excess in the way of drinking—and eating too, as far as that is concerned. Some people have dared to cast aspersions on the British army by insinuating that drunkenness is not unknown among its members. They have even gone further and declared that officers and men are very fond of their "tot" or their "pint" or their whisky and soda. I

only wish some of these calumniators could have accompanied Lord Roberts' force. They would have recanted on the spot, and returned home convinced that the British army was not only the finest but the soberest in the world.

Their excessive sobriety and wonderful self-restraint in the face of temptation rather tempts one to delve deep down for the psychological reasons. I have myself made inquiries, but I must confess that I am at a loss for a real reason. My firm belief is that the British soldier is so actuated by a deep sense of duty that, having come to the conclusion that hard drinking and hard fighting were incompatible, he promptly dropped the former and devoted all his energies to the latter. It would have been expected that at the end of a long, dusty march the men would have, immediately after being dismissed, made a rush for the canteen. Nothing of the sort. They sat down to tea and coffee and left the canteen waiters kicking their heels doing nothing. It is true one or two soldiers have told me that they couldn't find the canteen, but the majority of the men chose, of their own free will, to ignore its existence, and actually never looked for it. But this noble continence, this splendid self-restraint has been very nearly spoilt by the folly and wickedness of some of the authorities. They actually issued rum to the men at intervals. Now one of Tommy's greatest virtues is obedience. He was ordered to drink rum and he did it—just as he advanced against a kopje spitting forth lead when he was ordered. But the task of swallowing the

hateful stuff was distasteful in the extreme. I have seen him take his mug and get his tot and then look at his officer as much as to say, "must I really take it?" The officer's answering glance was invariably a command which poor Tommy could not disobey, and he tossed off the liquor with one gulp to get it over all the quicker, and then hold his mug upside down to show he had done the deed.

One would have thought, indeed, that this wonderful self-restraint would be destroyed in the wild rush of joy with which the army was filled the night that Cronje surrendered. Not a bit of it. The men lying on the soaking ground never touched a drop of alcohol, although many would say that the victory of our arms deserved an alcoholic celebration. But that night the canteens were as deserted as ever. One man, and one man only, fell. He was an officer's servant, and was discovered gloriously happy, delightedly drunk. His comrades kept hitting and punching him and asking him where he had found the liquor, it evidently being their firm intention to destroy it. He refused, however, to answer a word until his master found him and, seizing him by the shoulder, shook him, and exclaimed with eager face, "Good Heavens, Jones, where the devil did you get it?" And Jones answered drunkenly to an eager crowd of expectant officers and men, "Meth'lated Shpirits, Shir. I'sh found it in waggon."

Whereupon ten eager voices asked—

"Is there any left?"

"No; finished whole blooming lotsh."

And then his comrades gently kicked him for a cur.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of "The Friend"

Gentlemen,—I have read with much of interest one article in one of your last issues touching the steal at the horses.

As a veteran of the war of 1870, I think that this would be of interest towards much of your abonnes if I should write some words of my proper experiences.

It appears by the article in the number of The Friend of the 19th that the writer desires to carry to the observation of those who themselves find in authority, that by their proper negligence he has been forced to become that which you other English call jail-bird.

Now I have made the war of 1870. I was dragon. I have suffered the same privations and I have smelt the same difficulties on the question of horses, but never I not have failed of myself to find without horse of war. This without myself to boast.

I not desire to blame the author of this article praiseworthy, who, as he appears to wish to himself efface, in myself offering as counsellor, but since, as to myself seems that he wishes to hold one sale of his animals that it is all this that he has of most imbecile of to announce on the roofs his crime.

An officer of dragons in 1870, I was having at the month of the June twenty horses of the first quality, grand, strong, majestic animals, worthy of to carry one officer of dragons in battle against those canailles of Prussians.

At the month of September after Sedan he not me was remaining nothing, and I not was having not even the means of me to save in Belgium.

What to do!—Officer French not is able not to render himself. Ah! not know I not the anguish of himself to find without horse. What have I done? To steal, no! This was indignant of officer. To buy, no! I of it not was having not of what. I was aperceiving in the distance one horse of officer of the Estate Major. This was the horse of my poor friend Gu-gu, evidently killed or gravely blessed. It if not, why not was he not, the brave gar, mounted on his horse, directing the flight? In one instant I myself was launched thereon without hesitation. To save the horse favourite of my poor friend dead Gu-gu was my first thought. In rending to his corpse this little service I was rending to my patrie one service again more grand. I myself was reserving for one death more épouvantable. Then, since that he is possible of to find the horses of friends blessed, for what himself to submit at the stigma of to be accused of to be thief. More late, when one wishes to sell the horses, one himself finds in face of one difficulty inextricable, if the proper proprietor himself finds upon the market.

Gu-gu I have found more late in Paris, it is true,

but we have eaten the good horse together like good comrades.

Agree my compliments most respected,

M. Vol au Vent.

(The Editors, for obvious reasons, divest themselves of any responsibility for the opinions held by our distinguished Gallic friend.)

"FED UP!"

The Cavalryman's Growl

BY A. B. PATERSON

I ain't a timid man at all, I'm just as brave as most;
I'll take my turn in open fight and die beside my post.
But riding round the whole day long as target for a Krupp,
A-drawing fire from koppies—well, I'm quite Fed Up!

There's not so many men get hit—it's luck that pulls us through,
Their rifle fire's no class at all—it misses me and you;
But when they sprinkle shells around like water from a cup
From that there bloomin' pom-pom gun—well, I'm Fed Up!

War's Brighter Side

We never gets a chance to charge—to do a thrust
and cut—
I think I'll chuck the Cavalry and join the Mounted
Fut.
But, after all, what's Mounted Fut? I saw them
t'other day,
They occupied a koppie when the Boers had run
away.

The Cavalry went ridin' on, and seen a score of
fights,
But there they stuck, those Mounted Fut, for seven
days and nights—
For seven solid days and nights—with scarce a bite
or sup,
So when it comes to Mounted Fut—well, I'm Filled
Up.

And trampin' with the Footies ain't as pleasant as it
looks—
They scarcely ever sees a Boer, except in picture
books.
They make a march of twenty mile, which leaves 'em
nearly dead,
And then they find the bloomin' Boers is twenty
mile ahead!
Each " Footy " is as full of fight as any bulldog pup,
But walking forty miles to fight—well, I'm Fed Up!

So, after all, I think that when I leave the Caval-ree
I'll have to join the Ambulance, or else the A.S.C.

Ours was no Bed of Roses

There's always tucker in the plate and coffee in the cup,
But bully beef and biscuits—well, I'm fair Fed Up!

MISS BLOEMFONTEIN

There appears to be some general misapprehension as to the authenticity of the letter written by "Miss Bloemfontein" in our issue of yesterday. The Editors wish to state that the communication in question was written by a lady, a member of a well-known family in this city, and undoubtedly reflects with wit and frankness the feeling of many of those to whom the abandonment of this place to the British forces has been a bitter disappointment.

THE GREAT RIDE

BY PERCIVAL LANDON

The newspapers of the world published a notice of the surrender of Bloemfontein on the evening of Thursday, March 15th.

The Boers had wrecked the telegraph line to the south of the town; to the west the field telegraph was useless; yet perhaps not one reader in ten millions stayed a moment to wonder how the news had reached them.

When Lord Roberts left Doornboom the entire expedition was *en l'aire*. Telegraphic communication

was at the mercy of the passing ox or the malicious passer-by, rain and wind were almost equally destructive, and the inevitable breakdown occurred. The wire, aerial or earth-borne, was useless in forty-eight hours, and, so far as outer communication was concerned, Bloemfontein and all around and within it might have been Tristan d'Acunha.

But the London papers published the full account of the surrender on the second day after the capitulation.

The manner in which news was sent to the English papers may perhaps be of interest. It must be remembered that there was then no communication with the south. It was impossible to pick up the cut wire north of Norval's Pont. The line from Kimberley to Boshof lies, even as we write, in a cat's cradle on the veldt. There was no option, the telegrams must be sent through Kimberley and by despatch riders.

Perhaps it is truer to say that one or two London papers did so, for a certain number relied—and with justice—on the recuperative powers of Captain Faussett and his myrmidons of the wire.

To ride a hundred miles across the veldt against time, and against at least two other competing riders, through the enemy's country, and at a moment's notice, is not the least exciting occupation that can be chosen by a light-weight searching for a new sensation.

It combines the certainty of hardship and discomfort with the possibility of being shot; and over

and above all is the pressing need of saving every minute of time.

Three despatch riders set out from Bloemfontein during the evening of Tuesday or the earliest dawn of Wednesday. First in order of starting was the *Times* messenger, second that of Reuter's Agency, third came the "angelos" of the *Daily Mail.*

From Bloemfontein to Kimberley is, as we have said, a distance of a hundred miles. It is best understood by a Londoner by suggesting the comparison that he should be compelled to ride to Hereford every time he wished to despatch a telegram.

Out from the isolated city the messengers went, making their way in the darkness or in the dawn over the red slushing tracks that had suffered the steady downpour of the night's rain, till, by whichever road they had moved out of Bloemfontein, they met at the battle-ground of Driefontein.

From that point onwards the struggle became keen, and the breakdown of a horse meant a delay that might perhaps be reckoned in days rather than hours. The public that glances casually at the telegrams of their morning papers does not often realise the importance of a few minutes to the correspondents whose work they are reading. In this case, besides the ordinary delay, the lonely riders that were making way across the veldt had to spur them on the risk of finding the Field Telegraph repaired

before they could reach the Diamond City, and the cable blocked with messages sent over their heads from Bloemfontein.

Early in the great race the *Times* rider met with disaster. The horse he rode fell, and though the injury seemed slight enough at the time, never properly recovered itself, causing a delay of some hours before the next relay could be reached.

But the *Daily Mail* was still more unlucky. Starting last of all, the well-known light-weight who carried the fortunes of the "largest circulation of this earth" made his way forward through the fading light of Wednesday, gaining rapidly on his predecessors, and, confident in the excellent provision made for him, was getting out of his mount the last pound of pace, when a cut corner flung him against a barbed wire fence, which so terribly lacerated his leg that further riding was out of the question.

Binding up his scratches as best he might, he found himself compelled to walk back thirty-five miles to Bloemfontein, unable to ride, and at the journey's end almost unable to stand.

So the *Times* and Reuter—each armed with a duplicate despatch from the Commander-in-Chief—were left to compete for the contingent advantage of getting first into Kimberley.

And now was done a notable achievement. Browning, in his poem, "How we brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," has chosen, by an odd accident, exactly the distance which divides

Kimberley from Bloemfontein, but we can rest assured that the "good news" of the capture of the Boer capital sped on as fast as ever went the news across the flat plains of Flanders.

Over the grey sage-brush of the veldt, over the high, dry grass, under the rare shade of poplar trees, where the horse was watered, along the red crumbling road or the mere beaten wheel track where a thousand waggons and twenty thousand animals had worn a temporary track, the hurrying hoof of the courier's mount lessened the long distance between the capital of the O.F.S. and the end of that wire of which the other lies in the capital of the world.

In the afternoon of Wednesday three bullets whistled past the rider of the Agency, and the newspaper's courier had a similar experience at the same spot as he passed a little later.

It soon became obvious that there was no possibility of getting into Kimberley in time to send the despatches before the office closed for the day, and the *Times* despatch rider took the latter stages of the journey more easily. Reuter's man,[1] however, continued his ride at his utmost speed, and actually achieved what will long remain a record, travelling the entire distance on three horses in twenty hours and twenty minutes.

The need for such lengthy despatch riding luckily seldom occurs, as the expense is one of the

[1] Gilbert H. Stevens.

heaviest items that can be incurred by newspaper representatives on behalf of their papers; only in the very exceptional circumstances in which the war correspondents found themselves at the capture of Bloemfontein would the enormous expenditure be justified.

CHAPTER VII

Rudyard Kipling, Associate Editor

A chapter which introduces a Prince, and tells of our Appeal to the whole Army to write for The Friend

The next day's issue, that of March 22nd, was the best-looking number we had produced. We dropped those little frames on either side of the title of the paper which journalists call "ears" or "ear-tabs," so that the front page looked dignified and ship-shape, and the title read simply The Friend, without its former addenda of "Playing cards" and "Cue tips." In place of these we printed the royal coat-of-arms. This issue contained a heart-felt eulogy of Sir W. S. A. Lockhart by the Field Marshal.

General Kelly in Camp Orders declared that hereafter horse thieves would be severely dealt with, and there appeared a notice by Prince Francis of Teck, "Staff Captain, Remount Department," that the army desired horses of cer-

tain ages and a certain height, as well as agents to buy them.

This reminds all who were at Bloemfontein how the Prince came and put up at the Bloemfontein Hotel, and began to fill up an immense yard just on the edge of the town with a marvellous collection of veldt horses, all of which, I understood, he succeeded in buying at £25 a-piece, though I had just paid £100 for a pair, and most men were giving £40 at the least for every horse. The Prince worked like a beaver all the time he was at Bloemfontein.

There went to the stalwart and kindly Prince one day an artist who said he desired to surrender two mules which did not belong to him. It was not the truth that he desired to give them up, nor was it out of politeness that he told the falsehood. The fact was that the army had taken his horses and left him a pair of feeble, poorly animated steeds of the clothes-horse pattern, which gave out on the long road between Poplar Grove and Bloemfontein. At the same time two healthy mules, astray on the veldt, evinced a yearning for human companionship, and insisted upon intruding themselves upon the company of the artist and his Basúto servant while they were preparing lunch. To go on with his own weak and sick animals was to invite a loss of locomotive power in a country infested with Boers. To

make use of the fresher mules was the natural and obvious alternative. Therefore the artist abandoned his horses and went on with the mules. Arrived in Bloemfontein, he at once continued his travels by joining the " bill-sticking expedition " of General French over to Thab N'chu and the region beyond.

" Bill-sticking," by the way, was our name for the distribution of copies of Lord Roberts's proclamation calling on the Boers to lay down their arms and sign a promise not to continue the war. When the artist returned to Bloemfontein he was met by friends who said that he would certainly be shot if he was found to be using animals that did not belong to him. Lord Roberts had grown angry, it was said, and had exclaimed aloud that no matter who or what the man might be, the next offender in this respect should be shot. It was this stentorian cry, and not the still, small voice of conscience, that sent the artist to the Prince, to whom he told the truth and made formal surrender of the mules.

" And very nice indeed it is of you," said the Prince, " very honest and straightforward. I will send some one to get the mules this afternoon."

" But, I beg pardon," said the artist, " now everything's all right, isn't it? The mules were not mine, and I have surrendered them, and there's no trouble to follow? "

"No, indeed," said Prince Francis, "I am much obliged to you. Animals are very scarce and we need all we can get; so very good of you to do as you have done."

"Well, now," said the artist, "won't you please let me keep the mules? The Army stole my horses and left me a broken-down pair. I had to turn them loose and take these mules or I should have been killed or captured by the Boers. I have nothing else to move on with. I wish you would let me keep the mules."

"Really," said the Prince, "I cannot do that. I never heard such a proposition in my life. I have no authority to do as you ask. Upon my word, this is most extraordinary. Come, I'll tell you what I will do. I'll see that you get a pair of animals at the Army price. I can't sell them to you or buy them for you, but I can have a pair put aside for you to buy of somebody who brings them in to sell."

No one who was not there can form any idea of the extent to which this looting or commandeering of horses was then being practised. They were stolen not only from in front of the Club—the busiest spot in the heart of the town—but from before the headquarters of Lord Roberts, and from in front of the hotels. Men were desperate; so many were without horses.

Sicknesses, slaughter, and overwork had left us with less than half the animals we needed.

At about this time a foreign correspondent who was never guilty of taking even an abandoned Boer horse, but who had purchased a fine animal of a negro on the veldt for five shillings, became very nervous over his purchase. He went to the stable and with the help of his servant clipped the animal close, so that it no longer resembled the long-haired beast he had bought. Then he went out into the street and met a Boer who accused him of having taken his horse and who exactly described the animal in question. The Boer said he would report the case to Major Poore, the Provost-Marshal. The now frightened correspondent came to my room with his burden of sorrows, and stated his case to the company of officers, correspondents, and despatch-riders then present.

"The Boer's name is Voorboom," he said, "and he is in earnest. I suppose I shall be sent home in disgrace."

At the mention of the name three men spoke up saying that of all the rascals in need of a hanging this Voorboom was the sorriest. One had seen Boer combatants in Voorboom's house, another had seen Voorboom's brother trundling into a clump of bushes an English carriage which he had stolen, a third had met Voorboom and

his negroes riding far and wide gathering up loose horses—English or Boer—which he was undoubtedly now bringing to town to sell to the Army.

"Give him an hour in which to leave town or go to jail at Simon's Bay," said a Colonel, ending the incident.

Mr. Kipling was in town at last and had promised us his assistance, but we could not then know whether this would be great or little; we could not have hoped or dreamed that it would prove a quarter or a third part of all our work, as it did. On the other hand, we were only too painfully aware that very little aid was being vouchsafed us. We found ourselves with a great newspaper on our hands, a newspaper with a gaping void of terrible dimensions. "Reuter" had promised its despatches to us, but these were not allowed on the crowded telegraph wires for days at a time, as it proved, and the whole burden was upon us joined to the necessity we felt to do our full duty to our newspapers at home—one at least of which demanded a despatch every day and four letters a week if possible. The army had been counted upon for valuable and voluminous help, and it was practically sending us in nothing. It was agreed that I should stir up the consciences and pens of all our friends and readers in an ink-blast, fierce and loud. I did this in

the editorial of the day entitled, "The Silent Army":—

Other armies (I wrote) have always been distinguished by brilliant raconteurs. Other armies have always contained a plenitude of wits and humourists. Other armies have been noted for the abundance of funny anecdotes with which chum assailed chum and battalion guyed battalion. Other armies have taken note of the more striking deeds of prowess, of valour and of strategy which have been done among their members, and other armies have boasted poets grave, poets gay, poets rollicking, and poets who dedicated their verses to their mistress's eyebrows.

Alas! none of these things has this poor army—so poor in wit and literary talent, however rich it be in courage, patience, dogged persistence and proud victories.

This army is like a sponge for taking what entertainment the sweating editors of THE FRIEND will give it. It is like a barnacle for fastening itself upon us and fattening its dead weight upon this little literary bark. It is like a horse behind our waggon, which was built, like most vehicles, to have its horses in front. It is like the veldt around us in its capacity to swallow any amount of refreshing rain and yet appear as dry in four hours afterwards as if it were the pavement of that place which can only be referred to by the use of one particular anecdote, which is as follows:—

"If I owned Satandom and South Africa," said

a Canadian Tommy at Modder River, "I would rent out South Africa and live in Satandom."

But we nearly digressed—a sin unpardonable in an article so important as this, written hot upon the impulse of suffering and keen feeling.

The committee of war correspondents with Lord Roberts' army, who undertook to conduct, for the first time in history, a full-fledged complete daily newspaper published in an enemy's capital two days after the conquest thereof, are all busy men in their own line of industry. They have constant daily work to do, they are trusted by their own newspapers to devote their whole talents and energies to the interests of the public at home. Nevertheless they have turned aside to conduct this newspaper, they are doing so, and will continue to do so to the day the army pushes on and away.

But in undertaking this task their idea was that they merely had to start the paper and give it a momentum, after which the army would turn to and flood the editorial sanctum with tales of humour, wit, and prowess writ upon sheets numberless as the leaves of Vallambrosa.

The reader will gather that this has not yet taken place. He will infer that the war correspondents are, like the last rose of summer, left blooming to ourselves. True, two or three generous and gifted souls in the army have come nobly into the breach with contributions; but the breach is nine columns wide —nine columns that persist in emptying themselves as fast as we fill them; in fact, nine columns which

become fifty-four columns between each Monday and the succeeding Saturday. It is on this account that when the two or three generous and talented army men flung themselves in the breach, the breach was not aware of the fact—and we have not had the heart to wake it up and notify it that it was being filled, not caring to tell a falsehood even to a silly breach.

Come, then, ye gentles and geniuses, ye poets, ye anecdotists, ye thrillers and movers with the pen—join our staff, and put your mighty little ink-damped levers to the rock that we are rolling up the gigantic kopje of your thirst for news and entertainment. Your pay shall be the highest ever meted out to man—the satisfaction of souls content. Your company shall include a Kipling. Your readers shall be the bravest, noblest, proudest soldiers who ever served an earthly race.

You can ask no more. You can ask nothing else.

But in the meantime we want "copy."

We published also a brief communication respecting the Dutch name Stellenbosch. This needs a word of explanation. It had long been noticed that whenever an officer was prominently connected with a losing battle, or exhibited marked incompetence in any field of military work, he got a billet at Stellenbosch, a bowery village deep down in the Cape Colony, where was established our base camp of supplies. The

name therefore attained a deep significance and common usage in the army, and to say that a man had been "Stellenbosched" was but the ordinary polite mode of mentioning what might otherwise have had to be said in many harsher-sounding words.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Force.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1900.

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS it is considerd necessary in the interests of the Orange Free State, and until arrangements may be made, that the provisions of the Customs Convention existing between the said State and the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and the Colony of Natal, shall be duly observed, and the Laws and Regulations appertaining thereto shall be enforced as soon as communication between the said Colonies and such portions of the Orange Free State as have been or may hereafter be occupied by Her Majesty's troops is restored, and the customary commercial relations are resumed; and whereas it is expedient that the necessary officers for the control and management of the Customs Department of the Orange Free State shall be appointed,

NOW THEREFORE

I, FREDERICK SLEIGH BARON ROBERTS OF KHANDAHAR, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C.,

Field Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief of the British Forces in South Africa, do hereby nominate and appoint the following officers, to wit:—

Collector of Customs—Johannes Henricus Meiring.

First Clerk—Albert C. Woodward.

Second Clerk—Frederik Blignaut.

A WARNING TO NATIVES

EXEMPLARY SENTENCES

It is evident from the sentences inflicted by the Provost Marshal that the military authorities are wisely determined to repress all forms of lawlessness and unruliness on the part of native boys with a firm hand. Take the following three cases by way of illustration:—

No. 1. Boy: 28 lashes for resisting Military Police in discharge of their duty while arresting him.

No. 2. Two Boys: 25 lashes each for being drunk and fighting.

No. 3. 27 Boys: 5 lashes each for being disorderly and having no pass after 9 o'clock.

At the conclusion of the above cases of the day the Provost Marshal called the native police before him and complimented them on the good work they had done.

When the British entered Bloemfontein there was general rejoicing in the native "location," but it is impossible to insist too plainly that the clemency

of British rule will not extend to violent, drunken, and disorderly persons, whether they be white or black.

ARMY ORDERS—SOUTH AFRICA

Army Headquarters, Government House,
Bloemfontein, *March* 20, 1900.

1. *Death of Commander-in-Chief in India.*

It is with deep regret that the Field Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief, announces to the Army in South Africa the death of His Excellency Sir W. S. A. Lockhart, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., Commander-in-Chief in India, which occurred at Calcutta on the evening of the 18th of March, 1900.

Lord Roberts is sure that his own feelings will be shared by every Officer and Soldier who has served under Sir William Lockhart's command, and more particularly by those who have been personally acquainted with him.

After a long and varied Military career, which began in Abyssinia, time of the Mutiny, and which included war service in Acheen, Afghanistan, Burma, The Black Mountain, Wazeristan, Isazai, and finally the command of the Terah Expeditionary Force, Sir William Lockhart was appointed to the Chief Command in India. Possessed of exceptional ability, he distinguished himself alike as a Staff Officer and as a commander in the field, and by his uniform kindness and consideration he endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. In the late Com-

mander-in-Chief the Soldiers in India, both British and Native, have lost a friend whose only thought was to further their interests and promote their welfare, and the Indian Empire has lost a trusted Councillor who, on account of his intimate knowledge of the Native races, and his acquaintance with Eastern affairs, cannot soon or easily be replaced.

2. *Amendment.*

With reference to Army Order No. 5 (b) of 4th March, for Captain R. H. Hall read Captain R. H. Hare.

3. *Telegrams.*

The Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has great pleasure in publishing the following telegram which has been received:—

From Sirdar Khan, Bahadur Casim, Haji Mahomed Khansahib, Kazi Mahommed Ali Murshaj. Bombay Mahomedans offer your Lordship, your gallant Officers and Soldiers hearty congratulations on brilliant success Transvaal, and pray Almighty crown efforts greater success and honours.

By order,
W. Kelly, M. General,
D. A. General.

THE WEARY TREK

Trek, trek, trek,
On the wild South African veldt,
With anthills here and anthills there
And holes and ruts, you're inclined to swear,

For your mokes will religiously take you o'er
These impediments by the score,
But you trek, trek, trek.

Trek, trek, trek,
With a heart as heavy as lead,
For the comrades who have bit the dust
Whilst fighting for a cause that's just,
With bootless feet and clothing torn,
From chilly night to dewy morn
You trek, trek, trek.

Trek, trek, trek,
There's nothing to do but trek,
While your mules half starved and done to death,
And yourself ditto and out of breath,
You wish to Heaven the war was o'er
And you say sweet (?) things of the cunning Boer,
But you trek, trek, trek.

GO TO —— STELLENBOSCH!!

To the Editors of "THE FRIEND," Sirs:—In the course of a lengthy experience I have heard many quaint conceits and many hard swear words, and have kept a small notebook in which I have jotted down anything especially new. I was the unwilling auditor the other day of a quarrel between two individuals whose rank and profession shall be nameless. The conversation became very animated, and finally one exclaimed with savage

irony, "Oh, go to Stellenbosch!" Fortunately some passers-by interrupted the fracas or else I verily believe blows would have been exchanged. Now you, sirs, with your opportunities of knowing many lands and varied languages, may perhaps be able to inform me where this place is and why the request to go there should have caused such fury and such agitation on the part of the individual addressed. It will be a relief to the consciences of Her Majesty's lieges if the time-honoured "D——" can be relegated to the limbo of forgotten oaths in favour of such an apparently innocent expression. I write in all innocence, as no man likes to use a phrase, especially such a potent one, without understanding its meaning.—Faithfully yours,

CHIRIOGICUS.

[We believe that the place mentioned was located somewhere in the Arctic Regions by the Jackson expedition.—EDS.]

CHAPTER VIII

Lord Roberts's Headquarters

Like a beehive for industry when Rudyard Kipling went to lunch with the Field-Marshal

Rudyard Kipling was paying visits and getting acquainted with the local situation. He had left his wife and family at the far-famed Mount Nelson Hotel—the "Helot's Rest," as a statesman had called it—with its strange assembly of Rand and Kimberley millionaires, and other refugees from the two republics, its army officers, both of the invalid and the idle class, its censors, war correspondents, sightseers, and ladies longing to get to the more exciting front.

I first saw Mr. Kipling there, and now found him tenanting a bedroom across the passage from my own in the Free State Hotel at Bloemfontein. When I went to shake his hand he was in the room of W. B. Wollen, the artist, and one of those men who having nothing good to say, are never content to stop there, was exclaiming, "Is it possible that I have the honour to meet the author of 'The Absent-Minded Beggar'?"

"Yes," said Kipling, "I have heard that piece played on a barrel-organ, and I would shoot the man who wrote it if it would not be suicide."

A man of such broad build and short neck that you do not realise him to be above the average stature, wearing a broad-brimmed, flat brown hat of Boer pattern, and below that a brown short coat and very full trousers to match; a vigorous figure, quick in movement as a panther, quicker still in speech; a swinging and rolling figure with head up and hat well back out of the way of his sight which is ever thrown upward as if he searched the sky while he walked. His face is quite a match for his body, being round and wide as well as wide-eyed and open. His eyes are its most notable features, for they are very large and open, and each one is arched by the bushiest of black eyebrows. They are habitually reflective and sober eyes, but, like a flash, they kindle with fun, and can equally quickly turn dull and stony when good occasion arises. It is not the typical poet's or scholar's face so much as it is the face of the man among men, the out-of-door man, the earnest, shrewd observer and the impressible hard worker.

It happened that both of us were to pay our respects to the Field-Marshal at the Residency in the same day, and both were invited to lunch. Of course, Mr. Kipling knew Lord Roberts very

well—had seen much of him in India, where they had been both friends and mutual admirers. We went to the Residency together. There we met a very kindly and hospitable young gentleman who asked us who we were and offered us a visitors' book in which to record our signatures. To him we were presently introduced and found him to be none other than the Duke of Westminister, who, as Lord Belgrave, had at an earlier stage been with Sir Alfred Milner at the Cape. His Grace proffered us refreshment of the coveted sort, which, as we have seen, was quoted at 11s. a bottle "on a rising market," and then he conducted us to the great drawing-room with its strong suggestion of the grandeur of a ruler's residence, despite its garish wall-paper and its puckered-up carpet.

The whole Residency was like a beehive for industry. In the dining-room privates were hammering away upon typewriters, and officers were supplying them with copy. We peeped into the large ball-room, and lo! it was appointed with many desks at which members of the illustrious and aristocratic staff of the Field-Marshal were hard at work with pens and ink. Even in the drawing-room, the merely ornamental desks and tables were strewn with documents at which far from merely ornamental lords were writing.

When lunch was announced we found the

dining-hall set with two tables—a very long one for the staff, and a very small one at its head for Lord Roberts. Mr. Kipling sat with the Field-Marshal, while I was placed between Lord Stanley and Lord Herbert Scott at the big table. I was not impressed by any unlooked-for excellence in the simple meal with which we were served. I had lived better on the open veldt whenever I had been able to get at my Cape cart, and the boxes I had stored in it. But the flow of wit and the hospitality and courtesy that were shown to me would have rendered worse fare beyond reproach.

After the meal Lord Stanley introduced me to the Field-Marshal, and my very first words caused those who do not know how great and broad a man he is, to think that I had offended Lord Roberts.

"I am very proud to know you, General," I said.

We talked for a few moments of trifling things, merely by way of making acquaintance.

"You called him 'General'; you should have said 'Sir,' or 'Lord Roberts,'" said those who were concerned about the episode.

"The highest rank and title in the American Army is 'General,'" said I; "and in that way Washington, Grant, and all our leaders were saluted. Lord Roberts spoke of my being an

American. I am sure he understands how I came to make a mistake, while, at the same time, paying him the highest respect."

Our newspaper showed that we were getting on rapidly with the new forces of administration —the outcome, first, of Lord Roberts's brain, and, next, of the extraordinary industry at the Residency. That most skilful of military railway engineers, Colonel E. P. C. Girouard, who, while head of the Egyptian Railways was also restoring our wrecked lines and manning them efficiently, announced in our 6th number (March 23rd), that the daily train to the south would leave at 7 a.m., and the train from the south would arrive at twenty-six minutes after midnight each day.

The Gordon Club opposite the Cathedral was to be reopened next day. The Wesleyan Church announced a parade service for the coming Sunday. The Presbyterian Church announced its meetings for the week. Services at the English Cathedral were also advertised. The Army Sports began on this date. Major Lorimer, of the Cape Police, came with a trooper and some despatch riders and was taken on the strength. C. V. F. Townshend, A.A.G. to the Military Governor, grappled with the negro problem in a warning notice that all natives must be indoors by eight o'clock p.m. unless possessed of a special

permit, and that dancing and drunkenness in the streets would meet with severe punishment.

We published a very informing and authoritative editorial upon martial law, which one of the editors was at some pains to secure. I have a strong idea that it was written either by General Pretyman or Major Poore, but I have no means for making certain.

James Barnes, the distinguished American correspondent, who very kindly and with able results, took my place as correspondent of the *Daily Mail* when I was invalided home, wrote for this number a comparison between this and some recent American wars.

We led the paper with the full text of Mr. Kipling's poem, only one verse of which had reached us a week before.

THE FRIEND.

BLOEMFONTEIN, MARCH 23, 1900.

POEM BY RUDYARD KIPLING

(Owing to the exigencies of war, we were unable at the time to print more than one stanza of Mr. Kipling's poem, which we now present in its entirety.)

Oh, Terence, dear, and did ye hear
The news that's going round?
The Shamrock's Erin's badge by law
Where'er her sons are found!

War's Brighter Side

From Bobsfontein to Ballyhack
'Tis ordered by the Queen—
We've won our right in open fight,
The Wearin' of the Green!

We sailed upon commando
To vierneuk our Brother Boer—
A landlord and a Protestant,
What could the bhoys want more?
But Redmond cursed and Dillon wept,
And swore 'twas shame and sin;
So we went out and commandeered
The Green they dared not win.

'Twas past the wit of man, they said,
Our North and South to join—
Not all Tugela's blood could flood
The black and bitter Boyne;
But Bobs arranged a miracle
(He does it now and then),
For he'll be Duke of Orange, sure,
So we'll be Orange men!

Take hold! The Green's above the red,
But deep in blood 'tis dyed,
We plucked it under Mauser-fire
Along the trenched hill-side:
Talana's rush, the siege, the drift,
The Fight of Fourteen Days,
Bring back what's more than England's rose
And dearer than her praise!

Lord Roberts's Headquarters

God heal our women's breaking hearts
  In Ireland far away!
An' Mary tell the news to those
  That fell before this day—
Dear careless bhoys that laughed and died
  By kopje and fontein—
Our dead that won the living prize—
  The Wearin' of the Green!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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MILITARY LAW

(*Editorial*)

In times like the present when military matters are discussed by all classes of society, both by soldiers and civilians, the question of the law, by which discipline and law, not only among the troops, but also the civil population in the country they occupy are maintained, frequently arises, and the terms "Martial Law" and "Military Law" are often made use of as if they meant the same thing. It is to explain this that the following is written.

"Military Law" is the Law which governs the soldier in peace and in war, at home and abroad. It is administered under the Army Act which is part of the Statute Law of England, and which, by special provision, must be brought into, and continue in force, by an annual Act of Parliament.

With an army in the field, certain persons, not

soldiers, are also subject to the provisions of " Military Law," such as civilians serving with the force in an official capacity; persons accompanying the troops with special leave, such as newspaper correspondents and contractors; persons employed with the troops, such as transport drivers; other persons known as followers who accompany the troops either as sutlers or on business or pleasure with the permission of the commander.

" Martial Law," on the other hand, is only operative in war. It is in fact no law at all, and has been accurately defined as the " will of the conqueror." The expression " Customs of War " would perhaps better define what is meant by " Martial Law," because the word Law conveys the idea to most people of an enactment containing a fixed and rigid rule which must be obeyed, and which, if disobeyed, will involve punishment.

This " Law " or " Custom " is applicable to all persons and inhabitants not subject to " Military Law " residing within the foreign country or that portion of it occupied by the troops, and also within districts under British rule abroad, which, in consequence of riot or rebellion, are so declared to be subject to " Martial Law " by proclamation.

It will thus be seen that a commander of troops in time of war acts in two distinct capacities. First, he governs the troops by " Military Law " only; secondly, in his position of governor of the country he occupies, he imposes such laws or rules on the inhabitants as in his opinion are necessary to secure

the safety of his army, and also the good government of the district which, by reason of the war or rebellion, may for the time have been deprived of its ordinary rulers and the machinery for maintaining order.

For the purpose of administering "Martial Law" or the "Customs of War" no rules or regulations are absolutely laid down, but certain customs exist among civilised nations which are generally recognised.

At the present time the practice in force is that, when practicable, "Martial Law" should only supplement the civil procedure, but when the civil Government is absent or, in consequence of war, is paralysed, "Martial Law" must of necessity replace the civil.

In administering "Martial Law" by a Military Court the ordinary procedure recognised by Military Law" is followed. This is done because the Military Court would be composed of military officers whose training would make them conversant with such procedure, and because some uniformity in administering justice would thus be ensured.

FACTS AND OTHERWISE

We wish to draw the attention of the troops of all ranks to the benefits which the use of the Public Free Library offers.

A Branch of the Standard Bank is being opened

in Colonnade Buildings under the direction of Mr. M. D. Savory, late Manager of the Oudtshoorn Branch.

The *Powerful's* contingent of the Naval Brigade, consisting of twenty-nine men and four officers, left by yesterday's train for Capetown. Mr. Midshipman Lewin, who is in command, has the honour of carrying despatches.

The great want of Bloemfontein just now is some place of light recreation and refreshment to which weary soldiers and civilians can repair after the labour of the day is ended. It is premature, of course, to expect anything so pretentious as the Alhambra or Tivoli of London fame, but the resources of the capital of the Orange Free State should be at least equal to the provision and equipment of a hall where songs and various forms of light entertainment might be presented nightly. Already there is talk of an enterprising agent proceeding to Capetown with the object of retaining the necessary artistes, who may be expected here as soon as the railway communication is open to the general public; but for present purposes there is sufficient talent amongst our soldiers and sailors and the townspeople to tide over the emergency. A committee of amusement with a good man as chairman is required, and the rest, with the permission of the military authorities, should be tolerable easy. The drums and pipes of the Highland regiments continue to do valiant service in the market square, but the time is surely come when

entertainment on a more ambitious programme might be contemplated.

THE PROMOTION OF BINKS

"Know Binks? Of course. Everybody does—local major, staff something at Headquarters of 10th Division—devilish useful chap to know."

Yes, Major Binks; but three short months ago I was only young Binks of the Buffers, arriving at Blankfontein to take charge of a Transport Company; I had no experience, and no instructions, except to "lick 'em into shape," and I felt like the title of a book, "Alone in South Africa." Not quite alone after all, for I had Wopples with me; Wopples being the servant my old uncle, Major Stodger, had found for me. "He'll kill your horses, of course, and lose your kit, but he was our mess corporal in the Blazers for fourteen years, and he'll pull you through."

After asking many questions and getting no answers, I found a seething mass of mules, waggons, and blacks, which turned out to be my company, and in the midst of it was a person of evidently some importance, who turned out to be the conductor. His natural perimeter was nearly doubled by the packets of papers which bulged from every pocket, and he was addressing the crowd in a variety of bad languages when I introduced myself, not without trepidation, as his new C."C."O. His smile

was reassuring and patronising. "Oh, that'll be all right, sir; we're getting along nicely—but the Major's coming round to-morrow—commands the station, he does—and wastes a lot of time. Now, if you could offer him a bit of breakfast——"

Next morning the Major rode up; he was a melancholy-looking man with an absent manner. Before I could introduce the subject he said he would not interrupt me if I were having breakfast; I begged him to join me, but he said he never could eat at that hour, but he might as well come in—perhaps he might manage a cup of tea. He managed one cup, and then another, after which he brightened up a lot and managed porridge, fried liver, curried mutton, and half a tin of jam. After one of my cigars (also selected by uncle) he rode away, remarking that he was glad to find they'd sent up somebody at last who had a grasp of things—he felt he could rely on me.

Next day I was appointed his assistant. When I reported myself he said he wanted somebody whom he could leave in the office in case he had to go out—there was no other definite job for me just then; meanwhile I might as well look after the mess. I did so, or rather Wopples did so.

One evening the Major seemed somewhat upset, "Look here, Binks, the Brigadier is coming round to-morrow to discuss a defence scheme; he's inclined to fuss a lot; I've got to go out myself on duty, but you'd better stay in and have a lot of breakfast ready; I think you might almost run to

a tin of sausages." Next morning the Brigadier rode up all alone at full gallop, scrambled off his horse, and began to shout, "Come along, come along; mustn't waste time on active service; got fifty things to settle to-day! Here's my brigade on this side of the river—now tell me at once where every man on the other side is posted"—here he fell over Wopples. "Who the deuce!—what, breakfast, eh? Well, well, must eat, even on service. I can spare five minutes. Come along." He rushed into my tent and spared five minutes. The five minutes prolonged themselves to ten minutes, then to an hour and a quarter, after which the Brigadier slept so sweetly that I had no heart to waken him. About 3 o'clock he woke with a sort of explosion, shouted for his horse, and galloped off talking as hard as ever.

Next morning I was appointed his extra A.D.C. with rank of Captain. "There'll be a lot of work for you later on," the Brigade-Major said, "but no bustle just now; meanwhile you might look after the mess." Again we did so. I was left in camp one day when the Brigade had gone out to do something—"Somebody must be left in charge, and, by the by, have a bit of something ready in case we come back hungry." I was reading the advertisement sheets of a paper six weeks old when Wopples rushed in. "Lord Upington, sir, staff boss at Divisional Headquarters, just a'comin' up the road! *Wot* a chance it is! Why, if he don't know what good living means—well, I'm a Boer!"

Wopples was too much of an artist to overdo things—there was just a taste of porridge—not enough to spoil one's appetite, a partridge with full complements of bread-sauce and red pepper, marrow-bones with hot toast and a nip of whisky, black coffee and cigars; where it had all sprung from goodness only knows.

When his lordship departed he said he would not forget me; his heart and other organs were so full that he quite forgot to mention the pressing business on which he had come.

Next morning I was appointed signalling officer to the Division. I had never done a signalling class, and pointed this out to the D.A.G., but he said it didn't matter, what they wanted was a really useful man to supervise generally the signalling business. Of course, just at present there was no signalling as we were on a wire; meanwhile I might take over the mess. Before the words were out of his mouth Wopples had taken the mess over; he had sacked two black cooks, discarded the mess pots in favour of his own, taken the measures of the mess stores, and was getting on with lunch. By that evening my position as an ornament to the staff was secure.

It was at something drift that we gave our first official dinner; we had secured a roomy farmhouse with some bits of furniture, so, relying on Wopples, we launched into hospitality. And Wopples had surpassed himself. There was a haunch of venison which brought tears of joy to the five

eyes of the three generals who partook of it—no mere common haunch, there were several such in camp that night—this was a haunch that had been through the hands of Wopples. Then there was his extra special *entrée*—but that is another course.

It was a dinner that might be eaten, but could never be described.

Next day I was gently approached by many red tabs. The Provost-Marshal said I was just the sort of chap for his department if I'd care to come; a R.E. enthusiast told me that a balloon was the only place for a real good view of a show and "he'd work the matter for me"; somebody on the intelligence said there was a real well-paid billet he'd been keeping open on purpose for me; and two of the generals declared piteously that they could not get on without my services. The third general had not recovered the dinner, but sent a grinning A.D.C. to represent him.

After that his lordship shut me and Wopples up together in his own room and kept guard outside himself. "We'll take care of you, Binks; we'll get you made a local major, and you shall ride the general's horse as you've lost all your own. I'll find you a Tommy's blanket, by Jove I will! and demme, I'll give you my own second shirt; but I'll be shot if you leave our camp, my boy—shot and starved!"

ANONYMOUS.

SOLDIERS' BATTLES AND GENERALS' CAMPAIGNS

BY JAMES BARNES

The writer, an American, who served during the Cuban war, has been asked to compare the present heated argument with the late unpleasantness in the Antilles.

It is rather difficult to draw any comparisons between this war in South Africa and the late conflict in Cuba. It is like comparing two games differing in rules and methods, and resembling one another only in the fact that they are played with bat and ball.

One of the strange things about the war in the West Indies was this—when it was over the world waited for the lesson, and there was none in the proper sense of the word. The God of battles must have been with America from start to finish; ours was the good fortune; we had all the luck. It was a series of miracles. Naval men waited to see the great things torpedo-boats would accomplish, and two of the much-dreaded machines were sunk by a millionaire's pleasure-craft transformed into a gun-boat. Vessels with armoured belts and protective decks were set on fire in the old-fashioned way by exploding shells igniting their wood-work. Dewey's victory at Manila was accomplished without loss of life on the American side, and Sampson's victory at Santiago was almost as wonderful—but one man killed and a few slightly wounded.

Army experts waited for the results of the use of long-range magazine rifles, smokeless powder, and high explosives, yet trenches and hills defended by men with Mausers were stormed and taken by men with Krag-Jorgensens in their hands in the old-fashioned way—a steady advance and a rushing charge to clinch it. Caney and San Juan Hill were old-fashioned fights with the exception of the fact that men were killed miles in the rear by the straying droves of bullets and never saw an enemy.

As in this war the losses did not compare to those of some hand-to-hand conflicts of the Rebellion, and many wounds that in the old days would have proved fatal, thanks to the merciful Mauser, amounted to very little. Perhaps to offer explanation of some strange occurrences of the Cuban war would be disparaging to the Spaniards. Perhaps the least that can be said is that in the main the Dons were shocking poor shots, and they had been so weakened by disease and hunger that they had not much fight left in them when it came to cold steel and clubbed muskets. The great losses in Cuba were from fevers, not from bullets. It is in the conditions and environments that the chief difference lies between the war here and the war over there. And it is from this present conflict that the world will learn. The Philippine war, costly as it was in life and money, was nothing but a series of victories over a half-civilised enemy. But interest in it in America, strange to say, dwindled to little or nothing after the first gunshot in South Africa.

Here was a different state of affairs. Cuba (for Puerto Rico was a "walk over") was a country full of dense forests and tangled undergrowth, offering a screen as well as a hindrance to the movements of an army. South Africa is the greatest defensive country in the world, and the Boer is trained by nature and inheritance to make the best of it. Yet it took time to teach some of the English military leaders to adapt themselves to the new conditions—it was hard for them to break away from the traditions of Waterloo and Badajos. The Mauser began to correct the old ideas of warfare in a way that it had failed to do in Cuba. The prophecies in Bloch's remarkable book were fulfilled almost to the letter. Proper scouting in an open country is a dead department of military service. How long did we lie at Modder River without knowing anything of value of the movements of the enemy? A series of kopjes might conceal a few sharpshooters or an army—at a mile's distance scouts were under the fire of an invisible foe. A good shot ensconced between sheltering rocks discounted four men advancing in the open. In Cuba the American troops were harassed by marksmen concealed in tree-tops who often fired upon them from the rear, but the forces opposed to them in front were mostly infantry, and the problem resolved itself into a contest between individual soldiers as fighting units. It was a soldiers' conflict.

A war in a country such as we have been fighting over for the last five months admits of one thing

only—the strategic movements of a military genius. The generalship of a great leader is a necessity. Bravery is well-nigh wasted and courage almost discounted. Mobility of force is essential, forces operating at great distances but under one central head are a *sine quâ non*, and in long-range artillery lies the preponderancy of power. More and more does the great game approximate the moves in a chess problem. It must be admitted that in Cuba there were no such scientific movements, and it has taken the march of Lord Roberts from Enslin to Bloemfontein to prove the fact beyond question that soldiers' battles, where one side is entrenched and invisible and the other advancing in attack, are things of the past, except in a wooded country or where all preliminary movements are concealed. We had soldiers' battles here, but by fighting them the lesson has been taught from which the world will learn.

AN OFFICIAL DINNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

On Tuesday, March 20th, Lord Roberts entertained the following Military Attachés, accredited by the Great Powers to his staff, at dinner at Government House:

Colonel Stakovitch, Russia; Commandant d'Amadi, France; Major Esteben, Spain; Captain Baron V. Luttwitz, Germany; Captain Slocum, America; Captain Hieroka, Japan.

There were also invited the following to meet the distinguished guests: Lieut. General Sir H. Colvile, Lieut. General Kelly-Kenny, Major General Sir W. Nicholson, Major General Pretyman, Major General Wood, Major General Marshall, Major General Pole-Carew, Major General Gorden, The Very Revd. Dean of Bloemfontein, the Hon'ble Mr. J. G. Fraser; the Private Secretary; the Military Secretary; Major General Kelly, Colonel Richardson, Mr. Justice Hopley, Colonel Stevenson, Colonel Viscount Downe, Lieut. Colonel Otter, Captain Bearcroft, Lieut. Colonel Ricardo, Colonel H. C. Cholmondeley, Colonel Lord Stanley, Reverend H. J. Coney, Lieut. Colonel Byron, A.D.C., Captain Lord Herbert Scott, A.D.C.

After the Queen's health had been drunk, Lord Roberts, in a happy little speech in which he proposed the health of the foreign Attachés, said that he had much regretted while in Capetown not having been able to entertain the Attachés, but now he felt some satisfaction at not having been able to do it, as he was able to entertain them as comrades, while at Capetown they would only have been representatives of foreign Powers. He had often been distressed at seeing the Attachés undergoing many discomforts on the march. But it had shown him that they were officers devoted to their duty, and regardless of all discomforts. He had not heard complaint or murmur of discontent at their want of comfort, in fact, the only complaint made was one to Lord Downe in which Attachés represented to him that he, with a

regard for their personal safety, had not allowed them to go as close as they could wish to the passing line. It had been a great pleasure to see them there that night, and he hoped before long to be able to entertain them again in Pretoria.

Colonel Stakovitch, the Russian Attaché, replied, saying how pleasant it had been for him and his comrades to accompany the British Army on their great and successful march. He thanked the Field Marshal for his kindness and courtesy to them, and wound up by proposing the health of Lord Roberts and his army, to which Lord Roberts made a suitable reply.

The band of the Buffs played a selection of music during dinner.

The Austrian Attaché was unavoidably absent, having left on a short visit to Capetown.

CHAPTER IX

"Oh, How Good it Was!"

All Ranks join our Corps of Contributors, and the Paper Sparkles

Generals, colonels, majors, captains, subalterns, privates, war correspondents who had not connected themselves with our venture, naval officers—all ranks and all sorts, suddenly rushed to our support, in consequence of my wail for help, and The Friend took on an interest greater, I truly think, than that of any newspaper then published in the language. Its circulation rose among the thousands where the largest daily distribution had been only 400 copies before the war.

We numbered the paper of March 24th "No. 6," though it was in reality the eighth copy we had published, six being the number since we had enlarged it to its final size. I marvel at our success as I look back upon this number.

Sir William Nicholson, K.C.B., wrote an appreciation of the character, life, and work of the

late Sir William Lockhart; General Sir Henry E. Colvile sent us a double acrostic, which the Dutch ones among our eccentric compositors ruined so far beyond repair that it would not be just to reproduce its mangled remains; Mr. Lionel James, who had come over from the Natal side to further distinguish the staff of the *Times*, wrote upon the death of our gifted colleague, George W. Steevens. Rudyard Kipling contributed to this number the first of his delicious "Fables for the Staff"; a distinguished officer who shall remain nameless in this connection, contributed an article on "Beards in War"; and Mr. Gwynne began a series of letters entitled "Is the Art of War Revolutionised?" written solely to interest the Army and spur its thinking men to respond.

Mr. H. Prevost Battersby, of the London *Morning Post*, was another distinguished contributor to this number.

Mr. Kipling now became a regular harnessed member of the four-in-hand team that pulled the paper. With pen in hand and pipe in mouth he sat at the larger of the two tables in our editorial pokehole, and beginning with a "Now, what shall I do? Write a poem, or a fable, or correct proofs?" would fall to and toil away with an enthusiasm born of the long time it had been since he had "smelled the sawdust of the ring."

"Oh, how good it is to be at work in a newspaper office again!" he exclaimed on the first day, doubtless with recollections of the sanctum of the *Allahabad Pioneer* strong upon him, and the memory of the time when the precursors of the "Plain Tales" and of the Barrack Room Ballads were demanded of him almost every day, and gave him the practice to produce the carefully finished and matured work we are now seeing in the novel "Kim," at which he was at work—in the laboratory of his mind—even as he sat with us in Bloemfontein.

We wondered at his enthusiasm, and, perhaps, had it not been of his doing, we should have resented the impetus it gave us to toil as never war correspondents worked before—all day for THE FRIEND and far into the nights to catch the mails with our home correspondence. But we soon came to see that the same tremendous energy and ceaseless flow of wit and fancy were his by nature, and would have found expression as well in a tent on the veldt as in that office. He was always while with us like a great healthy boy in spirits and vitality, good humour, and enterprise.

With us he yelled "Haven't any; go to Barlow's shop around the corner," to the Tommies who trod on one another's heels to get copies of the paper from us who had not got them. With

us he consigned the Dutch compositor to eons of boiling torment for the trouble his errors gave us. With us he entertained Lord Stanley, who now came, out of kindness, at noon every day, to save us the trouble of sending our proof-sheets over to him at his office. And from us he insisted upon taking all the "Tommy poetry," as we called it, that came to the office. When we derided much of it as outrageous twaddle, he praised its quality. On this day, I remember, we were belittling a particular poem that he was reading, and he called out, "Why, that is splendid stuff! Listen to these lines—'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves: Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!'" The reader will find this particular poem in the paper—put there by our distinguished poetry editor.

THE FRIEND.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900.

FABLES FOR THE STAFF[1]

King Log and King Stork

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

I

Certain Boers, having blown up a Bridge, departed in the Face of the British Army, which, ar-

[1] Copyrighted in England and America; used here by Mr. Kipling's leave.

riving at that dynamited Place, made Outcry to the Gods, saying, "Oh, Jupiter, these Ruffians have blocked the Traffic, and we are vastly incommoded. Is there Anything worse than the Boer?"

This being reported to the Railway Authorities, they caused a Railway Staff Officer to be sent to that Bridge with Instructions to facilitate Matters by all means in his Power.

Later on They picked up What was left of the British Army in those parts—one dusty Shovelful, and its Lamentations were louder than before.

"Ungrateful Wretches," said the Military Authorities; "what would you now have?"

And the Remnant of the British with one Accord answered, "Give us back the Boer!"

COMMANDEERING

Our hero was a Tommy, with a
conscience free from care,
And such an open countenance that
when he breathed the air
He used up all the atmosphere—so
little went to spare,
You could hardly say he breathed,
—he commandeered it.

For, nowadays, you'll notice when
a man is "on the make,"
And other people's property is
anxious for to take,

"Oh, How Good it Was!"

We never use such words as
steal, or "collar," "pinch,"
or "shake."
The fashion is to say he "com-
mandeers" it.

And our simple-minded hero used
to grumble at his lot.
Said he, "This commandeerin's
just a little bit too hot.
A fellow has to carry every bloom-
ing thing he's got,
For whatever he lets fall they'll
commandeer it."

So, at last in desperation, this most
simple-minded elf,
He thought he'd do a little com-
mandeering for himself;
And the first thing that he noticed
was a bottle on a shelf
In a cottage, so he thought he'd
commandeer it.

"What ho!" says he, "a bottle!
and, by George, it's full of beer!
And there's no commandin'
officer to come and interfere.
So here's my bloomin' health,"
says he; "I'm on the commandeer."
And without another word he com-
mandeered it.

ANONYMOUS.

SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART

BY SIR WILLIAM NICHOLSON, K.C.B.

Sir William Lockhart's death, as recently announced in Army Orders, will be deeply deplored by his many friends in the Army in South Africa. It was known that he had been seriously ill last September, but he had seemingly recovered when he visited Burma in December. On his return to Calcutta in January, symptoms developed themselves which caused great anxiety, and, although he telegraphed to the effect that he hoped soon to be all right again, the end was not far distant.

Apart from his ability as a soldier and administrator, Sir William Lockhart endeared himself to all who had the privilege of his personal acquaintance by his charming manners, his genial hospitality and his kindness of heart. Born in 1842, he joined the Indian Army in 1858, and during the Mutiny he was attached to the 7th Fusiliers. He afterwards served with the 26th Punjab Infantry, the 10th Bengal Lancers, and the 14th Bengal Lancers. He was employed on the Staff in the Abyssinian Expedition.

When the Acheen War broke out he was attached to the Headquarters of the Dutch Force, where he made himself extremely popular. It was interesting to hear him describe the Dutch method of fighting, which, as might be imagined, led to no decisive result. The climate being tropical, the Dutch would

only attack the enemy in the early morning; the rest of the day being spent in camp. The enemy were more active, and caused the Dutch much annoyance by frequently disturbing their afternoon siesta. As no means of transport were asked for or provided, the campaign was of a purely defensive nature, and at the end of it things were virtually in the same state as at the beginning.

After remaining in Acheen about eighteen months, Lockhart returned to India, where he joined the Quartermaster-General's Department, and at the beginning of the Afghan War he was chosen to take charge of the line of communications up the Khyber. He afterwards joined Lord Roberts' Staff as Assistant Quartermaster-General at Kabul, and for a short time acted as Chief of the Staff on Charles MacGregor being selected for the command of a brigade. In that capacity he had hoped to accompany his illustrious Chief in the march from Kabul to Kandahar, but General Chapman being his senior on the staff, it was decided, much to Lockhart's disappointment, that he should return to India as Chief of the Staff with the troops under Sir Donald Stewart's command.

He received a C.B. and brevet Colonelcy for his services in Afghanistan, and was afterwards appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General for Intelligence at Army Headquarters, where he remained until 1886, when Lord Roberts became Commander-in-Chief in India in succession to Sir Donald Stewart. He was then sent on an exploring expedition

with the late Colonel Woodthorpe, R.E., to Chitral and Kafiristan, and the admirable report which he drew up was of the greatest value to the Government of India in considering what steps should be taken to guard the northern passes between the Pamirs and the Peshawar Valley.

On his return to India, Lockhart was offered the Quartermaster-Generalship in that country, but he preferred the command of a Brigade in Burma, where he greatly distinguished himself by his activity in pursuit of Dacoits. His health, however, was undermined by continual attacks of fever, and he had to be invalided home, where, after a short interval, he became Assistant Military Secretary for India at the Horse Guards.

After holding this post for a couple of years, he accepted the command of the Punjab Frontier Force, which was offered him by Lord Roberts, and in that capacity he commanded a brigade in the Black Mountain Expedition under the late Sir W. K. Elles, and held the chief command in the Waziristan and Isazai Expeditions. No abler or more sympathetic general ever commanded the Punjab Frontier Force; he was beloved alike by the British officers and the Native ranks; he maintained the traditions of the Force and raised it to the highest standard of efficiency; and when he left it he had good reason for regarding it, as he always did regard it, as the corps *d'élite* of the Indian Army.

In April, 1895, the Presidential Armies were broken up and the Army Corps System was intro-

duced, Sir William Lockhart being nominated to the command of the Forces in the Punjab. In this appointment he displayed administrative talents of a high order, his main object being to decentralise responsibility and authority, and to diminish office work and official correspondence. It was in a great measure due to his efforts in this direction that the new system worked so smoothly. When he became Commander-in-Chief he kept the same end in view by granting the fullest possible powers to the Lieutenant-Generals of the four Commands and to the General Officers commanding Districts, and by insisting on their making use of those powers to the fullest extent.

In March, 1897, Sir William Lockhart went home, having been advised to undergo a course of treatment at Nauheim. Meanwhile, disturbances took place along the North-West Frontier, which culminated in an outbreak of the Orakzaia and Afridis, and the capture by the latter of our posts in the Khyber Pass. In September he was hurriedly recalled to India for the purpose of commanding the Tirah Expeditionary Force. This is not the place to discuss the operations in Tirah, which were much criticised at home. The fact is that the British public had become so accustomed to almost bloodless victories over savage enemies that they failed to appreciate the extraordinary difficulties of the Afridi country, and the advantages to the defence which the possession of long-range rifles and smokeless powder confers. Moreover, there

are no better marksmen in the world than the Afridis, who are born soldiers, and the mobility of hardy mountaineers in their native hills necessarily exceeds that of regular troops encumbered with baggage and supplies.

Anyhow, the result of the expedition fully justified the choice of its commander. The Afridis acknowledged themselves to be thoroughly beaten; and Sir William Lockhart's tact in dealing with them after they had submitted has led to the re-establishment of friendly relations between them and ourselves on a firmer basis than before. What their present attitude is may be judged from the fact that Yar Mahomed, the head of the Malikdin Khels, recently petitioned the Government of India to be allowed to raise 1,500 tribesmen for service in South Africa.

On the conclusion of the Tirah campaign Sir William Lockhart took leave to England, and came out again as Commander-in-Chief in India in November, 1898. He died on the 18th of March, 1900. In him, as Lord Roberts has remarked in his Army Orders of the 20th inst., "the soldiers in India have lost a friend, and the Indian Empire a trusted counsellor who cannot soon or easily be replaced."

The late Commander-in-Chief was one of the few remaining representatives of the Quartermaster-General's Department in India, and to the admirable training which that department afforded much of his success as a soldier must be ascribed. No better

school of practical instruction in Staff duties could be desired. Among its pupils may be mentioned Lord Roberts himself, Sir Charles MacGregor, Sir Herbert Stewart, Sir William Lockhart, and Sir Alfred Gaselee. Now, alas! it has been abolished, or, at least, incorporated in the Adjutant-General's Department.

THE QUARTERMASTER'S YARN

E. J. K. NEWMAN, LIEUT. R.N.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The following lines were written by me on board the mail steamer, about two young soldiers now serving with the army:—

'Twas on the deck, that around our ship,
from the mast to the taffrail ran,
I saw alone, in a chair (not their own),
a tall young girl and a man.
Her hair was light and fluffy
and swarthy and dark was he,
And I saw the coon, one afternoon,
a-spooning that girl quite free.

So I spotted a Quartermaster bold as he
went from the wheel to tea,
And I asked that Jack, if upon that tack,
the passengers went to sea.
"Lord love yer honour, we often sees that,
the stewards and the likes of us;
There's always couples a-spooning there,
but we never makes no fuss.

War's Brighter Side

" If you look around, you'll see, I'll be bound,
each day at a quarter to three,
A tall young fellow with curly hair
and a girl in black, quite young and fair,
That's another couple," says he.
" And every night, I assure you it's right,
straight up on this deck they'll come
And spoon around, till it's time to go down.
One night 'twas a quarter to one."

" Now it suddenly struck me early one morn,
this might be a serious thing.
Perhaps they loves, these two little doves,
and has offered them the ring.
So I leaves them alone in the world of their own;
and this 'twixt you and me,
I hope I shall, by each little gal,
to the wedding invited be."

LATER

Then the Quartermaster brushed away
a tear with his horny hand,
The last couple now have had a row,
and don't speak, I understand.
'Tis not a fable, she won't sit at his table
As she used to do of old;
But has taken up with a married man,
At least, so I've been told.

OLD SALT.

"Oh, How Good it Was!"

THE SECOND RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY

DEAR FRIEND,—I suppose that General French and his lot think they relieved Kimberley? Well, that's all right, and in spite of his name being forrin, he's a good chap; so, as Billy the Sailor says, let's make it so. But I should like to know where would French be now if it wasn't for Billy and the Yank?

Now, you being an up-to-date paper, we thought you might like to have an account of the battle which hasn't ever yet appeared in any paper in the world, yet, as our Adjutant would say, was the most strategically important part of the whole blooming show.

It was me and Billy and the Yank. Billy's a sailor—says he was leftenant in the Navy, and I really believe he might have been—he couldn't have learnt to ride so badly anywhere else, and how he faked himself through the riding test is a miracle—then his langwidge is beautiful. The Yank's a Yank; you can tell that by his langwidge, too, and me being an old soldier (12 years in the Buffs and discharge certificate all correct), I was made No. 1 of our section; our No. 4 was an Irishman we left behind at Orange with a broken head, all through fighting outside the Canteen.

Well, when French left Modder, February 15th, we hadn't a horse among the three of us fit to carry his own skin; so there we was left. Our troop leader said he hoped to Heaven he'd seen the last of us, but all the same he gave us a written order,

correct enough, to catch up the squadron as soon as possible. There wasn't much doing all day, barring a bit of cooking, but that evening we was sitting round the fire when an M.I. chap comes round and says he's heard there'd be free drinks for the Relief Force in Kimberley, and perhaps our pals was drinking 'em now. That was the first time our Billy really woke up all day. "Free drinks," sezee; "that's my sailing orders." Me and the Yank didn't mind, so we sounds boot and saddle to ourselves in the dark, and off we slips without a word to nobody. My horse seemed cheered up by the day's rest, but before I'd gone half a mile I found I got the wrong horse by mistake! and you'll hardly believe that both Billy and the Yank had made mistakes too! Lor', how we did laugh! but there, there ain't no accounting for horses in the dark.

We each had our own notions of the road; the Yank swore he was tracking the big English cavalry horses; Billy was steering Nor' Wes' by Nor' on some star or other; and I didn't want to argufy, so I just shoves on a couple of lengths and marched on the Kimberley flashlight.

We was going a fair pace too ("making six knots"), and had done near two hours, when all of a sudden we comes over a kopje right on to the top of a bivouack, fires and all.

"Let's get"—"Go astern"—"Sections about"—and we did so, back behind the kopje, linked horses, and crawled up again on our hands and knees.

"First thing," says I, quoting our Adjutant, "is to kalkulate the numbers of the enemy."

"Twenty thousand," says Billy, who always did reckon a bit large. "Make it hundreds," says the Yank, sneering—"and I wouldn't mind betting a pint myself that there was the best part of two dozen of 'em."

"Next point," says I, "who are they?"

"I bleeve they're Highlanders, after all," says Billy; "see the way they're lowering whisky out of them bottles."

"Well then," says the Yank, "you'd better ride up and say you're the General, and they'll drop the whisky and run."

"Highlanders," says I, "don't care a cuss for Boers nor Generals, but say you're the Provost Marshal and they won't stop running this side of Kimberley."

"Those men, sir," says the Yank, "air not Highlanders. Billy's eyes was took with them bottles and got no further. Those men don't wear leg curtains, nor even loud checked bags. They air Boers." And by Jove he was right.

"Well then," says I, getting back to point three, "what's their position?"

"Straight there," says the Yank. "Mostly lying on their stummicks," says Billy.

"My friends," says I, "if your Adjutant should hear you now he'd break his blighted heart. Look here, there's General French lowering free drinks in Kimberley, ain't he? There's the British infantry at

Modder, ten miles back, ain't they? And there's twenty thousand Boers plunk in the middle, ain't they? That means, as Adjy would say, General French is busted. Vaultin' ambition! Another orful disaster!"

"My friends, we must reskew General French."

"General be blowed!" says Billy; "let's reskew the whisky."

"Well, bein' agreed on reskewin', wot's our plan of battle? A frontal attack is always to be depre—well, something that means it's a bally error. Take 'em on the starboard quarter, then."

"But the first principel of tactics is to mystify and mislead the foe."

So far the Yank had been lying rather low, but now he chips in—

"Say, chum, you've pegged it out straight there, and if it ain't jumping your claim, I'll carry on the working." He did know a bit, the Yank did, and we'd fixed up the job in no time. He'd a bag of about a hundred loose cartridges he'd been carrying for days, and in two minutes he'd a nice hot glowing fire right down in a cleft behind the kopjy where it didn't show a bit. "Now boys," says I, taking command again, "that bag of cartridges on the top of that fire will make as much musketry noise as a brigade fits of joy. We'll let them have a few real bullets bang in the middle to help out the illooshun. We're three full battalions advancing to attack, and mind you let them hear it; not a word till the first cartridge pops off, and then all the noise you know."

We extended to fifty paces. Billy said it would come more natural if he was the Naval Brigade, and we puts him on the right. The Yank wanted to be the "Fighting Fifth," it reminded him somehow of fighting Stonewall Jackson down South; and the old Buffs was good enough for me, and I took the left. When we'd fixed our places up nicely and charged magazines, the Yank slips back to our fire and plunks the bag of cartridges down in the middle. Then we waited what seemed like a year.

"Bang!" from the fire.

"At 'em, my hearties!" roared the Naval Brigade; "broadside fire—don't lay on the whisky—well done, *Condor!*"

"Steady the Buffs," says I; "volley firing with magazines—ready—fixed sights—at that fat old buster next the fire—present—Fire!" and sooting the action to the word I let the old buster have a volley in the fattest part.

The Fighting Fifth didn't make much noise, but was shooting straight enough.

Those cartridges went off so quick, once they'd started, that I knew they couldn't last long, so I gives 'em one more file of my magazine and then whistles on my fingers, "Cease fire!"—pop went the last cartridge on the fire—"Who's that silly blighter firin' after the whistle goes?—take his name, Sergeant-Majer—Now, Buffs, fix bayonets—prepare to charge!"

"Avast heaving, full speed ahead and ram them!" yells the Naval Brigade. But the Boers

didn't wait for that—what with the dark, and surprise and noise, let alone a few real bullets, they had gone for their horses and were moving hard.

"Now then, Lancers!" I holloared, "round our left flank and pursue them to the devil!" That was just enough to prevent them turning their heads for the first mile or so. Then our brigade reforms and went down the hill to tally up the loot. There was half a dozen cripples, none of them bad, half a dozen knee-haltered horses, a pot of stew on the fire, and half a dozen black bottles. The Fighting Fifth, who was a kind-hearted chap in his way, turned over the wounded, gave them a sup of water, and tied them up with bits of their own shirts. The Naval Brigade had sweated through everything it had on, barrin' its rifle, just out of pure excitement, and it went for the bottles like a cartload of bricks. Blessed if they weren't *Dop!*[1] "Never mind," says the Naval Brigade, "if the quality ain't up to Admiralty pattern, we'll have to issue a double ration"—and he did—so help me! Meanwhile the Buffs had collected the horses and picked out a nice little chestnut for myself. After that the Brigade fell out and enjoyed itself.

But we couldn't waste too much time, so after half an hour we changed saddles, packed the *dop* in our wallets, and hoisted the Naval Brigade on board. The whole way to Kimberley he was fighting the *Condor* against the combined land and sea forces of all creation—even the Yank laughed fit to burst. I

[1] Cape brandy, also known as "Cape smoke."

do believe Billy might have been a commander—one can't learn langwidge like that, even in the Navy, under a longish time.

Well, we fetched Kimberley about reveille after falling off our horses now and then, and we gives the Sergeant-Major half a bottle to look pleasant. Up we goes before the troop leader, who looked a bit glum at his own written order, but cheered up when I hands over three spare Boer horses we'd brought along.

"If I hear any more of this damfoolishness," sezee, "I'll hang the lot of you; so you'd better take care that nobody knows of it." He's almost as hard as the Adjy.

Well, that's why we don't say what Regiment we belong to. But just to give the devil his jew we don't see why General French gets all the telegrams from the Queen and Lord Mayors—and we ain't even had our chocolate served out yet.

But this is the truth—Billy and the Yank'll both swear to it.

Yours truly,

NUMBER ONE.

IS THE ART OF WAR REVOLUTIONISED?

BY H. A. GWYNNE

I.—*Infantry*

Since the days of bows and arrows the art of war has been gradually developing. The arquebus followed the silent bow, and perhaps it may be said

that this change was the most revolutionary change ever experienced in the history of warfare. But the arquebus could not effectively prevent the opposing forces from coming to close quarters, and therefore the strong man with a thorough knowledge of the use of the *arme blanche*—be it pike, sword, or spear —was the mainstay of their armies. With the successive introduction of the matchlock, Brown Bess, and the host of old muzzle-loading rifles, up to the time when the Snider rifle came into use, still the same conditions of fighting remained. By the same conditions I mean the following:—

(1) The enemy, when firing at an effective range, was visible to the naked eye of his opponent.

(2) Even when concealed behind cover the smoke of his rifle easily disclosed his position.

(3) Neither the accuracy nor the rapidity of fire was sufficient to make an attack across open ground by a slightly superior force impossible.

The introduction of the Martini-Henry completely altered at least the third of these conditions, but owing to the fact that no European war of great importance was fought with Martini-Henrys, the change was not brought home to military theorists. It is true that the Turks fought the Greeks with the Martini and the Gras rifles, but the war was not serious, and the Greeks never held even their entrenched positions with sufficient tenacity to bring home to the world the fact that an advance across the open towards an enemy under cover was becoming more and more impossible.

But smokeless powder and the long range rifle brought with them changes which do not appear to be properly understood. In the first place, it may be laid down as an axiom of warfare that the area of effective rifle fire (and indeed of any fire) is restricted by the areas of vision. During the present war it has become evident to those who have studied the question, that the dangerous zone of fire with modern rifles is not, as was at first supposed, within the 1,000 yards range, but within 1,500 or even 1,600 yards.

To advance in the open against an enemy, even when that enemy is not under cover but simply lying on the ground, involves one of two alternatives. Either the advancing force is annihilated by the time it gets to within 500 yards of the enemy, or it is forced to lie down 1,500 yards away or less and return the enemy's fire. But the latter alternative produces a state of things which has never been known in the history of war. Both the advancing and the expectant forces are put out of action. Neither can advance and, which is more serious still, neither can *retire*.

This contingency opened up an entirely new field of tactics. The general who can, with a smaller force, succeed in putting out of action, at least for the time being, a greater force of his opponent, is more likely to win his battle. In the future, the curious sight will be seen of regiments or even brigades lying flat on the ground, doing little damage to the enemy and suffering little loss, and

yet being as useless to their general as if they were snoring in their barracks at home. Perhaps this is too sweeping, for their presence in front of the enemy will have the advantage of containing him, but in the open, across which an enemy has to advance, a containing force of a proportion of one man to five of the enemy is quite sufficient. Therefore the use of a brigade to contain a brigade would be a waste of material. Even those of us who have followed closely and carefully all the stages of the campaign do not yet perceive the magnitude of the changes involved by the use of modern rifles, but they appear to me to be so radical that instead of describing them as fresh developments, I would prefer to give an affirmative answer to the title of this article.

But there yet remains to be discussed the question of the *arme blanche*—the bayonet, the weapon with which our gallant army has won so many of its victories. I have heard not a few officers declare that this war will be known in history as the last war in which a British soldier carried a bayonet. But is the discarding of the bayonet to be one of the results of the use of the new rifle and the smokeless powder? When fighting against an enemy who does not carry it, the force which is armed with a bayonet has a tremendous moral superiority. In the present war, there have been one or two cases—one, particularly, at Slingersfontein—where the Boer has made a frontal attack on a prepared position held by us. The attacks have always been made along

the tops of kopjes which afforded excellent cover for a stealthy advance. The obvious way to meet such attacks was to wait until the enemy came close enough to allow the use of the bayonet, and this was done with great success at Slingersfontein. So that it may be laid down that in cases where one only of two opposing forces is armed with the bayonet, it is obviously to its advantage that the enemy should in attacking come to close quarters.

It is, equally, to the manifest advantage of the defending force, if unarmed with the bayonet, to prevent, with heavy rifle fire, the enemy from being able to use the bayonet. But in my humble opinion, the bayonet will not be discarded for a long time. In the first place, the best tactician in the world cannot always prevent, even with modern rifles, such things as surprises, and small bodies of men might still, even under the new conditions, be able to get unperceived into close quarters with the enemy. But the greatest reason for its retention is that night attacks are still possible, and in night attacks the bayonet is undoubtedly the weapon to be used. The very mention, however, of night attacks opens up a long vista of discussion and arguments which I do not wish to raise. I am aware that there are many prominent soldiers who will have nothing to say to night attacks and condemn them lock, stock and barrel, but they can never be eliminated from the already long list of the contingencies of warfare. Until something is mooted which will render night attacks abso-

lutely impossible, so long will the bayonet be retained.

But perhaps the most radical changes effected by the use of the long range rifle will be in purely regimental organisation. A company now extends for the attack over a space of over half a mile. The ordinary complement of officers assigned to a company can never hope to control the whole of it. What is the remedy? And how are we to bring up ammunition to the firing line, or carry away our wounded from it? Can a regiment extended for the attack eight paces apart act as a regiment or in the future is the company to be the biggest infantry unit in action? All these questions spring from the experiences of the present campaign, and it is to be hoped that they will be answered by those whose experience in the many engagements against the enemy will give value and force to their words.

FROM ENSLIN TO BOBSFONTEIN

BY H. PREVOST BATTERSBY

Received orders at 10 a.m. to proceed at once to Ram Dam and to join the main column as soon as possible. Requisitioned for transport immediately and supplied at 6 p.m. with about four dozen small dilapidated hair trunks, misnamed mules, which looked as if they required three square meals rolled into one, and a fortnight in bed! No self-respect-

ing cat would have looked at them twice, even cold on a wooden skewer!

Made a disastrous stand at 8 p.m., as we succeeded in losing our way in the record time of fifteen minutes, thanks to having no guide and to a flighty and uncertain young moon, which insisted on playing hide and seek at the most awkward times. However, we struck the wire at last, not the barbed variety fortunately, and had brief periods of comparatively smooth going, variegated by such trifling mishaps as a broken trace, falling mule, or mule and harness so mixed up that we couldn't distinguish which was harness and which was mule and requiring careful sorting out! Veldt stones were also somewhat inconvenient, as they vary in size to anything above or below a Pickford van. However, it was a fine night and the mules almost seemed to warm to their work, racing along in great style at fully three miles an hour on a smoothish bit of road and appreciably downhill!

What rapture to be out on the starry veldt and to have left that Enslin "News"—the transport lines—miles (five and a doubtful bit) behind us. Shortly afterwards the moon again appeared, and we proceeded to negotiate a very promising nullah with gently sloping sides. Full speed ahead and up we go, but, alas! the latter part of our programme was somewhat disarranged, like Labby's furniture at Northampton, owing to the fact that buck waggons and mule transport are not adapted to racing through a truckload of sand of uncertain depth but

of certain difficulty! However, "man the wheels and shove behind" was the natural sequence of events, and when the mules ceased pulling in every direction except the right one from sheer exhaustion, a few judicious cracks of the sjambok, together with a few different languages, mostly bad, and up we eventually did go.

A wide stretch of perfectly flat veldt lay before us, and we shortly lost both moon and wire simultaneously. Some one suggested "follow the track": valuable advice, but difficult to carry out, as there happened to be about fourteen of them, and all in different directions. Pleasant predicament to be in: 1 a.m., cloudy sky, and lost on the anything but trackless veldt! Feel about as comfortable as the man who was going to be hanged at 8 a.m. Finally decided to proceed at right angles, and return our wrong way if necessary, and succeeded in finding that precious wire at last. Persistency is the road to success, but what about an old hen sitting on a china egg?

Moon on the wane, but reached Ram Dam at 3 a.m., and all of us surprised and delighted to get there, as it would have very shortly been a case of the "light that failed!" Ram Dam itself looks like a remarkably *low* Thames somewhere near the Isle of Dogs, but glad to get anywhere, and ready to eat or drink anything.

H. P. B.

"Oh, How Good it Was!"

G. W. STEEVENS

BY LIONEL JAMES

(With an Original Verse by Rudyard Kipling [1])

Through war and pestilence, red siege and fire,
Silent and self-contained he drew his breath.
Too brave for show of courage—his desire
Truth as he saw it, even to the death.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

There is a pretty little cypress grove nestling under the shadow of one of the Ladysmith defences. A peaceful oasis—green where the land is parched and dry. It is God's acre. Before shaking the dust of Ladysmith from off my feet for ever, I turned my pony's head towards the green. The little animal seemed to know the way, and well he should, for the melancholy journey to the cemetery had been frequent during the latter period of the siege. I tied the pony to the rail and passed in under the shadow of the cypresses. The interior of the enclosure was one stretch of new-turned earth. The turf seemed all exhausted. The dainty cemetery of three months ago had now the appearance of a badly harrowed field. In places a rough cross marked the last resting-place of the victims of war and pestilence, a few had the names just scrawled upon a chip of wood; the majority lay unnamed—the price of Empire keeping: a nameless grave!

I passed down the clay trodden pathway. The brief legends ran—Egerton, Lafone, Watson, Field,

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Dalzel, Dick-Cunyngham, Digby Jones, Adams—but why name them? They were all men whom three months ago I had called my friends. Then I found the spot for which I searched—a plain wooden cross inscribed G. W. Steevens, and a date. What an end—six feet of Ladysmith's miserable soil! It was too cruel. My memory carried me back to the brave companion and upright colleague who was gone, and to the manner of his death—the man who had raced with the Cameron Highlanders for Mahmoud's zareba; who had stood with his hands in his pockets when it seemed that it must be but a matter of minutes before Wad Helu swallowed up Macdonald's Soudanese brigade. The man who had scorned death on Elandslaagte's crest lay there a victim to pestilential Ladysmith. If the spare frame had been as stout as the heart which it contained, that miserable rat-hole could not have brought about the end. Poor Steevens—how he strove to live! For a month he lay and fought the battle for life. And then when all seemed well, and we looked for the day that we should have him back again, he quietly faded under a relapse.

Doctors could do no more, and at four in the afternoon of the fatal day it was evident that the end was near. Maud, who had nursed him with a devotion unsurpassed, was deputed to break the news. He came to the bedside and suggested that Steevens should dictate a wire to his people at home. The patient looked up suddenly, and in a moment was conscious of the sinister purport of the request.

The conversation which ensued was something of the following:—

"Is it the end?"

Maud nodded assent.

"Will it be soon?"

Again Maud nodded assent.

Steevens turned wearily, and remarked, "Well, it is a strange sideway out!" Then there passed over his face an expression which plainly read, "I will not die!"

He turned to Maud and said, almost gaily, "Let's have a drink."

Maud opened a new bottle of champagne and poured out half a glass. Steevens sipped it, and noticing that Maud had no glass, remarked, "You are not drinking!"

He seemed better after the wine, and when the last message was dictated he was still struggling for life; but the disease had the upper hand, and he sank into unconsciousness which was never broken until he passed away in the evening.

We buried him at midnight. As we took him down to the cypress grove, it seemed that the enemy paid tribute to our sorrow, for their searchlight played full upon the mournful cavalcade as it wound into the open.

SHOULD BEARDS BE WORN IN WAR?

BLOEMFONTEIN, *March* 23, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—A distinguished General Officer—who is also an exceedingly clever man—was issuing

orders on one occasion. "I have no wish," said he, "to interfere with the time-honoured custom which ordains that heroes may be dirty; but, until they become heroes, I see no reason why they should not try and look like soldiers. The troops under my command will, therefore, shave until they arrive at the actual front."

This witty sentence provides me with an admirable text for a sermon on a subject very near my heart. Our troops have, indeed, proved themselves heroes. Whatever may be the opinion expressed now and hereafter upon many things in the conduct of this war, upon one thing there can be no dissentient voice—I refer to the splendid heroism of our troops. Yes, sir, they are heroes. But why, oh! why do they not try and look like soldiers too? Why should the erstwhile smart Guardsman, the dandy Highlander, the dapper Horseman, adopt the facial disguise of a poacher out of luck, or rather—for the beard is not a good one—of a member of the criminal classes previous to the Saturday evening's ablutions? Surely soap can be purchased, razors ground, and water heated.

It is universally admitted that one of the chief duties of a soldier is to be smart in his appearance, and the fact that on active service there may be some difficulty is surely no excuse for its neglect. In all other periods of the world's history shaving was looked upon as one of the chiefest necessities in time of war. Napoleon's Old Guard shaved, as is well known, throughout the entire retreat from

Moscow; there was not a hair upon the faces of Hannibal's legions the day after the famous crossing of the Alps, while Cæsar's well-known order, "Ut barbas tondeant," must be familiar to every schoolboy. I might come down to our own times and quote the Queen's Regulations, but I refrain from doing so lest I should be accused of priggishness.

It is, I do not hesitate to say, horrible to me to see the unkempt appearance of those who might be —and are at other times—the finest-looking troops in the world. I feel inclined to say, in the words of Scripture, "Tarry ye at Jericho until (and after) your beards be grown."

I hope, sir, you will forgive this somewhat lengthy letter, but the subject is, as I have said already, very near my heart. No one ever has looked well in a beard, and no one ever will, and until our officers recognise this fact and set an example of spruceness for their men to follow, the army in South Africa must remain an eyesore to all who share the opinions of

Your obedient servant,

FIELD OFFICER.

CHAPTER X

I Visit Miss Bloemfontein

And shall here discuss her, Mr. Kipling, Lord Stanley, and our own behaviour

We published in the next issue, No. 11, of March 26th, a letter by "Miss Uitlander" (pronounced in that country "Aitlander"). It was as genuine a production of the young womanhood of the town as that of "Miss Bloemfontein" had been, and it would have been wholly to our liking had it been as exceptional and bold a bit of work as the other, for it was, naturally, very pro-English. Suffice it to say that it answered and contradicted the Boer sentiments with vigour.

This reminded us that we were to enjoy no more communications from the sprightly and talented Miss Bloëmfontein. Most gallantly we had resolved to allow her the last word and there end the correspondence, but she had remained silent, leaving us with that "last word" which

Miss Bloemfontein.

(A Portrayal of a Type, by Lester Ralph.)

we, like simpletons, had never doubted that she would claim as hers by right of her womanhood. She was laughing at the predicament in which she had abandoned us, for she was wide awake at all points.

She had done me the honour to ask me to call upon her and—in this the laugh was on my side—then had repented of it. She repented because, in my reply to her communication, I had addressed her as "sweetheart" and had called her "dear." It had happened that when she wrote to the paper she let a few close friends into the secret, and these, when they read my lover's terms addressed to her, made haste to twit her upon the publicity of these verbal caresses, so that from rose-and-pearl she became peony red and hot of cheeks, and not nearly as desirous of seeing me as before my second letter saw the light.

However, I went to her home and found it very prettily appointed and comfortable, with an admiring family gathered around their girlish idol who had been to London, and who sang sweetly, played the piano deftly, and seemed to have read at least a little upon many subjects. She was, I should say, seventeen or eighteen, a pure blonde, still very girlish both in face and figure. I spent a pleasant hour in her company, and an English officer who called there at the

same time endeavoured to persuade her to make up a party for afternoon tea at his regimental camp near the town. But her mother had announced that she could not bear to walk in the streets and see the British soldiers disfiguring the once hallowed scenery of the place, so it was perhaps no wonder that Miss Bloemfontein declined to take afternoon tea with those enemies.

"I will not do anything to encourage or recognise their presence," she said.

"When your mother is not looking, I am going to whisper something to you," I remarked. "Now is my time. It is this: You are a little fraud; you are no Boer at all."

I intended to go on and explain that a girl so clever and well read, and who lived amid such refined surroundings, could not possibly sympathise with a semi-civilised and non-moral race. But she suspected that I meant something different.

"You mean because I am a Jewess," she said.

And then came the most comical closing of this very peculiar episode. She, who elected herself to be the champion of the Boers, was a Jewess, and I, who wooed her supposed sisterhood as an English adorer, am an American.

I Visit Miss Bloemfontein

Ah, well, little Miss Bloemfontein, I was at least genuine in standing up for liberty, justice, and the highest principles of good government. They are the prizes that are guarded by my flag as well as by the one which floats over your town. And if you were as earnest in your sympathy for the Boers it was either because you had been deceived by them as to the causes of the war and the issues at stake, or else it was because your loyalty to the friends of a lifetime outweighed all else. May we not, then, part here with mutual esteem and respect?

In this number we published two contributions by Mr. Kipling, a second one of the "Fables for the Staff" and some "Kopje-book Maxims." All of us tried to assist at the framing of these maxims, but, though we suggested two or three (Mr. Landon being the most fertile at the time), Mr. Kipling shaped them all in his own way and with a readiness and ease which excelled any work of composition that I have ever seen done by any writer in all my experience. It was said of him three or four years ago that he was then writing too much, but it will always seem to us that his difficulty must be in restraining himself, and in publishing only the best that wells from his mind.

Another peculiarity that we noticed was that

he would, by preference, carry forward two or three manuscripts at once and would write, now at one, and presently at another. The "Kopje-book Maxims" reveal this breadth and variety of his mental processes to whoever is able to understand the fine shadings of the meanings of them all, and to those who can comprehend the fact that they were literally "dashed off" hot, like sparks under a smith's hammer. If these mere playthings of his pen, done as part of our merry and careless morning's work, were forced to stand as specimen products of the methods of this master writer, an injustice to him would follow. The point is that his methods are the same, and his mind works with similar freedom and celerity, at all times, and at whatever he does; at least so far as we are able to judge. But what he wrote for THE FRIEND was finished and published on the instant with no after-polishing and refinement, like the flawless work he has made us know so well.

In this same number we printed an interesting forecast of the future of the Free State by Mr. Fred J. Engelbach. An officer sent us a jocular account of the amazingly plucky work being done by the Ordnance Survey—and particularly of one feat by Major Jackson, R.E. We also published, from my pen, a short warn-

ing to the soldiers not to drink the water out of certain wells which had for years been known to contain the germs of enteric. I learned the fact during my visit to my "sweetheart," Miss Bloemfontein, and as I look back, now, upon that paragraph I almost shudder to think how little we dreamed that in a few weeks 7,000 men of our force would be down with that dread disease.

I have referred to the fact that Lord Stanley came every day at noon to overlook what we had done. I would ask for nothing more amusing than to have heard his gossip at the Residency upon the manner in which he found THE FRIEND to be conducted and produced. The truth was that we had finished everything for the day, except the interminable proof-reading, by the time he reached what the country editor grandiloquently refers to as our "sanctum sanctorum." In consequence he always caught us just as we were looking up from our desks and taking a deep breath of relief.

We who have been raised in this profession may not realise just what applause is to an actor, or what there may be to a bareback rider in the "smell of the sawdust," but we do know and fully realise that journalism is perhaps the only calling that men find as full of fun as it is of

hard work. The company of bright minds, certain to be sanguine and optimistic, the excitement produced by unexpected news, the rush to prepare it most atttractively and against time, the thousand unpublishable conceits and views and arguments that leap to the mind and are discussed in council, the freaks and blunders of the reporters and contributors—all these elements are in the cup of joy that a journalist drinks off every day.

Therefore when Lord Stanley came he was certain to find us merry and voluble and prankish. He may have imagined that we must perforce be grave—we to whom was given the high and almost religious right to speak for an empire and an army, and to conduct a British organ in so delicate a situation as was ours among the Boers—neither offending them nor giving them a chance to find a flaw in the practice of our principles. Grave enough was that part of our work which we meant to be so.

Serious in its strain upon us and important in its effort to rest and inform and recreate the soldiers, was most of what we did. But it is a habit of the journalist's mind and a result of his work that he shall be or become a philosopher, viewing the world as it is, no matter how differ-

ently he may present it to a duller and more conservative public.

Therefore Lord Stanley found us declaiming soldier poetry, writing nonsense verses, drawing caricatures of one another, telling stories, behaving like men without a care on their minds. We realised that he must be shocked at us—and we voted that he behaved very well under the circumstances. He usually came in with a quick step and an air of business. We delayed him with chaff which he seemed always at a loss to understand at first. He got at our bundles of proof-sheets and he applied himself to them most gravely. By and by he began to catch the contagion of our spirits, his eye wandered from the sheets, he wavered—he began to join in our talk. "Is there anything else—or anything you are in doubt about?" he would ask. He believed us when we answered him, for he knew that we understood what not to publish. In that mutual trust and confidence there grew up a relation between us and himself which was dearly prized by us, and which we hoped he esteemed as highly.

Once he told us that there had been complaint of a mock-speech by the German Emperor which some one had written among a lot of pretended cablegrams avowedly fanciful. Once he declined to publish a mild attack of mine upon

Mr. Winston S. Churchill for finding fault with our army chaplains. At another time, upon the ground of prudence, he threw out an article upon our treasonous colonists which we copied from an Afrikander exchange. Apart from these slight exercises of his power he passed all our work, though it was as big in bulk as the "Newcomes" and "Vanity Fair" rolled together—300,000 words—ten columns a day for thirty days!

I have called the censor's office a "hole in a wall," but our *sanctum* was not half as neat or presentable. Whoever has carried the collecting mania into the study of country newspaper offices has noticed how one never differs from another. The greasy smell of printer's ink, the distempered walls stuck over here and there with placards and the imprint of inky fingers, the gaping fireplace, the bare, littered floor, the table all cut on top and chipped at the edges, the bottomless chairs with varying degrees of further dismemberment, the "clank —clank" of the press in the next room—these are the proofs positive of genuine country newspaper offices the world around—from Simla to Bismarck, Dakota, and back again. And the office of THE FRIEND was like all the rest.

I Visit Miss Bloemfontein

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Force.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1900.

FABLES FOR THE STAFF[1]

The Elephant and the Lark's Nest

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

II

A discriminating Boer, having laid a Nestfull of valuable and informing Eggs, fled across the Horizon under pressure of necessity, leaving his Nest in a secluded Spot, where it was discovered by a Disinterested Observer who reported the same to an Intelligence Officer. The Latter arriving at his Leisure with a great Pomposity said: "See me hatch!" and sitting down without reserve converted the entire Output into an unnecessary Omelette.

After the Mess was removed, the Disinterested Observer observed: "Had you approached this matter in another spirit you might have obtained Valuable Information."

"That," replied the Intelligence Officer, "shows your narrow-minded Prejudice. Besides I am morally certain that those Eggs come out of a Mare's Nest."

"It is now too late to inquire," said the Disinterested Observer, "and that is a pity."

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"But am I not an Intelligence Officer?" said the Intelligence Officer.

"Of that there can be no two opinions," said the Disinterested Observer. Whereupon he was sent down.

MORAL. *Do not teach the Intelligence to suck Eggs.*

KOPJE-BOOK MAXIMS[1]

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

(*With suggestive help from Percival Landon*)

HORSE

Two Horses will shift a Camp if they be dead enough.

Forage is Victory; Lyddite is Gas.

Look before you Lope.

When in doubt Flank; when in force Outflank.

FOOT

Take care of the towns and the Tents will take care of themselves.

Spare the Solitary Horseman on the sky-line; he is bound to be a Britisher.

Abandoned Women and Abandoned Kopjes are best left alone.

Raise your hat to the Boer—and you'll get shot.

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I Visit Miss Bloemfontein

GUNS

The Dead Gunner laughed at the Pom-pom.

"I Bet I killed 'Eighty,'" roared the 4.7.

"I have buried my three," snapped the Lee-Metford.

"It is well to keep your hair on; it is Better to take out your Tompion."

A shell on the Rand is worth ten on the veldt.

There are ninety and nine roads to Stellenbosch, but only two to Pretoria. Take the other.

(*Kopjeright in all armies and standing camps.*)

IS THE ART OF WAR REVOLUTIONISED?

BY H. A. GWYNNE

II.—*Artillery*

"When a battery comes under rifle fire it becomes worse than useless," once said a well-known foreign military expert. And if this statement is to be accepted, as we accept Euclid's axioms, then indeed I should be inclined to say that the art of war has become revolutionised completely. But having seen G Battery at Magersfontein practically silence at a range well within 1,500 yards (I beiieve at one time it was only 1,200 yards) a strong force of the enemy's riflemen firing from good cover on an undulating plain, it becomes apparent that the military expert's dictum is incorrect. I cite the instance of G Battery because, perhaps, it is the best known in

the operations in the Western Frontier, but I could, if necessary, give twenty cases where both Horse and Field Batteries have worked magnificently and effectively under a galling fire.

At the same time I do not wish, for a moment, to lay it down as one of the rules of modern warfare that guns can be worked with impunity within 1,500 or even 2,000 yards of the enemy's rifle fire, for the danger of being put out is so apparent that it needs no demonstration. But artillery must have a good "position." Batteries cannot be hidden behind boulders as infantry soldiers can. Gunners must have an open field and more or less a commanding point from which to lay their guns. This necessity —a necessity to which no other arms are so completely subjected—has entailed, during the course of the present war, the risk of whole batteries being under rifle fire. Before the introduction of the long-range rifle, there were but few instances where guns, in order to take up proper positions, were forced to come under effective rifle fire. Now, however, we have to face this risky possibility. And in this respect, and this respect only, can the use of the modern rifle be said to have made any change in the rules of war laid down for the use of artillery.

The present campaign, if viewed from the point of view of the artilleryman, is an abnormal one. Field and horse batteries have had to face what has been practically siege artillery. In Natal we have been outranged by the use, by the Boers, of guns of great calibre and no mobility. We have faced the

difficulty—and successfully too—by bringing on to the field naval guns of equal calibre to the enemy's. And, although we have been surprised at the rapid way in which the Boers have shifted their heavy guns, I still dare to think that we can move our 4.7 guns with greater rapidity. My intention, however, is not to discuss the use of the naval large calibre guns in field operations. Such a discussion would be outside the scope of this article. I prefer to look upon their use in this campaign as an abnormal episode—which, perhaps, may never again occur in civilised warfare, except in case of sieges.

Artillery in operation in the field is represented by Horse and Field (Howitzers and ordinary) guns. Now what lessons have our artillery learnt from the engagements of the present war? That is the most important question, and I propose to answer it to the best of my ability, feeling and hoping that my answer will induce abler answers from other pens.

It is impossible, in discussing the uses and abuses of any particular arm, to dissociate that arm from the whole to which it belongs. A complete modern force should consist of a proper proportion of horse, foot, and artillery. The three form the whole, the perfect machine. The parts must fit into each other as the cogs of one wheel fit into those of another. In the war of the future infantry will be used for two purposes—to contain the opposing infantry, and to hold positions seized by the mobile portion of the force, be it cavalry or mounted infantry. There will be very little preparation by the artillery for infantry

attack, for the simple reason that I am convinced that frontal attacks are things of the past. Not the modernest of modern artillery, lyddite, melinite, or whatever high explosive is used, can by frontal concentration move or weaken infantry sufficiently to destroy their defensive power against an infantry attack.

There will, therefore, be in the next war between European or civilised military Powers grand artillery duels between the opposing artillery, while the mounted force of one is trying to outflank the other. The obvious necessity, therefore, is the highest development of the most mobile portion of the artillery —the R.H.A. Flank movements must necessarily be the tactics of the future. Battles will be, as they always have been, won by strategy, but for modern strategy and modern tactics the great necessity will be the greatest mobility of the greatest force. But the British Army, as it certainly possesses the finest material for infantry in the world, also possesses, I feel sure, as fine an artillery as any. I am not talking now of guns, but of the men who work them. In attempting to outflank an enemy with the mobile portion of his force, the general of the next war will find his flanking movement met by the mobile portion of his opponent's army. The result is to be either a return to the old cavalry charges against cavalry or an artillery duel. The latter, I believe, will be the case. The cavalry of the future will be a mixture of the mounted infantry men and the cavalry men, and as such will be able to stop with rifle

fire any attempts at the old-fashioned charge, and the verdict will be pronounced by the gunners. Then, indeed, will the better-trained, better-equipped, better-handled horse artillery be able either to drive back the attack and so save the whole situation, or to force in the defence and win the whole battle. Wherefore it would appear to me that we should improve and improve our horse artillery until we have the best guns, the best gunners, and the best organisation in the world. I know we have the best material.

Exactly the same thing applies to the Field Artillery, which I, for one, would like to see done away with. That is to say, that the distinctions between Horse and Field Artillery should be removed. I would give a heavier gun and a better gun to the Horse Battery, and make the Field Battery men mobile. This would give us an uniform artillery, in which the mobility of the Field guns would be increased and the range of Horse guns improved. After all, the difference in weight of a Field and a Horse gun is not so great. We must be prepared to provide some means of moving it more rapidly. The advantages of this change appear to be self-evident. The quick and rapid movement of artillery is bound to be the great factor in future battles. We are making our infantry men mobile, every day; why not do the same with the artillery? If we can bring up a gun of equal calibre to that of the enemy, the issue will be to the better-manned, better-handled gun. To be able to rapidly throw a

great force on any given point of the enemy's line is to ensure victory in infantry tactics. The same thing applies, surely, to the artillery. Why have a slow and a rapid moving artillery? Why not make the whole of it capable of rapidity?

This campaign has been the first between two civilised nations where high explosives have been used in the bursting charges. I have made careful inquiries from Boer prisoners as to its effect, and the only conclusion that I have come to is that veracity is not a virtue of the burgher. Some have spoken of the bursting of a lyddite shell as the most terrible experience they have ever had, and have compared its action to that of an earthquake. But I must confess that on pursuing my inquiries further I have generally found that these vivid portrayers of its awful effects have been attached to some hospital in the rear. The prisoners taken at Paardeberg were singularly divided as to its destructive power. Albrecht is said to have declared that it was a pure waste to drop a lyddite shell into soft ground, and to have admitted that on rocky ground it had a most demoralising effect. On the whole, however, I am inclined to say that the effect of lyddite is certainly not as great as we expected, and I cannot help thinking that time-shrapnel well burst and well aimed is more dreaded by the Boers than lyddite shells.

And now I am going to tread on delicate ground. We have all our little idiosyncrasies, and gunners are not without theirs. They will have nothing to say to the Vickers-Maxim. "It is a toy and not a gun," I

have heard many a gunner declare. But I contend that we have never used it properly. Lord Dundonald's galloping Maxim was intended to accompany cavalry. Why not have a galloping "pom-pom"? It can be brought into action with great speed, it has a great range, and everybody will agree that it is a most accurate gun. It would have been most useful against the Boers when they fled from Poplar Grove, and its effect upon a battery coming into action is not to be despised, as the gallant T Battery will testify from their experiences at Driefontein. Again, its use on kopjes held by cavalry pending the arrival of infantry would surely be beneficial. It has a demoralising effect; even more so than a percussion shrapnel, and our enemy in the present campaign is particularly susceptible to demoralisation when operating in open ground.

One of the difficulties with which the artillery in the present campaign has had to contend has been to find out the extent of our infantry advance for which they are preparing with a bombardment. As the Mauser and Lee-Metford render early cover necessary for infantry, it has come about that our infantry, while seeking to render itself invisible to the enemy, has succeeded in making itself almost entirely invisible to our supporting artillery. On many occasions our artillery has ceased fire long before it was necessary, because it became impossible to tell how far our advance extended, for no artillery officer—and rightly so—will run the risk of inflicting damage on his own infantry. The

remedy for this state of things has yet to be discovered.

In making public opinions such as these—the opinions of a mere layman—I should feel inclined to make some kind of apology, knowing as I do that they are liable to be read by men whose whole life is devoted to the practice as well as the theory of the use of artillery in the field, were it not for the fact that I am optimistic enough to believe that my remarks will provoke criticism. I am aware that the British officer is not much given to rushing into print, but I am also convinced that he will not sit tamely by when heresies are propagated. If, therefore, the views I have enounced are unsound and unpractical, it is his bounden duty to contradict them. And in doing so he will probably contribute his own views, which will undoubtedly receive far greater attention, from the fact that they are set forth by men actually serving in the field, than if they are kept back till the end of the war, when a successful issue will probably bring with it apathy on the part of those in whose hands rest the destinies of the British Army.

THE NEW MACHINE GUN

Rarely, if ever, in the annals of the Ordnance Survey has the British Government sent out a fully equipped Survey Section, for the purpose of reconnaissance duty, previous to the present war. During the march from Modder River to Bloemfontein,

they have had plenty of scope for displaying the special training received, necessary for successful sketching, surveying and reconnoitring an enemy's position.

At Paardeberg a very successful and complete sketch to scale was made of the Boers' laager by Major Jackson, R.E., who, whilst exposed to a hot fire every day and within 800 yards of the enemy's trenches, and where men were falling every minute, nevertheless completed the whole sketch within four days.

This part of the warfare, where you walk well within the enemy's firing line with only a revolver, the Boers continually sniping and potting, no cover, and no chance of a "kick or hit back," makes you feel as though you would like to charge into their midst, get hand to hand, and at least have one shot or hit, in return for the compliments and salutes they pay you. But no, you must stand still in the open, coolly go on with the sketching, and not mind the bullets, even if they take a leg off the plane table or knock the pencil out of your hand. The only thing that is to be feared seriously is the rain, and that may make the ink run, spoil the sketch, and cause a lot of trouble and annoyance.

The Boers may "knock spots off you," but the sketch is the principal thing; another R.E. Surveyor may be obtained, but not another plan, until probably too late for practical use.

Presumably the burghers mistake the tripod and plane table (used for the purpose) for a new kind of

machine gun, or some other deadly weapon, from the way in which they bang away when it is erected, and it does, no doubt, surprise them when they find it does not spit fire and lead, and probably they put it down as a " Rooinek " risking a snap-shot at close quarter, but they are very restless " sitters " and resent the intrusion of Mausers, although never asked to pay a proof in advance—proof positive of a neglected education.

ADVICE TO AN OFFICER ON GOING TO THE WARS

'Twas well remarked by Mack-Praed,
In wise and witty lay,
" We're known to be extremely brave;
So take the sword away."

Aye, let the sword and feather go,
Bright belt and glitt'ring braid;
Assume a sad and grub-like hue,
For battle or for raid.

No more in steel the warrior gleams,
In scarlet cuts a dash;
The hero now may scarce permit
His eagle eye to flash.

For glint and gleam and flash and flare
Will all afford a mark;
The better plan, in modern days,
Is just " to keep it dark."

I Visit Miss Bloemfontein

We ask no more that you shall shine;
Be dull if you would win.
I mean, of course, in outward show—
Lucidity within.

For " slim's " the word now most in vogue
(That's " sly," if read aright);
From head to heel be dull and dim,
Your brain alone be bright.

It is no joy that you should smash
Your head against a wall;
" We're known to be extremely brave,"
So pray be wise withal.

Be lion-mettled—as you were;
But not too proud to scout;
And if the foe is right in front,
Why, go a mile about.

Go forth in strength of intellect,
Shining with all your wit;
So shall you baulk the wily foe—
Unhit, shall make a hit.

E. T.

CHAPTER XI

Our Very Mixed Public

A Study of Tommy Atkins, the Inscrutable—Our Dutch Compositors Arraigned

The lady who signed herself "Miss Uitlander" was also kind enough to write for us an article on "Tommy in a Lady's Eyes." It was clever. She said that Tommy walked the streets looking as if he always had walked them —and that was true. It is also true that Tommy did everything else in the same way. Wherever you put him or he found himself he uttered no comments or exclamations, but at once adapted himself to the situation. During the seven months I was with him I never could fathom the operations of his mind. Sometimes I suspected that he had none; at other times I envied him the kind of mind he had.

Our lady reporter said that Tommy "loves to make an impression on the feminine heart—but, alas! his khaki uniform does not suit him.

Like country, like dress. We now see ourselves as others see us, a khaki-coloured people in a vast khaki-coloured land." Of the officers she said, "their amiability, patience, and high breeding are a treat to come in contact with in a country such as this, where Jack is considered as good as his master; in his own estimation, a very good deal better."

"Bloemfontein is khaki-mad," she concluded; "Tommy is everywhere. The shops overflow with him—and *how* he spends his money! It will be an object-lesson to those who, a few short weeks ago, were sure that England was on the verge of bankruptcy. The streets abound with him. The place is a beehive of soldiery, and never again will be any other, I most fervently hope and trust."

I copy this bit of a long article because it brings strongly to mind and in full swing and colour the daily scenes in the streets of Bloemfontein. Whenever we ran out of THE FRIEND office to the hotel or the printing works or the Club, we saw the same endless parade of soldiers up and down the pavements, the same motley cavalcade of mounted men in the streets. At the sound of drums we all ran out—for civilisation was far away, and the natural man was welling up strong in us—to see a regiment marching in, or out—or, too often, to view a

funeral procession leading a poor bundle of the dust of a hero strapped upon a gun-carriage.

In the shops we found a wall of soldiers before every counter. They were in swarms like flies in all except the drinking places. There they could not go; poor fellows, to whom a drink would have seemed so much more than to us, who could have it whenever and wherever we wanted it.

I will say again, here, as I have said elsewhere once before, that though we underwent more danger than many of the soldiers (who were not sent, as we were, into every battle), and though we endured hardships sufficient to daunt many strong men, we correspondents had this advantage over the rest—that, no matter how light was the marching-kit ordered for the troops, we were usually followed by our carts, and when these came up with us, we had abundance—and some luxuries.

It was my good fortune to be able to replenish the larder of one regiment more than once when, between battles, it entertained a general or the Commander-in-Chief. We in Roberts's and Methuen's army, were never criticised for living as well as we could, but there is a story current in army and war correspondent circles to the effect that the hero of Omdurman severely rebuked certain correspondents for

living on a scale which provoked the envy of the officers, and demoralised them. One correspondent of the little mess that was thus criticised—a man who drank very little himself—is said to have utilised one camel solely to carry the champagne with which he entertained his friends among the officers. I do not say what I might have done had this story been told me earlier, but, as it was, I had no camel, and the champagne that kind friends sent me from England never reached me.

My stores consisted of poultry in tins, puddings, jams (how good those Cape jams are, by the way; they should have a great sale in all civilised parts), tinned vegetables, bully beef, and bullier tongue and ham, preserved fruits, biscuits, figs, cigarettes, cigars, and a little most evanescent whisky.

But to get back to the streets of soldier-burdened Bloemfontein; how surely, as we assembled in the corner by the office, did the soldiers recognise their poet and friend. He looked at all of them in general, but all of them stared at him in particular. They passed the word from rank to rank, "There's Rudyard Kipling!" and then marched on, leaving their eyes on his face while their bodies passed along, until it looked as if they must dislocate their necks before they had their fill of seeing him.

He was like a comrade when he talked to a private, and talk to them he did. Jack tar, Colonial, regular, and Pathan, he talked to all alike.

"How are you getting on? Is your camp all right? Near here? Where was your last fight?" So he both introduced himself and set them talking and at ease—all in a breath.

But, as I have said, "Tommy" is inscrutable. I stepped one day into a German tobacconist's across the street from, and farther along than, the Club, and found it packed by soldiers who were being served by an insolent German with a portrait of ex-President Steyn in his coat lapel.

"Take that picture out of your buttonhole," said I. "What do you mean by wearing a thing like that when you are under British rule, and have been both protected and generously treated?"

"I vill vear vot I shoose," said he.

I made a mental promise to see that he did not wear that emblem much longer, and then turning to the soldiers I said, "Men, did you see what this man is wearing? Why do you spend your money on a man whose sympathies are with the Boers? Give his shop the cold shoulder, and he will soon see that he is making a mistake."

The appeal was in vain. The men instantly began to look very uncomfortable. They rolled their eyes up to the ceiling or pinned their gaze on the floor. No one said a word or even shot a glance of approval in my direction. They did not care. Tommy does not care—never cares—about anything, apparently.

I tried to keep my promise. Search was made for that tobacconist, but he never served behind his counter after that visit of mine. He saved the military the trouble of sending him to Capetown.

Lively days were those for rebels and irreconcilables. The men who had most ardently furthered the cause of the Bond and the Transvaal war party, and who had the indecency to loiter in the town, were quickly weeded out and sent to the Boer prison camp near Capetown. If we could not always tell who were our friends, these mischievous wretches were worse off, for, ofttimes, their old neighbours, tired of the war and awake to the folly of keeping it up, pointed them out to the military, and retailed their nauseous histories.

"I feel a little like a lieutenant of Fouché," said one correspondent to me. "I had pointed out to me a former editor of one of the local papers whose pen was used with vitriol and who did as much as any man to degrade and spoil

this little country. I was told that he is still talking angrily and abusively of us, and I was indignant. I mentioned the case to a prominent military officer and in three hours the man was a prisoner on his way to Capetown. I feel as if I was living in Paris in the French revolution—very creepy and uncomfortable. I shall keep my discoveries of such rascals to myself after this."

In this number mine was the leader entitled, "Do we Spare the Rod too Much?" A friendly visitor, whose signature "L. D.-J." unfortunately fails to recall his full name to my mind, wrote a very interesting sketch called "Towards War," which shows with fidelity to the truth how the mere process of going to war prepares one for the war itself. Mr. Landon wrote the first true account most of us saw or heard of the mishap at Karree Siding, where four of our officers were shot, on March 23, while riding over the country on a search for forage. Lieut. Lygon, who was one of the killed, was an intimate and beloved friend of Mr. Landon, who mourned him deeply and most lovingly looked after his burial and the proper marking of his grave. Death had come too close to all of us far too often, but never quite so close to any one of us as in this instance.

Mr. Gwynne's thoughtful essays on the revo-

lutionised science of war produced a first reply in this number, from an officer competent to discuss the subject. General Sir Henry Colvile wrote with much good humour twitting us for the blundering of our compositors, who had made a botch of the double acrostic he had so kindly sent us some days before. The fact that we were as much to blame as the compositors he managed, with extremely clever wording, to make us feel, though he did not say so. Those compositors!—were ever men so badly served as we were by them? They doubled our work, and though we corrected every error they made they often spoiled our efforts at the last by failing to carry out our corrections. They were so ingenious as to spell struggle "strxxlg," and then to insist that it should appear so in THE FRIEND. They invented the new rank of "branch colonel" to take the place of brigadier-general or lance-corporal, I cannot remember which. I used to think they made this trouble on purpose, for I knew that some were Dutch and all had been with the Boers before we came. And when secret pro-Boer circulars and incentives to disorder were found to have been printed in the town, I had a sneaking suspicion that I could guess who were the printers.

We cut the Gordian knot of one of our

troubles in this number by reducing the price of THE FRIEND to one penny to men of all ranks alike.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1900.

BY THE EDITORS

To Correspondents.—Please do not write on both sides of your letter sheets when you contribute to THE FRIEND.

It's all right to take a kopje on both sides, but you should not send it in on both sides.

Some of the Editors are sufficiently profane already.

CONCERNING ACROSTICS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. E. COLVILE

SIR,—"We don't hexpect hart and we don't hexpect hacting, but yer might jine yer flats."

It is perhaps too much to expect that the gentleman who sets up the type of THE FRIEND should know the usual structure of a double-acrostic, or that he should trouble himself with such details as my punctuation and spelling; but he might have let my lines continue to scan and retain some germ of meaning; and, even if he did not realise that the *proem* was intended for verse, he might have let it stand as English prose. His statement that "ac-

cording to the writer" the answer gives "the most appropriate cognomen," &c., is interesting, as anything must be that falls from his stick. It further reveals a wealth of imagination of which his previous efforts gave us no hint.

H. C.
Writer of the Double Acrostic
in Saturday's issue.

Bloemfontein, 24th March, 1900.

(Please don't shoot the Editors, they are doing their best.—Ed., Friend.)

TOWARDS WAR

BY L. D.-J.

The crowded platform at Waterloo, the groups of men in great-coats gathered round figures in ulsters with travelling rugs upon their arms; the long train with its dirty painted boards above the carriages inscribed "Aldershot," "Basingstoke," "Southampton"; the last joke, the last catchword, the last farewell grip of parting hands; the sudden remembrance of need of newspaper or sandwich; the bustle and hurry of railway officials, servants, late voyagers, or later friends, thronging the platform from refreshment-room to book-stall: these tell little to the observer of war and its alarms. Only at either end of the platform where the great doors of the baggage-brakes yawn upon piles of valises, beneath whose white-painted rank, name,

regiment, the bold initials "S.A.F.F." catch the eye, guarded by soldier servants, field-service cap on right eye, uniform hidden under collared great-coat; or on the racks of the compartments, where curiously shaped tin cases cover the cocked hat or the helmet, and where, showing through a bundle of canes, golf-clubs, and polo sticks, is seen the clumsy brown leather shape of a sword case, is there a hint of military significance, a clue to the tension of the thronged faces, taking a farewell under circumstances not of the ordinary.

The Saturday afternoon in December, yellow and dull under the bitter black frost which has gripped the heart of the land, as the ill news has gripped the heart of the people, which comes to round off a week whose despatches have announced the disasters of Stormberg, Magersfontein, Tugela, the threefold defeat on hill and plain and river—is no day for cheerful leave-taking. Although every lip is silent on the subject of the morning's news, latest and worst of all; although the spoken word is all of a brilliant campaign, a stroke of luck, a speedy and safe return, there looms before each mind the coming list of casualties, the thought of war's inevitable chances, the possibility that here and now are some who may never be seen again firm-footed on a metropolitan causeway, whose trick of a smile, twist of a moustache, and cock of hat upon forehead must become a slowly dimming memory through the remnants of a life.

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Our Very Mixed Public

The fire blazes against the frosty draught in the hall of the Southampton Hotel. Baggage is piled upon baggage half-ceiling high in every corner. Hungry men are hurriedly moving along the corridors towards the dining-room, in their travelling suits of tweed or serge. At two or three tables family parties are dining together for the last time; the women silent, quiet-eyed, smiling but momentarily at the sally of light-hearted youth, a sigh ever held in suspense behind kind lips and white teeth. The writing-room holds a group of scrawling men, finishing final letters, re-iterant of parting phrases, enforcing last injunctions, expressing forgotten behests. And at the foot of the stairs stand two officers in uniform, both in peaked caps, one military, one naval, with white bands upon their sleeves. They are the Embarking Staff Officers; they are the first visible sign of war.

* * * * * * * * *

Grey fog upon the waters, grey fog hanging round the sheds upon the wharves, a grey transport with red funnels, towering above the levels of water and quay. Cranes rapidly sling guns, waggons, cases, with creak, shout and thud over the grey bulwarks. Lines of uncouth figures in grey great-coats, and blue red-banded sea-caps, pass sight-protected rifles from hand to hand up the steep gangways and along between rows of boxes and baggage to the armoury. The saloon is filled with lunching officers, their friends and relatives. The last toast is lifted in silence to the last lips; and eyes looking over brim

of wine-glass are eloquent of more than speech is master of. The harsh clang of the warning bell, speaking full-voiced the words of Destiny, transfers to the grey quay groups of dispirited, saddened women, and of men stern-eyed and holding between their teeth and under the cover of moustache or beard, minute bleeding portions of their inner lips.

On the promenade deck, gay in a scarlet jumper, over-weighted a little by his large khaki-covered helmet, leans upon a stanchion a very junior subaltern. His boyish, hairless face is blue with the cold frost-fog, he is biting very rapidly and nervously at the end of a cigar that went out ere half its length was smoked. Looking up at him from the wharf below, a group isolated from other groups holds a tall lady clad in furs, heavily veiled, her handkerchief peeping from her muff, and one arm resting heavily upon that of a grey-haired military man, while son and daughter, or nephew and niece, perhaps gather protectingly to her side.

There is still delay. The gangways are removed, but still the hawsers hold. The cold compels the watchers on the wharf to take a few hurried, swiftly-turned paces up and down its length. The voyagers stamp upon the deck, or beat a furtive arm across a swelling chest. But they do not turn even for a second from contemplation of that shore they may never see again. . . . A whistle blows, there is the sound of a cable slipping through the water, the lady in the furs comes hastily forward, puts up her veil a little way and tries to shout. The youthful subaltern

leans out perilously over the side. The words come faintly up. . . . "Good-bye! Rex. . . . God bless you! . . . I know I shall see you again. . . ." The lady beats her hand desperately upon her muff, and dabs her handkerchief unknowingly against her veil. . . .

The band aft is playing "Auld Lang Syne," a stretch of greenish water spreads between ship and shore, a few half-hearted cheers are rising through the grey fog, and the sound of a melancholy chapel bell in the distant town tells of a half-forgotten Sabbath. . . . The subaltern's eyes no longer see things clearly, and the handkerchief he waves as answer to those fluttering along the grey length of the quay is heavy and damp. . . .

So we come a little closer to the realities of war.

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Lights flicker and gleam in the dark shade of the poplar trees fringing the platform. There is a hush over those who hold space upon the gravel before the station-master's office. In the darkness it is difficult to see who one's neighbour may chance to be. But voices betray the presence of the P.M.O. and half a dozen officers from the Field Hospital behind the church. At the other end of the platform lie the sinister stretchers of a bearer company laid out in an interminable row. Up to the line comes the low melancholy whistle of the armoured train. . . .

All day from far beyond the ring of hills that cages the camp upon the plain has come the dull

booming of heavy guns. There has been a battle and there have been losses: this we know. The approaching train is bringing in the wounded from the scene of action, but who they may be who suffer we have yet to learn. As the light comes round the bend above the water-tank, there is a stir among the waiting groups. A command rings out, and is followed by the shuffle of feet as the bearer company stands to its stretchers. The train glides slowly, looming up in its solid armoured squareness between the goods sheds and the rolling-stock upon the sidings. It draws into the little colonial wayside station with a flash of its headlight that renders the platform darker than ever. The form of its commander drops from the rear carriage, with its maxim-portals, and its loop-holes for rifles, all sliding by dim and grey and sinister. In a low voice he tells the P.M.O. "six killed, fourteen wounded, I have brought down eight." "Any officers?" questions some one in the background. "Jones is killed, and Spindrift missing," comes the response, "and young Michael is here, shot in five places." . . .

Lanterns swing back and forth, the doctors get into the carriage, there is a low, subdued murmur of voices from within; a breath of some antiseptic comes from the interior; a groan is audible. Then the bearer company marches slowly along the edge of the platform. Four men enter with their stretcher, and after a painful lapse of time, the lanterns swing again, the group stands back a little, and slowly, carefully, feet foremost, the first

wounded man is brought out, and lowered upon his stretcher to the ground. While his blankets are being arranged there is time to see him indistinctly: a bandage round his head with a dark, tell-tale patch soaking through it, a pale face with closed eyes and a pale moustache disarranged across his mouth. Last night we dined and drank together. Now, as he is borne off out of hearing, the medical officers whisper, "poor chap, there is no hope for him; he cannot last the night."

Gradually the armoured train disgorges its unhappy load, the stretchers receive their burdens, the marshalled procession goes slowly over the line towards the hospital, the medical officers in close attendance, and the engine pushes and pulls its bullet-proof trucks back through the night to fetch another cargo.

War and its horrors are with us now, and are scarcely so terrible after all. Our gradual approach has softened them or possibly hardened us—who shall say which?

KARREE SIDING

BY PERCIVAL LANDON

There has been so much misrepresentation of the facts connected with the unfortunate incident at Karree Siding on the 23rd that the following brief description of what actually occurred may be of interest.

A military camp had been formed at the Glen—

the point at which the railway crosses the Modder River, thirteen miles north of Bloemfontein—on the previous day, and Colonel Eyre Crabbe, of the Grenadier Guards, had been appointed commandant, with his adjutant, Lieutenant Edward Lygon, as his staff officer.

Forage was scarce, and it became necessary to collect a small amount from the neighbouring farms. Colonel Crabbe, accompanied by Colonel Codrington of the Coldstream Guards, Lieutenant Lygon, Captain Trotter, and one orderly, set out after luncheon on Friday for this purpose, and, moving out in a northerly direction, visited three farms, and then, finding themselves close to the railway office at Karree Siding, entered the telegraph room at that place and found that the instruments had been removed.

On riding out from the station they saw on a ridge to the north four mounted Boers against the sky-line, and Colonel Crabbe, calling out "Come on, let us round them up," set out at once in their direction, followed by Colonel Codrington and the others. A slight protest was made against the danger of the attempt.

The Boers had ridden away to the west, but were still in sight, and they were seen attempting to double back over a slight rise in the ground strewn with boulders that scarcely deserves the name of a kopje.

Believing that the enemy had ridden over and away, the small party moved on and divided at the base of this fold, Captain Trotter and Lieutenant

Lygon moving off to the right, the two Colonels and the orderly keeping to the left.

The Boers, however, leaving their horses at the back of the rise, took up positions behind the rocks, and opened a well-aimed and constant fire upon our men. Colonel Crabbe, whose horse had fallen at the first shot, was struck through the forearm and thigh, Colonel Codrington received a bullet as he lay on the ground attempting to return the fire, and the orderly was wounded in the ankle. Meanwhile firing on the other flank continued for two or three minutes, until Lieutenant Lygon, who had dismounted and was running forward to gain the cover of an anthill, was shot through the heart. Death was instantaneous, even Captain Trotter being unaware of it until he turned round, receiving at the same moment an expanding bullet through the elbow.

Thus the whole of the small force was now either dead or wounded, and Colonel Crabbe surrendered. The Boers instantly came down into the open, and, expressing their regret, did all they could to dress the wounds, Captain Trotter undoubtedly owing his life to the tourniquet applied to his arm.

The wounded men were afterwards carried by the Boers with great care to Mr. Maas' farm, and the news was sent back to the Glen by a Kaffir.

Lieutenant Lygon's body was borne back on the following morning, and was buried near the small white kraal a hundred yards to the east of the railway bridge. The funeral, which took place at sun-

set on Saturday, was most impressive, the entire battalion attending the voluntary parade and lining the path between the camp and the grave.

Little comment is needed. Clearly the virtue that runs to a fault has here been to blame. The same unquestioning pluck that impels an officer in leading his men on the field of battle prompted this careless enterprise, with the miserable result we have recorded. We have lost—and the loss is the loss of the whole force—one of the best and most popular of our younger officers, and of the other casualties one at least may prove more serious than was anticipated, but at least it is a compensation to remember that, however unfortunate the issue, the quiet pluck and discipline of the army have been once more tried and not found wanting.

DON'T

Advice to Looters

BY H. A. GWYNNE

Don't call on the Provost Marshal with a couple of live chickens on your saddle bow.

Don't attempt to carry off a grand piano on an ammunition waggon; it might be noticed.

Don't cook sheep's kidneys ostentatiously in camp; you may be asked where you found the sheep.

Don't load your horse with flannel petticoats when carrying a message to a general; flannel petticoats are not a part of military equipment.

Don't swagger about camp with an air of repletion when the force is subsisting on quarter rations.

Don't try to stuff a pillow into your helmet; it only spoils your appearance and gives the show away.

Don't "pick up" anything with the broad arrow on it.

Don't steal a horse from the Club railings when its owner is having a whisky and soda; it is distinctly dangerous.

Don't "steal" a horse at all, but let it "wander into your lines."

Don't drive a flock of sheep across the pond of the Headquarter Staff; they might delay the Commander-in-Chief and make him angry.

Don't wear a bunch of false hair in your hat; it was never served out to you.

Don't carry ladies' silk stockings in your wallets; they won't fit you.

Don't shout out in camp, "Who's stolen my silk umbrella?" People might ask you where you got it from.

Don't avoid ostentatiously the Provost Marshal as he rides along, greet him kindly and openly and perhaps he will not suspect you.

SMALL AMMUNITION

At Colesberg, in one of the numerous cavalry fights, an old Boer was held at mercy by a lancer

who had his lance ready to strike. "Moe nie! Moe nie!" cried the old man, which, being translated, means "Don't, don't!" The lancer, however, didn't understand Dutch, and replied, "I don't want your money, I want your life," but the renewed appeal was too piteous, and the old man was taken prisoner.

CHAPTER XII

"Vive la Compagnie"

Four Correspondents Dine the General, the Governor, and Rudyard Kipling, and Produce The Friend *as well*

"Alles zal recht komen" were the words of the late President Brand, true friend of the English, which were graven on the pedestal of his statue before the doors of the Residency. We repeated them in new "tabs" beside the heading of our paper on March 28th, with an amended English translation facing them: "All has come right."

"All shall come right," we said, in our editorial, "was the motto of the late Orange Free State. What a prophet was he who conceived it, and how quickly has come the fruition of his prophecy! All has come right."

We published an appreciative editorial upon Sir Alfred Milner, who had come on the previous day upon a visit to Lord Roberts. It was

written by Mr. Landon. Mr. Kipling contributed more "Kopje-Book Maxims," and bore a heavy hand in the production of an amusing column, entitled, "The Military Letter Writer."

This was the way that column came into being. Mr. Landon, Mr. Kipling, and I were in the poet's bedroom when Mr. Landon produced a model letter-writer which he had found somewhere. I take great credit for the phrase "found somewhere"; it might, with any other man than Mr. Landon, be so full and rich in meaning. The book professed to be a sober guide to the young and the ignorant in the paths of epistolary literature; therefore it was bound to be supremely funny. We screamed over what Landon read to us out of it.

Said Mr. Kipling: "Let's write some model military letters," and, as was his wont, he seized a pencil and paper and began to write No. 1, reading as he wrote. He urged us both to contribute, and Mr. Landon tried with much good intent, while I wished to do so, but could not begin to keep pace with the poet. Instant collaboration is almost always impossible, especially where the inspiration comes to one man who is seized by it, and begins to give it expression before his companions can match their minds with his. Therefore Mr. Kipling went on and on, and Mr. Landon took the block and

pencil and wrote as Mr. Kipling talked. Thus were produced letter No. 1 and the italicised introduction to No. 2; the rest Mr. Landon arranged and edited out of his book.

The column was pieced out at the end with No. 3 of Mr. Kipling's "Fables for the Staff," which was, therefore, hidden in a bottom corner of the page—a stroke of genius on the part of those whom we anathematised collectively in the singular number as "The Dutch Compositor."

Mr. Buxton had been called away to Capetown just after Mr. Kipling's arrival, and my associates, hag-ridden by the confusion and annoyances consequent upon the lack of a practised head to the little institution, had thrust upon me the honour and hard work of what may be called the managing editor's place. Thenceforth it was my duty to deal with the gnomes in the dust hall, the retiring and reticent cashier in another building, and the inmates of the Home for Boer Compositors, otherwise known as the office of the late unlamented *Express*. When I saw the genius of the Master thrust to the bottom corner of the paper, or made grotesque by mis-spelling and exhibitions of "pie," I felt that I alone was to blame, and hid myself and vowed to produce better results if I had to set up the type myself.

War's Brighter Side

From an able major of Engineers we received for this number a confident and well-studied reply to Mr. Gwynne's articles on the effects of the war upon military science.

This was the day upon which Mr. Landon, Mr. Gwynne, Mr. James Barnes, and myself were to entertain at dinner Sir Alfred Milner, Lord Roberts, and Rudyard Kipling. The *menus* had been printed under the eye of Mr. Landon, and were very distinguished examples of plain typography. As twenty-four were to be used, we gave twelve each to Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., and to Mr. Lester Ralph, war artists with the army, requesting these able friends to do their best to produce on each guest's *menu* a picture illustrative of some exploit or leading characteristic of the recipient. A very notable series of drawings resulted—so notable that the Field-Marshal, whose own card showed him in the act of receiving the Keys of Bloemfontein, asked to see them all. When toward the end of the repast, each man wrote his name on every *menu*, you may be certain those bits of pasteboard bearing the simple words, "The Dinner of the 28th of March, Bloemfontein, 1900," leaped high in value, and in the jealous pride of every man who had one.

That was a dinner! An affair as unique and

The Dinner of the 28th of March 1900 At Bloemfontein.

1st page of Menu.

2d page of Menu.

MENU.

.....

Tomato Soup.

.....

Boiled Salmon.

Parsley Sauce.

.....

Fricassee of Chicken.

Braized Ox Tail.

.....

Roast Sirloin of Beef.

.....

Roast Turkey.

.....

Salad.

Potatoes.

French Beans.

.....

Cabinet Pudding.

Blanc Mange.

Jellies.

.....

Anges a Cheral.

.....

Cheese. Coffee.

4th page of Menu.

as singular an episode of war as—as, let us say, THE FRIEND itself. Beside the great General, the High Commissioner, and the Poet of the Empire, we had with us General Pretyman, Military Governor of the town; General Forestier-Walker, the courtly commander of the Lines of Communication; the gallant, debonair Pole-Carew; the redoubtable flashing-eyed Hector Macdonald; the polished Sir Henry Colvile; Colonel Otter, the leader of the men with the maple-leaf; Lord Stanley, diplomat and censor; Lord Kerry; Colonel Girourad, binder of new Empire-fractions with threads of steel; Colonel Hanbury Williams, the High Commissioner's right hand; Colonel Neville Chamberlain, veteran at Empire building—and then our comrade-historians of the pen and pencil, W. B. Wollen, R.I., Lester Ralph, H. F. P. Battersby, A. B. Paterson, H. C. Shelley, and W. Blelock. We had invited Lord Kitchener, but he was away at Prieska.

We dined at the railway station, because it had the largest room and the best cook in the new colony.

I hear the band outside. I see a carriage roll up, and Sir Alfred Milner springs out, spare-framed and visaged like an eagle. The Field-Marshal follows him, precise in movement, gentle of mien but erect and firm as steel, with long

usage of command resting as light and firm upon him as if he was born with it. All the others are in the room, under the flaming flag and the huge paper roses. We dine—better than at the Residency—upon several courses and with good wine a-plenty.

I see my handsome and gifted colleague, Mr. Landon, rise to toast the High Commissioner. What's this we hear? He is welcoming the Viceroy as a brother in journalism, a newspaper man like ourselves. Up rises the man who lives in the heart of care and the furnace of dissension—pale, grave, concentrated, like one who thinks of but one thing and has but one thing to do—and that a thing gigantic. He replies that it is true that he was once a writer like ourselves; that he enjoyed those days; that he made delightful friends and spent glad hours in them; that he has had much to do with the gentlemen of the Press in Capetown, and that his relations with all have been without a flaw. After that he speaks but little of the heart of care where his official bed is laid, or of the furnace blasts of treason and of discord round his chair at the Cape, but, with unassumed modesty, calls our attention to the military magician across the table and to what he has done.

It is Mr. Gwynne who rises next—the best-

equipped war correspondent with the British forces, both as a campaigner and a critic of war, and high among the best as a writer. It is fitting that he should introduce the Field-Marshal, for he is liked and trusted by his distinguished guest, who has discovered, I fancy, that under the correspondent's khaki beats the heart of the soldier.

Lord Roberts replied that he was very proud to be the guest of the war correspondents. He liked to have them with him, and he was glad when they criticised whatever was amiss, for he profited by reading what they said. Turning to us, the Field-Marshal remarked, "You share all our hardships and exposure. All the troops do not engage in every battle, but you go to all, so that you experience even more danger than most of us. May I call you 'comrades'?"

I remember that he spoke earnestly of the work Sir Alfred Milner was doing, and credited that statesman with the most difficult task of any man who served the Empire. One other bit of his address I recall—a mere phrase, but a remarkable one: "The gentlemen I command —my gentlemanly army."

It was my good fortune to introduce Rudyard Kipling—a delicate as well as a proud task, because I knew that fulsome praise, or even the most honest appreciation, would make him

uncomfortable. But what was there to say that every one did not know? He replied by giving us for a toast an absentee who had done a grand work in bringing two new colonies into the Empire—one Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger.

After the great guests went home a dozen or fifteen of us remained and enjoyed an impromptu little sing-song, when this to me touching and singular incident occurred. General Pole-Carew came to me and said, "Your son Lester should go home and go to bed. He is in a high fever. I know what it means, for I have had it six times. Look after him well." My son was then in the thirteenth day of an attack of enteric, about which he had said not a word to any one. In that condition he had drawn the pictures on the *menus* of Lord Roberts, General Pole-Carew, General French (who could not come), Lord Stanley, General Colvile, Colonel Otter, Mr. Kipling, and others. Lester, on hearing what the General had said, declared it was no news to him and, after thanking the General, went home and to bed. There, until we could get him to a hospital, Mr. Kipling nursed him with consummate skill and the gentleness of a woman; interesting and, to me, precious memories of a world in which some of us find too few of such suggestions of the better world to come.

"Vive la Compagnie"

In this "Free State Hospital," with the ministrations of the matron, Miss Young, and her devoted lady nurses, the same strong essence of unselfishness made the siege of sickness a period of pleasure. Generals, colonels, correspondents and all of the salt of the army went there often to cheer the patients—one of whom was Mr. Oppenheim of the *Daily News*.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

NO. 10] BLOEMFONTEIN, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1900. [Price One Penny.

GOVERNMENT NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that, communication with the Cape Colony having been restored, the Laws and Regulations of the Customs Convention have been put into force by virtue of the proclamation of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, dated the 20th instant, and that from and after this date Government Notice, No. 106, published in the "Gouvernements Courant" of the 27th October, 1899, by which the Customs dues on provisions and merchandise were temporarily suspended will be considered null and void, in so far as those portions of the State now occupied by Her Majesty's troops are concerned.

By order

J. H. MEIRING, Collector of Customs.

Customs' House, Bloemfontein, 24th March, 1900.

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS it is necessary that all State and private property in the South African Republic and the Orange Free State shall be protected from wanton destruction and damage,

NOW THEREFORE:

I, FREDERICK SLEIGH BARON ROBERTS OF KHANDAHAR, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief the British Forces in South Africa, do hereby give notice that all persons who, within the territories of the South African Republic or the Orange Free State shall authorise or be guilty of the wanton destruction or damage or the counselling, aiding, or assisting in the wanton destruction or damage of public or private property (such destruction or damage not being justified by the usages and customs of civilised warfare), will be held responsible in their persons and property for all such wanton destruction and damage.

Given under my hand at Bloemfontein, this Twenty-sixth day of March, 1900.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ROBERTS,

Field Marshal,

Commanding-in-Chief Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa.

"Vive la Compagnie"

SIR ALFRED MILNER

BY PERCIVAL LANDON

The High Commissioner of South Africa left Bloemfontein after the mercifully abortive conference on June 6th of last year. Yesterday he re-entered the town. The interval has been for some a time of hard fighting, for all a time of anxiety, and amid the enthusiasm of his welcome to the capital, his strong confidence during the darker days, his unswerving fidelity to the high ideal of his Imperial work, must be in the minds of all.

His entry into Bloemfontein, the capital of one of the two colonies destined to fall into line with the progress of United South Africa, is an occasion that will be recognised by the historian of this war as closing one "swelling act of the Imperial theme."

Half—perhaps more than half—of Lord Roberts' work has been done; the greater part of Sir Alfred Milner's task lies still before him. In welcoming him within its walls Bloemfontein does not forget that long after the transports have sailed with the last of the troops of the expedition, the High Commissioner will still be confronted with a gigantic work, requiring alike foresight, tact, and strength of will. And Bloemfontein, like the rest of the Empire, is well content to leave in the hands of Sir Alfred Milner the solution of the problem upon the right interpretation of which the fortunes of this enormous federation must depend.

"DRIVING THE OX"

Sing they who will of the Yeomen Imperial,
Gillies, Scouts, "Tigers," and bold C.I.V.;
Others may hold to more usual material,
Horse, Foot, and Rifles, and Artillerie.
But there's a corps with its name writ in History—
Bold they as lions and steadfast as rocks—
Gaily we'll troll our song,
Slow as we stroll along—
Trickle and roll along—
Driving the Ox!

But when the war-cloud frowns thicker and lowereth,
When the quick-moving battalions are met;
Not where the soft-hissing bullet most showereth,
Not in the forefront our places are set.
Still drive we on, though a day's march in rear we be,
O'er veldt and vlei, with the mud to our hocks—
Still will we push along,
Nor sadly hush our song,
Though we don't rush along,
Driving the Ox!

Fill, then, a cup to the Beeves of Her Majesty,
Long in the rear may their colours be seen!
Heavy their loads, but their hearts light as anything,
Doing strong work for their country and Queen.
What though they jeer who sweep by with the mounted troops?
Treat we as nought all their jibes and their mocks.

"Vive la Compagnie"

Though ne'er a fight we'll see,
Cheerful and bright we'll be,
We're a grand sight to see,
Driving the Ox!

"Old Man."

FABLES FOR THE STAFF[1]

The Persuasive Pom-pom

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

III

A Field-Artillerist passing a newly-imported Pom-pom overwhelmed it with Contumely, saying, "What has a Gunner to do with an Unqualified Sewing-machine?"

To this the virtuous Mechanism returned no answer, but communicated these Atrocious Sentiments to a fellow Pom-pom in the Opposing Army which, later, catching the Field-battery crossing a Donga gave it Ten-a-penny for two Minutes to the Confusion of all concerned.

"Alas!" said the Field-artillerist as he watched his Leg disassociate itself from the Remainder of his Anatomy, "Who would have thought that an Implement officially rejected by the War Office and what is more, damned by Myself, could have done so neat a Trick?"

Moral. Do not condemn the Unofficial. It hits hard.

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War's Brighter Side

THE MILITARY LETTER WRITER

Forms and Models

BY RUDYARD KIPLING AND PERCIVAL LANDON

No. I

(*From a General of Division unshaven for eight days who lost his horse, which he had lately commandeered from a subaltern of transport, after having dined not wisely but too well at a Cavalry Camp, five miles from his own tent, to which he was conducted through a rain-storm by an inebriated signaller, to Captain Vanderbyl of the Ninety-Third Field Hospital, given by voluntary subscriptions, of which the larger part remain to this day unpaid, so that the hospital is without bandages, lint, or beds, whom he suspects of being accessory to the animal's disappearance.*)

Respected Sir:—

It is with deep pain that I take my pen in hand to trespass on your valuable time, but the imperative needs of the case must be my justification.

Twelve happy hours ago I was the proud, and I may add, the lawful possessor of a bay mare, off fore foot white, white blaze and snip, near hind pastern marked by heel rope, unshod in front and ear nicked, which I think I left with a man with two heads but that may have been on account of the sherry and bitters and she was tied up to the railings because my boy forgot the blanket and I borrowed one from the hospital but anyhow I know that when I came out she was a lousy mule and the saddle

cost £6 10s. at the Army and Navy Stores and I may as well tell you at once if you have tried to dispose of it that they are marked all over with my name and rank. Therefore, Augustus Burstem, General of Division presents his compliments to Captain Vanderbyl and everybody in the camp knows the mule is yours and besides your boy was seen grooming her at the back of your tent this morning. I want it back by bearer.

Yours sincerely,

AUGUSTUS BURSTEM,
General.

No. II

(*From a saddle-chafed officer of the Staff with Evangelical convictions and a rooted distaste for Scouting, who has just come off a 10 days' march on quarter rations and has lost half his transport and 7 men by advancing in close order upon the white flag to his General, who has a taste for horse-racing and profanity and a good seat across country, seventeen and a half hours after his return to camp, and seventeen and one quarter hours after the General had expressed his* (*the General's*) *opinion upon his* (*the Captain's*) *facial peculiarities, mental attainments, moral rectitude, birth, parentage, and probable future.*)

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have been much perplexed for some days, in consequence of a growing conviction—which has indeed been deepening for some weeks—that we are each of us conscious that we have made a mistake

in becoming engaged. I believe you have this conviction, as I am obliged to confess I have. Now it is infinitely better that we face it at once. I would gladly be convinced that we have not been mistaken; and if I am wrong in believing that this thought has been in your mind as well as my own, pray forgive me for having misjudged you. How else can I account for the depression which seems to rule you when in my company, and for the apparent relief which parting seems to bring you? Now, will you do yourself and me the justice to ask yourself seriously whether or no (I) have at all correctly gauged your feelings? If so, I would wish to release you, for your own sake as well as for mine. It really seems that we have each discovered that our ideals are not to be found in each other. If so we shall respect each other none the less in future years that we had the courage to confess to each other that we have been mistaken. Kindly write when you are sure of the answer which you are sending.

Faithfully yours,

WALTER.

It is interesting to note that this and the following letter are taken literally word for word from a well-known "Letter-Writer." Thus we see the adaptability of these invaluable helps to the epistolary art. It will not be necessary to suggest the original suggested circumstances of this correspondence.

"Vive la Compagnie"

No. III

THE GENERAL'S ANSWER

DEAR WALTER,—I have taken a few days to sift my thoughts on the subject of your last. The conclusion that I have come to is practically the same as yours. I have no blame to lay on you; on the contrary, you have been most kind and considerate in all things. No doubt, without intending it, we have been both mistaken; and although we have honestly tried to be all to each other, yet that mysterious something which is perhaps best expressed by the word "affinity" has been lacking. So, without in the least losing my respect for you—rather it has increased—I accept the proposal contained in your last, viz., that our engagement should cease.

Sincerely yours,
B. I. TUMEN, Genl.

UNITED WE STAND

BY TROOPER G. SIMES, F SQUADRON, ROBERTS' HORSE

Who are these hasting with speed o'er the ocean,
Meeting together in one common cause,
Proving by deed and a whole-souled devotion,
Their love for our Flag and contempt for the Boers?

These are the oversea sons of one mother,
Some bred in sunshine and some bred in snow;
Meeting together as brother with brother,
One common kindred 'gainst one common foe.

Bright sunny land in the far-off Pacific,
Fit habitation for men such as these,
Proving their birthright in battle terrific,
Sons of the Mother though bred overseas.

Grand snow-clad land on the stormy Atlantic,
Home of our brothers who fight with us here—
Proving by deeds most high-souled and romantic
Their love for their country we all hold so dear.

This be our comfort and this be our beacon—
Blood that was shed has but bound us together,
No power can conquer, no quarrels shall weaken
The Rose and the Maple, the Wattle and Heather!

TEN-A-PENNY'S [1]

A certain General has breathed vengeance against two of the Editors of THE FRIEND, threatening to put them in his guard-room if he finds them within his lines. They are not afraid of him, but prefer to admire him as of old. They scorn his threats but will welcome an invitation to lunch.

[1] "Ten-a-Penny" was a soldiers' nickname for the Pom-pom. "The ——y Doorknocker" it was christened in the Highland Brigade. The word "Pom-pom" came first into use immediately after the battle of Modder River.

"Vive la Compagnie"

A linesman describing the arrival of the Guards Brigade at Bloemfontein after they had covered 41 miles in 22 hours: "An' they come in the last mile like a lot o' bloomin' Park hacks, steppin' 'igh an' dressin' most particular."

A French waiter at a Parisian café recently heard the news of Kimberley's relief and observed joyously: "Bon! Fashoda finds itself avenged. Behold, ze English again in the consommée, for ze French are in Kimberley!"

"Look here! You get away from this antheap. This is my antheap. There are plenty around, and you find one for yourself." The hail of Mauser bullets from the kopje was pretty heavy, and the nearest antheap at least fifty yards away, so the other Grahamstown man disputed the uitlander theory of his comrade, and insisted on staying. "Confound you, get away I tell you, your big feet are drawing the fire, if you don't I'll break your neck." "You shut up," said the other, "this antheap is as much mine as yours, besides if you talk of breaking necks, well——" There appeared to be no further conversation, but the officer observed the two men suddenly arise and a hot set-to followed. The fire was too hot for immediate inquiry, but after a prolonged round one man was knocked down, the other drew him behind the disputed shelter, and resumed patient firing at the enemy.

Later a request was made for orders regarding the possession of antheaps by irregulars.

War's Brighter Side

A well-known scout returning from Kimberley last week was taken prisoner at Modder River by a party of eight Boers. He was sent in charge of two burghers to the Boer camp near Brandfort. On the way the Boers off-saddled and their horses strayed. Leaving their prisoner alone with their guns and ammunition, which they had laid down, they went after the horses. Here was an excellent opportunity. Both Boers were at his mercy, but it looked too much like murder, so awaiting their return, the scout, who could speak the Taal, appealed to them to let him go, telling them that he could easily have shot them, but the war was nearly over, and he would not take men's lives in that way; further, that it would greatly inconvenience him to be taken North, and he might be able to put in a good word for them soon, if their farms should be in danger. After an hour's palaver they agreed to give him a show, and told him he could go. They then escorted him to the river and showed him the road to Bloemfontein.

PONT FILLED WITH BULLION

This is the story of two men who, unarmed, and without a guard brought £25,000 in bullion from Capetown to Bloemfontein, through a country still seething with dangers of war. The men were L. L. Michell, general manager of the Standard Bank of South Africa, and W. Munro du Preez, formerly of the National Bank of Harrismith, now teller of the Standard Bank's new Bloemfontein branch, which

opened to-day in the building on Market Square, formerly occupied by the Café Royal and later by the Military Post Office.

They left Capetown on Thursday a week ago, with twelve boxes of specie, each one of which weighed eighty pounds. For six days they lived, ate, and slept on those boxes. Their only holiday was at Naauwpoort, when they paid a high compliment to six A. and S. Highlanders by putting the boxes in their charge and going out to stretch their legs. For hundreds of miles the train ran through desolate karoo in which a band of train robbers would have stood a fair chance of success. At Colesberg the twelve heavy boxes were piled out again on the platform and into the ladies' waiting-room and the weary bankers stretched out on them, for the night.

There was to have been a military guard for the gold at Norval's Pont but somehow the guard did not connect. The bank men found themselves stalled at a broken bridge, with the choice of trusting their bullion to a thin wire rope slung across the broken spans, or putting it on a pont that formed a rope ferry across the river. They chose the pont.

The train from Capetown reached Orange River at 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. The train on the north side of the river had to wait until 7 o'clock for the gold.

The transfer across the river was the most interesting part of the journey. Messrs. Michell and du Preez deny that their interest had anything of

anxiety in it. They trusted the twelve sweating volunteers who wandered wide from the train to the pont with its 960 pounds avoirdupois and 25,000 pounds sterling. Du Preez walked at the head of the volunteers and Michell at the tail. The volunteers seemed to be walking all over the country.

So the twelve boxes were finally slammed into the guard's van on the north side of the river, and the bank manager and his teller clambered in on top of them. If there was a military guard on the train they didn't have the comfort of knowing it. They had been told that all the Boers were giving in their arms and that the country through which they rode was thoroughly pacified, but then, as du Preez said, "when you are travelling with twelve boxes of bullion you can't be dead sure of anything."

When the train reached Bloemfontein on Wednesday, the boxes were taken at once to the vaults of the National Bank of the Orange Free State, and the two men, wearied by their six days' vigil, went at once to bed, and to sleep.

Mr. Michell, who manages the Standard Bank affairs in all parts of South Africa, is only temporarily in Bloemfontein. Mr. D. Savory, formerly of the branch bank at Oudtshoorn, will be manager of the Bloemfontein branch. Mr. A. S. D. Robertson, formerly in the branch bank at Ceres, will be accountant, and Mr. du Preez will be teller.

CHAPTER XIII

We Leave "The Friend" to See a Fight

The Thirteenth Number, produced by Mr. James Barnes of New York

The last of the dinner was still in our mouths, the last words in answer to the toasts had not been spoken five hours when, at daybreak on the 29th, we were all, except Mr. James Barnes, on the way to the battle of the Glen (or of Karree Siding, as it is sometimes called). Mr. Barnes most kindly remained to take entire control of The Friend, which is to say that he undertook the work of four men, and had as his only assistant a bright young American journalist from Philadelphia, Mr. Joseph W. Jenkins. This young gentleman had worked hard and gratuitously for us from the first as the gatherer of the news of the little capital, and very fertile and versatile he proved.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh took Mr. Kipling to the fight in his Cape-cart, and they started out

with more style and comfort than an Oriental general swaying on the cushioned howdah of his elephant charger. But the course of a day in war is as uncertain as that of love or as the nature of the white men, and, early in the day, the Poet of the Empire was under a hot Mauser fire. Far from being nervous or regretting the experience, he seemed to feel only the tingle of the excitement. If you could get him to refer to it you saw that he rejoiced to have felt the breath and heard the weird, low song of the leaden rain.

For myself I had such an inglorious escapade as no man would care to dwell upon who was in a war to get the best or the worst, but not to be incapacitated by what could have happened at home. In a word, I went into a wire fence off the back of a frightened racehorse, and was obliged to go on to the battle, belated and with both fore-arms torn into strips, not to speak of injuries which must stay by me as mementoes of the day so long as I live.

Mr. Barnes's number of THE FRIEND was a good one. His editorial, "As to the Future," was very vigorous, and must have pleased Sir Alfred Milner, who did us the honour to say that he valued the paper as a most efficient arm of the effort to pacify and reconcile to their fate our neighbours of the Free State. He sug-

gested to me that we should address ourselves more drectly to the Boers, and always with a view to impressing them with our magnanimous intentions, and the benefits and advantages of enlightened British rule. It was his suggestion, also, that all articles calculated to encourage resignation on their part should be duplicated in the Taal language, and this wise plan we began at once to endeavour to follow. We succeeded but feebly, because we did not know the Taal ourselves, and we could not trust the majority of the sometimes "slim" ones among the few who were able to perform the work of translation creditably.

In this number of the paper Mr. Barnes published No. 4 of Mr. Kipling's "Fables for the Staff," and the poem by Mr. Kipling on Percival Landon's birthday. "A Realistic Comedy," by an anonymous writer, the third of Mr. Gwynne's articles on the art of war, and a bit of a brief correspondence between the army telegraphists and Mr. Bennet Burleigh were also in this entertaining number.

Mr. Barnes was exceedingly well liked by all who knew him in the army, and was much sought as a companion, for his unvarying good humour and for such a fund of anecdotes, songs, and imitations as was possessed by no one else of our acquaintance. I think the best of his

anecdotes of his own experiences in the war was concerning the Boer losses at Driefontein. The British had found more than sixty bodies, and knew that fifty other Boers had been killed. (I will not say that these are the exact figures, but they give a just idea of the actual losses of the Boers.) Nevertheless, when Barnes questioned a Boer prisoner taken at that battle, the man said that his force had suffered a loss of only eight killed.

"Then who is it that gets killed by our bullets in all these fights?" Barnes asked. "We fight you, and after each battle we see the dead being carried off; we find other dead on the field, and we see the loose mounds of earth under which you have hastily buried others. Who are these dead men?"

"I don't know," said the slim rascal, "our commandant said we only had eight men killed at Abraham's Kraal (Driefontein)."

"I understand," said Barnes. "He must know how many you lost. But we saw over sixty dead bodies where you had been fighting, whose bodies do you suppose they were? not Boers, of course, but still they belonged to some people who had been shot. There seems to be in South Africa a mysterious race of people who follow you around in this war and persist in getting in the way of our bullets. I should think

you would warn them of their danger, or give orders for them to stop coming to all the battles. They may have wives and children who mourn them; at all events, they are not needed as filters in all the rivers, or for starting informal cemeteries all over the veldt as they have been doing ever since the fighting began. I wonder what people they are."

"I don't know. We only lost eight," said the Boer.

"And we buried sixty," said Barnes. "Really you ought to find out who these bullet-stoppers are, and warn them not to be always getting killed by us who have no quarrel with them and are only trying to shoot Boers."

Another of Mr. Barnes's tales is of that awful daybreak massacre at Maghersfontein. Mr. Barnes was forging ahead to learn what had happened when he met three men in kilts dashing over the veldt, away from the battle.

"Here," Mr. Barnes cried, "who are you? Where are you going?"

"Oh, mon," said one of the poor unnerved chaps, "we are a' that's left o' the Black Watch."

In defence of themselves against some inconvenience of which Mr. Burleigh had complained, these men of the R.E. Corps declared that their staff in Bloemfontein "performed 17 (seventeen) hours last Sunday in order to re-

move pressure produced to a great extent by work other than military. Whilst every other arm of the service had been enjoying a brief and well-earned rest, our portion has consisted of at least twelve hours' hard work at the instrument, cooped up in a room reeking with a pestilential atmosphere which has, in several cases, produced violent vomiting.

"After all, we can nurse to our breasts the satisfaction that our gallant Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to specially thank the much-despised corps for the indispensable services rendered by it."

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

NO. 11.] BLOEMFONTEIN, THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1900. [Price One Penny.

GOVERNMENT NOTICE

By order of his Lordship the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief the British Forces in South Africa, it is notified that Quit Rents on Farms should now be paid in to the Receiver at the Landdrost's Office. Amounts not paid on or before the 31st May, 1900, are liable to be doubled.

JAMES A. COLLINS, Landdrost.

Landdrost's Office, Bloemfontein, March 26, 1900.

We Leave to See a Fight

FABLES FOR THE STAFF[1]

IV.—Vain Horses

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

A Cavalry-horse of indubitable Valour, carrying a complete Wardrobe Office and House-keeping Apparatus on his back, met by chance a Boer pony of unprepossessing Exterior.

"My ungroomed Friend," said the Horse, "let me draw your attention to my Master's portable Bath, Umbrella, Typewriter, Hair Brushes, Dressing-case, and complete Service of Plate; also to my own spare Shoes and cold Collation for the next Week. Few I opine enjoy such luxurious appointments."

"They are indeed *fin de siècle* and *non-plus-ultra*," remarked the ewe-necked Son of the Veldt, "but You must excuse Me for I see my Master approaching. He does not use Hair-brushes, and I have neither spare shoes nor curry combs."

"Then I must trouble you to return as my Prisoner," said the Horse.

"On the contrary," replied the Child of the ungrassed Kopje, "It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us. Let me draw your attention to my scintillatery heels."

So saying the Unkempt Equine departed in a neat cloud of Dust, from the Centre of which his Master scientifically shot the Cavalry Horse in the Abdomen.

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War's Brighter Side

A BIRTHDAY GREETING[1]

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Tell the smiling Afric morn,
  Let the stony kopje know,
Landon of the *Times* was born
  One and thirty years ago.

Whisper greetings soft and low,
  Pour the whisky, deal the bun,
Only Bell and Buckle know
  All the evil he has done.

FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

In accordance with the public notice printed in this journal, a meeting of war correspondents was held yesterday afternoon at the Free State Hotel, Bloemfontein, when the arrangements for a concert to be given in the Town Hall " in aid of widows and orphans " were discussed. Messrs. Bennet Burleigh (*Daily Telegraph*), Pearce (*Daily News*), Maxwell (*Standard*), and Haarburgher, were appointed members of the Executive Committee with power to add to their number, and it was decided that the proceeds of the concert should be divided equally

[1] The birthday of Mr. Percival Landon. This poem is copyrighted in England and America, and is used here by Mr. Kipling's permission.

between the London and Bloemfontein funds. The date, which remains to be fixed, will probably be Friday of next week, and the prices of admission 5s., 3s., and 1s., the latter for soldiers in uniform.

A REALISTIC COMEDY

I haven't often been really defeated, but I felt very like it that Black Monday.

My convoy consisted of self and Jimmy (my subaltern), two conductors, 100 native drivers, about 500 oxen, and 40 waggons. We were hundreds of miles from the front so had no escort, and were fifteen miles from anywhere. The country was simply a succession of kopjes as like each other as a pair of ammunition boots, the map was much too small a scale to be of any use, and our native guide had lost the way!

We ought to have struck water about dawn, after trekking all night, but there wasn't a sign of it. The heat was awful as we toiled our dusty way between those glaring kopjes, until about noon we sighted a stagnant dam, half full, and we went for it like savages, men, oxen and all.

It must have been absolute rank poison. In a couple of hours two men were writhing on the ground, a score more, blue and shivering, were feeling touched, and the whole lot were thoroughly funked. It was just like a native cholera camp in India, and to those who have experienced that I need say no more.

We sent out our most useful men on our best horses, to hunt the country, five miles round for a farm or well; we started fires to boil water and worked our wretched little filters for all they were worth. Jimmy and I had a bottle of chlorodyne apiece, but they were empty in an hour or so and our whisky was finished soon afterward. I had meant to trek again as soon as it got dark, but before the sun touched the horizon all our scouts were back—not a drop of water anywhere! Had there been any, I doubt if we could have got to it —half our oxen were incapable of moving and the blacks were simply off their heads. But I noticed that our chlorodyne, either by its own power, or by the belief they put in it, had really done good. So I made up my mind to a night there and called up one of the conductors.—" Take the native guide and bring me two of the best horses you can find—ride straight on for all you are worth—find a farm—offer them any sum to send on this note of mine to Viten Siding for a doctor and medicines—bring back any drugs they've got and brandy or spirits—come back as hard as you can."

Then we settled down to the most ghastly night I've ever spent; we walked the bed cases up and down—don't know what good this is but had seen it done in India—put on mustard poultices till we fairly took the blacks' skins off—and knocked down a few who were howling about the camp in sheer panic. I don't know what I should have done without Jimmy, but even his chaff couldn't keep

the poor devils amused. About midnight I had a bad turn myself and Jimmy put me to bed, but it wore off, and I fell into a nightmared slumber. Just before dawn I awoke; Jimmy was brewing coffee and whistling: "When we are married."

"How do you feel?" he said.

"Perfectly fit again. Any dead?"

"Only two, but they were sick before. All the lot in blue funks still."

"Conductor back?"

"No." Then we strained our eyes in the direction where he had disappeared.

I remember wondering dreamily why Jimmy whistled so damned out of tune, and whether any of us would ever get out of this death-trap, when we saw a speck far up the road. Jimmy stopped in the middle of "Dolly Day Dreams," spilt his coffee, and dashed off up the road.

The conductor had killed his own horse and the guide's; had found a farm ten miles away; had sent on my note but Doctor could not arrive till to-morrow; there were no drugs at the farm, but he'd brought us two bottles of Dop [1] and four loaves of fresh bread done up in a brown parcel!

A crowd of niggers were hovering round as near my tent as they dared come, hoping to catch an inkling of the news, and I could tell from the tone of their low mutterings that they expected nothing good. For a moment I was badly defeated.

Then a Heaven-sent inspiration seized me—

[1] Cape Good Hope brandy.

"Well, Brown," I said, raising my voice, "So that's the chlorodyne is it?"—I seized the big brown-paper parcel—"It's five o'clock now; tell every Jack man in camp he's to fall in here sharp at six for a dose of chlorodyne."

The conductor stared at me; I suppose he thought I was mad.

"Don't you hear," I cried; "go off at once, and don't let anybody interrupt us while we have breakfast." And I managed to give him the faintest wink—in another minute I heard him shouting my order through the camp.

"Jimmy, let's make chlorodyne." Jimmy grinned. "Collis Browne's is the best," he said; "twenty drops for an adult."

Then he started whistling again while we shut up the tent and went to work.

"Small bottles are no use," I said, "must have wholesale manufactory; we'll find that demi-john."

We started with two tins of condensed milk—to give it a bit of body—and a tin of Van Houten's cocoa made a grand colouring. Two big spoonfuls of red pepper, "to ginger it up." "Must mix our flavour," said Jimmy, "or they'll recognise the brand"—so in went Bengal chutney and strawberry jam. We were rummaging out our grocery box—"Sardines ain't much use, nor cheese, nor Danish butter; but here's a bottle of the nastiest pickles I ever tasted, let's give them the juice of that; they won't believe it's medicine unless it tastes bad."

"My tooth powder is nasty enough," said Jim-

my, "Carbolic something, and warranted to do no harm—in it goes."

The two bottles of Dop were chucked in as a finish and the mixture was nasty enough for anybody—rich brown, creamy, and fiery hot.

Jimmy had entered heart and soul into the business—"None's genuine without the label," he cried, and rushed at our small stationery box. "Hullo, sealing wax, here, you find a cork and seal it up; these cards will do for labels. Some of these niggers can read and write, so we must play the game right through. If they spot us we're done. Now, men—Genuine Chlorodyne—for coughs, colds, &c. —every three hours till the pain ceases; to be well shaken before taken. And another label—To O.C. No. 2, General Hospital, Viten Sideing,—On H.M. Service—free—franked. Dirty the paper a bit to show it's come a long way—then when we throw the jar away they'll see it's genuine."

"They don't have chlorodyne in our hospitals," I suggested.

"Go to blazes! the niggers aren't cute enough for that. But look here, old chap, you look a bit cheap; we'll resurrect you to start with. I'm afraid you'll have to take some, but I'll make it as small a dose as I can."

Then I lay down huddled up in a corner. The opening tableau was ready, and we rang up the curtain, or rather the tent-flap. Jimmy was as serious as a judge: "All present, conductor? All right; where's that medicine got to? Oh, there;

now then, anybody got a corkscrew?" A hum went up from the figures squatting round. Jimmy held up his hand: "Quiet there, the captain is very bad; I must see to him first." He lifted my drooping head and forced a spoonful of the filth between my teeth.

I heaved a sigh, patted myself below the belt, rolled my eyes open, and stood up, fully recovered!

Astonishment mingled with applause!

We selected a hulking, big brute as the next victim. He was palpably shamming; he spluttered a bit over his dose, but took the cue from me: patted himself, rolled his eyes, and was recovered.

Genuine plaudits.

"Next," said Jimmy. It reminded me of the brimstone and treacle at Dotheboys Hall.

Applause gave way to regular hilarity, and the blacks were soon ragging each other on the faces they made.

"This is the biggest thing of modern times," said Jimmy as the last man went off grinning and spluttering. "Talk about faith-healing—well, either it's an absolute fact, or else we two are the leading medical stars of the new century."

Then Jimmy and I shook hands, and he tried to whistle "Dolly Day Dreams" again, but couldn't manage it for a minute or two.

There were a few real bad cases still, but they all pulled through.

Then we served out to the men the best rations we could raise and a bit of 'baccy apiece. They

cooked away with a will, filled themselves out with breakfast, lay down beneath their waggons, and went to sleep.

Jimmy and I went to sleep too. At sunset we inspanned and made the 10 miles to the farm early. Our doctor met us there.

But I shall never hear "Dolly Day Dreams" again without thinking of bare veldt, black faces, and chlorodyne.

ANONYMOUS.

THE "N.C.O."

There's some one in the Army that
I'd like to write about,
For it's seldom that he gets his
share of praise,
He's as gallant as most lions and
you can always hear him shout,
Through the rattle of the battle
now-a-days.

When we read in all the papers of
the Comp'ny officers killed
We don't stop to think who has
to take their place;
But if we knew, our hearts with
admiration would be filled
For the N.C.O. with grim and
grimy face.

War's Brighter Side

His language on the barrack square,
ain't quite what it should be,
And it's probable he likes his
whack of beer,
But there's nothing like that voice
of his, and never yet will be
To steady the young soldier when
he's feeling " Bullet-queer."

He's ahead in all the rushes, he's
the last one to retire,
And in battle's got a joke for every
one;
He doesn't seem to mind a damn, when
under Mauser fire,
And he don't forget the wounded
when the day is fought and won.

Then, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, here's
more work for you to do,
You've sung of gallant " Tommies "
and their deeds,
Just write about their N.C.O.'s
and give them all their due,
For good N.C.O.'s are what the
Army needs.

C.

We Leave to See a Fight

IS THE ART OF WAR REVOLUTIONISED?

BY H. A. GWYNNE

III.—*Cavalry*

The "Art of War," which, I must confess, is but a feeble equivalent for the *art militaire* of the French, covers strategy and tactics. In discussing the duties of any particular arm in warfare it is obvious that the discussion must necessarily deal with tactics rather than strategy, which, I take it, will not undergo any great change as long as human nature remains subject to its present limitations. But the arm which I am now discussing has been and will be in the future even more the chief instrument used by a general who wishes to carry out big strategic movements. Wherefore cavalry must, above all things, be mobile, ready to move at the shortest moment, prepared in every respect to carry out quickly the ideas of the commander.

The "strategic arm," as the cavalry has been styled, has been called upon, during the present campaign, to face difficulties which have been almost unknown in former campaigns. First and foremost it has had to operate against an army of mounted infantry, more mobile than itself. Waterless plains, heat, and short rations, have been difficulties which in Europe would be absent. Foreign criticisms on the operations of our cavalry in the present campaign are based on false premises, inasmuch that their authors assume a plentiful supply of water, an

equable climate, an easy transport, and a fair amount of supplies. They have not taken into account the fact that our cavalry have had to cut themselves off from all supplies in what, for all practical purposes, is a howling desert, for the English horses have steadily refused to touch the veldt-grass. If there is one criticism on the operations of our cavalry which can in any sense be justified, it is that in many cases we have made it an objective of our movements to charge the enemy. By doing so, we have perhaps sacrificed opportunities of outflanking the Boers for the illusive chance of proving the efficiency of the *arme blanche* on an enemy, whose only weapon is a rifle. I once heard a distinguished cavalry officer declare that it was his conviction that in a two-mile race, starting fair, the Boer, mounted on his little African pony, would outpace our troopers riding a big English horse and carrying an equipment which reminded him of the picture of Father Christmas. But as over two million people have at different times criticised the weight of cavalry equipment, and nobody, except the Boer, has given us a remedy, we may leave this portion of our subject to lecturer—the U.S. Institute.

The great question which will have to be answered in the near future is whether the mounted force of an army is to be cavalry or mounted infantry. To my mind there can be no doubt about the answer. The mounted forces of the future will be cavalry, and in much greater proportion to infantry than at present. The great force of mounted

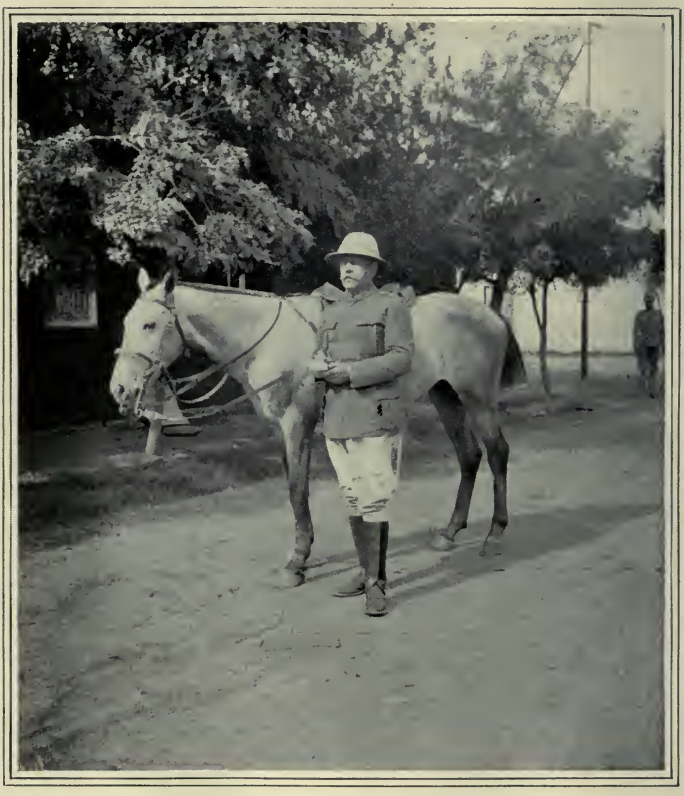
infantry which we have raised in the present war is intended to cope with an army of Mounted Infantry opposed to us. Whether they will ever be used again is doubtful. But what certainly will be the case is that the cavalry of the future will have to know how to shoot, and must be provided with something better than a carbine to shoot with. And practically they will then be Mounted Infantry with an *arme blanche.* "Shock tactics" will have to give place to long-range firing, and the cavalrymen of the future will be seen digging and holding trenches, holding kopjes, and *repelling with rifle fire the advance of the enemy's Cavalry.* This indeed will be a revolution.

CHAPTER XIV

My Horse Offered For Sale

Kipling at last writes something that pleases the Boers—A Predikant's letter

In the paper of March 30th we offered as complete and—you may be sure—as unique a newspaper as it was possible to produce. It contained the fresh news of the world, and it was at the same time full of the atmosphere of the army and the battlefield; of the outpourings of men who had laid down the sword and rifle to take up the pen. I wish I could reproduce the entire paper, but after all it was like many that followed, and to reproduce them all would make a book too cumbrous to handle and too full of warlike and military subjects to interest at least half of the public. Practically the entire first page was given up to proclamations, and looked like a miniature hoarding hidden under miniature posters. These crowded over into two columns of the second page, which also contained



Julian Ralph and his horse "Rattlesnake."

the still swelling display of advertisements of lost horses and horses for sale. Among the latter was this—

First-class Hunter for Sale

Julian Ralph desires to sell his blooded hunter "Rattlesnake," a superb horse with noted pedigree. He is in splendid working condition (*aside—has caused his owner to wear a casing of lint, and to walk with difficulty on a heavy stick*). The horse can be seen at the Red House behind the Dutch Reformed Church.

The italics in the above advertisement are inserted here, and were not in the newspaper. They suggest what novel forms advertisements would often take if the advertisers always truthfully explained why they wished to part with their property.

W. A. Koller, the town clerk, notified all residents to call upon him and make a true statement of the *bonâ fides* of all their possessions in horseflesh. Captain P. Holland-Pryor, A.A.G., requested every burgher who had not given up any Government horse in his possession to do so without delay. Truly, the horse occupied a large share of interest and attention—much larger now that we were in need of horses than

when they had come in abundance from every corner of the earth.

We published a remarkable address to the Free Staters by the Rev. A. A. Van der Lingen, once a candidate for the Presidency. He asked them if it was right for them to assail the peaceful territories of the British when thousands of their kith and kin are enjoying a full and perfect measure of equality and justice. He demanded to know " what you think seriously, in your own minds, will become of you if you prosecute the war and lose." The " old soldiers of Bloemfontein "—it seems there were eight retired veterans—cheered the Field-Marshal with an address.

Our five-guinea competition for the renaming of the Colony went on apace, and we recorded a great day of sport among the men of the Sixth Division, who enjoyed the band of the Buffs and the pipes of the Seaforths, Gordons, Black Watch, and Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. Major the Honourable Robert White directed the sports with greater success than had attended anything of the kind among our troops on this side of Natal.

The soldiers still filed into our bare and dirty quarters asking for the paper, and one of them complained that it was not sent out to his camp, and that he had to come in and get it.

"Canadian, aren't you?" Mr. Kipling asked, "from out on the wheat belt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, man, then what are you talking about? You'd ride in to Winnipeg, twenty miles, to get a paper if you were at home."

Mr. Kipling on this day wrote a tribute to General Joubert, whose death had just been made known to us. Hours after he wrote the poem, when tired of waiting to see the proof, he walked over to the printing-office and set up the last line of it at one of the printers' cases. What the printers thought of him we never knew, but he never forgot that the first bit of paper he picked up from the floor of the editorial room, when he was looking for something that had fallen from the table, was a violent attack upon himself in a piece of a Free State newspaper.

The only bit of all our work that our compositors saved was this poem to Joubert. That and a portrait of the late firebrand, Borckenhagen, were the only ornaments they deemed worthy to decorate their composing room walls.

There were at least two English-speaking men among them. I grant to them the benefit of the doubt whether my reflections should extend to them also.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

NO. 12] BLOEMFONTEIN, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1900. [Price One Penny.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE LATE GENERAL JOUBERT

LORD ROBERTS' TELEGRAM OF SYMPATHY

BLOEMFONTEIN.

His Honour President Kruger, President of the South African Republic, Pretoria.

(Clear the line.) I have just received the news of General Joubert's death, and I desire at once to offer my sincere condolence to your Honour and the Burghers of the South African Republic on this sad event. I would ask you to convey to General Joubert's family the expression of my most respectful sympathy in their sad bereavement, and to assure them also from me that all ranks of Her Majesty's forces now serving in South Africa share my feeling of deep regret at the sudden and untimely end of so distinguished a General who devoted his life to the service of his country and whose personal gallantry was only surpassed by his humane conduct and chivalrous bearing under all circumstances.—ROBERTS.

My Horse Offered For Sale

GENERAL JOUBERT[1]

(Died March 27, 1900)

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,
He had no part whose hands were clear of gain;
But, subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a People, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one—
Telling old battles over without hate,
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

He shall not meet the onsweep of our van
In the doomed city where we close the score;
Yet o'er his grave—his grave that holds a Man—
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once more!

(Editorial)

DEATH OF GENERAL JOUBERT

No words of ours are needed to supplement the telegram of Lord ROBERTS and the three stanzas by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, which we print to-day, upon the news we have received of General Jou-

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BERT'S death. We feel that we are but giving expression to the feeling of every man in the army of occupation in expressing our most sincere regret in hearing of the sudden decease of the great leader of our enemy.

FABLES FOR THE STAFF[1]

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

V

A General, having offered libations to Fortuna, went out to fight a Battle in the course of which his Frontal Attack developed into a Rear Guard action, and his left Flank became a Modulus of varying Elasticity for several hours, owing to his right Flank having wandered towards the Equator.

The Enemy seeing these Inexplicable Evolutions, were so overcome with Amazement that They retired in large Numbers and left the General a complete Victory.

A week later, the General, learning from the Reports of his Staff that he was a Heaven-born Strategist, diligently read a Book and gave Battle upon the lines therein laid down.

After this he was never seen to smile but frequently heard to murmur: "If I had only trusted my bally Luck instead of a bally Book, I should not be now travelling first-class to Stellenbosch."

MORAL.—Invention is a good servant, but the Letter killeth.

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My Horse Offered For Sale

A BRAVE CANADIAN

BLOEMFONTEIN, *March 28th.*

DEAR SIR,—In answer to a paragraph appearing in your paper of a past date under the heading of "Acts of Bravery performed during the War," allow me to quote one which I witnessed at Paardeberg on the morning of Cronje's surrender on February 27th. Every one knows of the gallant display made by the Royal Canadians on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, and how, as daylight broke, they had again occupied their trenches, leaving sixty killed and wounded on the field. As the sun came up behind the kopjes, revealing once more to Cronje and his men the exact position of our trenches, they opened a heavy fire upon them, and woe to the man who was indiscreet enough to show his head and shoulders over the earthworks! Between the trenches and the Boer position lay Canadian dead and dying. About 5.30 a wounded man about five hundred yards away was seen to be trying to make for our trenches under a heavy fire, but was at last observed to fall. Now and then, between the volleys, he was seen to wave his hands as if for assistance. Suddenly from the left of us a form was seen to climb the earthworks in front of our trenches, jumping down to make straight for the place where the wounded man lay, about ninety yards from the Boer trenches. Utterly regardless of the scathing fire which hissed about him, he ran on, and at last reached the wounded man and tried to lift him, but

it was too late, for the poor fellow had breathed his last. Seeing it was of no avail, his would-be rescuer walked back over the ground he had covered, and although bullets whistled around him and tore up the ground in every direction, he coolly regained his trenches with a pipe stuck between his teeth. I have since ascertained his name was Private Thompson, of the Royal Canadians, and although I do not know whether his case is one *recommended* for distinction or not, still I have never during the campaign seen a case of such coolness and pluck as that displayed by Private Thompson. Considering the galling fire that swept the distance of four or five hundred yards which he covered in his endeavour to reach the wounded man, also his close proximity to the Boer trenches, it seems marvellous that he ever lived to get within four hundred yards of him, not to mention getting back without a scratch. His case is one of the most deserving of recognition, coming, as it does, from amongst the ranks of the gallant Canadian Volunteers, by whose side we have fought and marched since we left Graspan, and than whom a jollier or pluckier lot of boys never lived.

ONE OF THE GORDONS WHO WAS THERE.

THE EMPIRE'S DEFENDERS

BY B. CHARLES TUCKER

See, they come marching over the plain,
Cheerfully bearing their wounds and pain,

My Horse Offered For Sale

Soldiers and sailors alike to the work,
Never a man of them doing a shirk.
These are the men that you owe a debt;
England, remember it; never forget.

Scorched and parched 'neath the broiling sun,
Not a word of complaint, work *must* be done.
Wounded and shattered, bespattered with blood,
Drinking of water akin to mud.
These are the men you owe a debt;
England, remember it; never forget.

Ponder it well in your leisured ease,
These, the soldiers of lands and seas,
Building the Empire hour by hour,
These, the foundation of all thy power,
These are the men whom you owe a debt;
Empire, remember; you dare not forget.

THE SILENT ARMY

BY A. E. C.

The Silent Army 'as its work,
Duties that it cannot shirk,
Six days a week; then there's kirk
For us in the Silent Army.
There's guards ter mount, fatigues to do,
Bread ter make an' meat ter stew.
If yer think there's time ter write to you,
Well! strite! yer must be barmy.

War's Brighter Side

Yer says yer owns as we can fight,
Able to read, but not to write;
We tries to fly our own kite,
Us chaps in the Silent Army.
We're glad enough ter git your print,
Glad enough when bound with lint,
Y're dull if yer can't take the 'int;
Indeed! yer must be barmy.

It isn't always that us men
Finds the time to use a pen,
For we've work to do, sir, when
We are in the Silent Army.
We 'as our duties to attend,
Food to cook and clothes to mend;
Arsk Kiplin', he's the sojers' friend—
The friend of the Silent Army.

[The hint has been taken as far as the hospitals are concerned. They get THE FRIEND on application.—THE EDS.]

GRUMBLES FROM THE RANKS

That a soldier's life is a merry one
Is what some people say,
But when you're on short rations,
Well, it isn't half so gay;
And you can't "live fat" in Bloemfontein
Upon a bob a day.

Grumble No. 1.—This is a recognised fact with bread at 1s. per loaf, tea at 6d. per cup, and sugar at 1s. 6d. per lb.

My Horse Offered For Sale

If you've had a present sent from home,
  You can take the tip from me,
It's been " commandeered " by somebody,
  And it's one you'll never see,
So as each mail arrives you ask,
  " Where can that parcel be? "

Grumble No. 2.—Almost every man has a complaint to make regarding the non-receipt of parcels despatched from home.

Then when you see the water-cart,
  You rush up for a drink,
You're going to get a " quencher,"
  At least, that's what you think;
But it's only there for ornament,
  And you're threatened with the " clink."

Grumble No. 3.—According to some authorities, the soldier, like the camel, can go for lengthened periods without water. The soldier himself thinks otherwise.

By night we had to stand the cold,
  By day we stood the heat,
And we got lots of duty,
  But not very much to eat;
We had two biscuits daily,
  Some tea (?) and half-cooked meat.

Grumble No. 4.—Some one having said that eating was a habit, it was decided that several experiments should be tried. The

first (half-rations) having proved an unqualified success, should be followed by another of a more exhaustive nature. Tommy suggests that this one (no rations for a fortnight) should be tried upon the officers.

We're rugged in appearance,
  Of a tint distinctly brown,
We're bearded and we're dirty,
  As well as broken down:
So why the dickens don't they send
  Our kit-bags from Capetown?

Grumble No. 5.—This is what we would like to know.

PLUNGER.

CHAPTER XV

Contributions from Kipling

At this time—on the very night before this, if recollection serves me right—I went up to the quarters of the Staats Artillerie, and there found General Pole-Carew in his headquarters. It was always like a breath of new life to see him, to hear his vigorous views on the war he believed in conducting against the Boers, and to note how thoroughly he was the master of all the information of value that could be obtained wherever he was.

His headquarters—remember he was the dandy of the army as well as one of its shrewdest and bravest men—was a bare-walled building that a monk would have considered cheerless. The dining-room, where his guests were received, was not as attractive as any dining-room in any Tommy's barracks at home. It contained a little table heaped with papers and a large table set with kitchen knives and forks, enamelled iron mugs, and sparklet bottles by

way of combined service and ornament. I stayed to dinner of beef and potatoes, bread and butter, and whisky and water, and sat next to Colonel Crabbe, of the Grenadiers, with his arm in a sling from his second wounding in the war. A brave and gallant company was there —of beau sabreurs and veterans who took life as it came and enjoyed its every phase.

Two titled ladies (Lady Charles Bentinck and Lady Edward Cecil) had been the last guests of that mess. I wonder what they thought when they realised how their idols of the Guards were living. And what they would have thought had they farther realised that these officers were really feeling up to their knees in clover, being vastly better off than they had been at any time in the previous five or six months. When they were enjoying the serious phases of campaigning—out on the veldt in tents, or oftener still with no shelter at all—the ladies would have found them just as spirited and gay—except that no ladies could ever have found them at all or ventured where they were.

Those men of the Guards have long been called the "London Pets" and "stay at homes" and "feather-bed soldiers," but they very quickly lived down their nicknames in South Africa. There nobody petted them;

they had no beds (or even tents) between Modder of evil memory and Koomati Poort some six or seven months distant, in time, nor did they manage to get sent home—or want to do so, either. Lord! what brave chaps they are! and what fighters! I saw them fight at Belmont, at Modder, and at Maghersfontein, and I know. Through all the killing and wounding and sickness, the forty-four miles of marching in one spell of twenty-two hours, the half-rations, the tropic heat and the intense cold, the officers were ever jocular and spirited. One said to me, as he pointed at Maghersfontein Kopje, "Set a brewery up on top of that and my regiment will take the place in a romp." But the most characteristic anecdote I have to tell of one of these West-end London dandies is told by himself in a letter he sent to me: "It is cold and wet here now. I have got a bad attack of lumbago, and it took me ten minutes to straighten up and get on my feet when I woke this morning. I went off on out-post duty, and some Boers began sniping at my men until we could not put up with it any longer, when I gave the order to rush over to where they were and do them up. The devils ran away before we could kill them. I am sorry you are down with that leg. You should be here, enjoying all the fun."

War's Brighter Side

We published the sixth of Mr. Kipling's fables in this number, among scores of articles most interesting there and then, but not repeatable to advantage here and now.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900.

FABLES FOR THE STAFF[1]

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

An Intelligence Officer, meeting a strayed Kaffir without visible Means of Subsistence, reprobated him for a Spy and Forthwith cast him into Jail, where he languished for two Days.

At the Expiration of his Incarceration the Kaffir fell into the hands of a Discerning Colonial who filled him with Cape Smoke and engaged him in idle Persiflage for three Hours.

"My Word!" said the Colonial when the grateful Son of Ham had departed, "that Ethiop is full to the back Teeth of most valuable Information! Let us give him a new Coat and a Pound of Tobacco."

"On the Contrary," said the I.O., "He is a Wastrel and a Stinker. He cannot reply to Direct Questions and habitually contradicts himself."

[1] No. 6 of the series. Copyrighted; used here by permission.

"That," said the Discerning Colonial, "is just It! I am about to act upon his Inaccuracies."

This the Colonial did with great Success, and wiped up Seven of the Enemy advancing up a Spruit in the Cool of the Evening.

On reporting his Achievement, the Intelligence Officer reported the Colonial for supplying the Kaffir with Illicit Liquor.

MORAL. Oh Cæsar!

KOPJE-BOOK MAXIMS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING, PERCIVAL LANDON, AND A. H. GWYNNE

Various

You cannot argue with a Shell, a Mule or a Press Censor.

The nearer to the Press Censor the further from Truth.

(N.B.—This is generally guaranteed by the Press Censor.)

It's a wise Field Marshal that knows his own Generals.

It's a long front that has no turning.

"A shell in time saves nine," as the 4.7 said when it opened on the sniper.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," as ——'s Horse said when they found the poultry yard.

Providence and the Company Officer have a great deal to look after.

Between two rivers, drink Modderietly.

It's always the next shell that will do the trick.

Five under cover is fifty in the open.

PRICES IN BLOEMFONTEIN

When you've tightened up you waistbelt just a pair
of holes or so,
When you've tackled your last bit of armoured
"duff,"
Then you put your bally pipe on, and you puff and
spit and blow,
And you realize half ration ain't enough.
You go into the market and you purchase lots of
grub
Off the farmers whom friend Steyn has done a
scoot from,
And when you ask the price of it, that's where you
cop the rub,
For it takes away your breath just like a pom-
pom.

Duke's son, Cook's son, all of 'em want their
scoff,
Fifty thousand horse and foot struggling to get
some grub,

Each of 'em doing his country's work, and each
being *done* in turn,
If you want to buy things in Bloemfontein you
must pay! pay! pay!

When they charge a "bob" for hair-cut and a
tanner for a shave,
It makes you say things that you didn't ought,
And the 'umble loaf of "rootey" costs a tanner, or
a bob,
Is this the kind of sympathy they're taught?
There's a luxury called butter that Tommy likes to
buy,
And he'll have it if he's got the oof, you bet,
But three bob a bloomin' pound makes a hole in
Atkins' pay
'Cos he ain't paid C'lonial wages (not just yet).

Clerk's son, Grocer's son, son of a Haberdasher,
All the Gents in Khaki chucking their pelf
away,
Each of 'em done his country's work,
It's hard to be done in turn,
If you want to buy grub in Bloemfontein you've
to pay! pay! pay!

When you've tightened up your waistbelt just a pair
of holes or so,
When you lay yourself out flat and go to sleep,
Then you dream of home and mother and some
glorious feasts to go,
And you wake up, pray, and find you've done a
weep;

For you've dreamt that bread and butter's gone up
3d. more in price,
(These loyal (?) folks charge really what they
choose, sir)
Then you say, "Well, roll on, England," where
there ain't no bloomin' lice,
And where there's many a cheap and comfy
booser.

Merchant's son, Cook's son, sons of the plebs
galore,
Rushing, in ragged Khaki, anxious to spend
their brass,
Each of 'em's done his country's work, but the
extra bob a day
Don't go far in Bloemfontein, where you've
always to pay! pay! pay!

"BLOBSWITCH."

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL

BY M. A. P.

Many stories are being told just now about Colonel Baden-Powell, his wide range of general knowledge and his fondness for jokes. He has travelled a great deal, of course, but his knowledge, acquired from reading and conversation, with parts of the world in which he has never been, enabled him to converse freely with travellers about places where they had and he never had been. And thus he even often made such people "take a back seat," as he used playfully to say.

He was once introduced to an Australian explorer who had explored the interior of that continent. As he had had a hint from his brother, the late Sir George Baden-Powell, the day before, " B.-P." spent some hours in the library among the books and maps relating to the Australian interior. When the explorer was introduced, the latter was staggered by " B.-P.'s " salutation, " Burrenyap walla-walla "—the ordinary salutation of a tribe of blacks up near Charlotte Waters, in the heart of the " Never-Never " country. " Burrenyap, Burrenyap ! " shouted the explorer with great delight, and the two at once fell into a fervid conversation about old times in the " back blocks."

When the explorer spoke of a hair-breadth escape from pursuing blacks, of whom he had to shoot six before they would stop, " B.-P." followed with an adventure of his own in which he was one day surrounded in his tent by an angry, howling crowd of natives—thirty-seven all told—who sought his blood. He said " Burrenyap " to them, made friendly signs about feeding, and offered to make bread for them. The blacks are very fond of bread, wherefore " B.-P."—as he told the open-mouthed explorer—made some at once under their eyes, but instead of putting in baking-powder he mixed in some strychnine. Result: Thirty-seven black corpses in front of the tent that evening, and " B.-P." saved by the skin of his teeth ! That explorer is still about London buying papers all day long to see if there is any fresh news fom Mafeking. He

is a great believer in "B.-P.'s" fertility of resource.

On one occasion, however, "B.-P." got out of his depth when playing this joke. His brother George had asked a well-known author and journalist to dinner at the House of Commons and also sent for "B.-P." to come and meet him. The author in question is a remarkable linguist, especially as regards the Pacific, all the many languages of which he speaks fluently, from Hawaiian down to Maori. He had just written a book about Fiji, so "B.-P.," as usual, got himself up in Fiji and Figan before the dinner. When they met, the practical joker led off at once with the Figan salutation, "Sa Yadra, turaga." The much-travelled author responded, "Sa Yadra, turaga," without turning a hair, and went through the dinner and the evening afterwards, letting "B.-P." tell him all about Fiji and the people, of cannibalism and all the rest.

Before parting, he pulled the Captain, as he then was, aside and said, "Look here, sir, you're a man of the world, and a good sort, I fancy. You have noticed that I have never been in Fiji, although I have written that book of personal experiences among the natives. Don't give me away, will you? I have to make my living out of this sort of thing, and I have an aged father and mother, three maiden sisters, and a wife and eight children to keep!" "Right you are, old man," said "B.-P.," "I shall never say anything about it." The great fun later on was when "B.-P." accidentally found out the

proper pronunciation of " Sa Yadra, turaga," which is " Sa Yadra, turanga." The Fiji author had spotted the novice at once when he uttered the salute, and then " played possum." " B.-P." always says that the Polynesian traveller with the numerous wives and family to keep was the only man who ever really pulled his leg!

SONS OF BRITAIN

BY W. BLELOCK

When the bugle call to battle sounds
Afar in the land of our birth,
In the cause of race and Queen to fight,
We rise from the ends of the earth.
Wherever the battle may be
We rally by land and by sea
To join in the fight of the free,
And our foemen have Britons to face.

CHORUS:

Then Britain's sons again
Fill up the ranks with men,
Who'll fight! who'll die!
Whose battle-cry:
" True Britons we remain."

We are sons of Britain every one
With pride of the blood of our race,
And we'll carry Britain's story on
As our fathers did in their place.

War's Brighter Side

Whatever the work to be done,
We seek a full share, every one,
And fighting till victory's won
Of the burden and glory we claim.

CHORUS:

Then Britain's sons again, &c.

The glorious deeds her great have done
Are ours, whether Saxon or Celt,
As heirs of their name and fame we come
From snows and from bush and from veldt.
Our honour we'll ever keep bright,
By holding the front of the fight,
And jealously guarding the right
For our sons and their sons again.

CHORUS:

Then Britain's sons again, &c.

ORANGE PEEL

It may interest our friends at the Cape to know that a certain doctor, who lives not 1,000 miles from the Paarl—and who came on ambulance business to the Free State—was very busy on his arrival here, giving it out as the news of the day that "officers of the English Army were busy with sjamboks driving Tommy off the boats as Tommy did not want to fight." This statement was made in the Bloemfontein Club before several witnesses and is quite authentic.

Contributions from Kipling

"THE BRAVEST DEED"

It was at the battle of Abraham's Kraal. The Boers had fled from a position which we now occupied. They, in their flight, had to cross the open veldt to another kopje three-quarters of a mile from the first. We fired volley after volley into their huddled masses. My old friend standing by me noticed a wounded Boer trying to escape. He immediately dashed out amid a perfect hail of bullets, caught the escaping Boer, threw him across his shoulders and dashed back to cover, the bullets falling all round him. Unscathed himself, his burden was shot to death.

Private A. J. HARD,
N.S.W. Mounted Infantry, Australia.

DEAR SIR,—The bravest deed I witnessed while with the 6th Division was the following:—

It was at Paardeberg on Sunday, 18th February, about 5 p.m. We were watching a hill overlooking Osfontein farm-house, when some of the enemy were seen to enter the garden surrounding that house. So an order was given by Second Lieutenant Romilly for No. 1 section of the above-named company to advance and try and drive them out. We commenced the advance by short rushes, meanwhile the enemy sending down a few shots. We succeeded in getting to within four hundred yards of the house when a perfect hail of

bullets came, both from the house and hill. Then the order came to retire, as the fire was becoming too hot to attempt to get any closer. It was during this retirement that what I saw happened. One of our men, Pte. Driscoll, was shot in the back, and down he fell, badly hurt, when Second Lieutenant Romilly, on seeing him fall, at once knelt down and dressed his wound, doing it as coolly as if on a drawing-room floor. After doing this, with the help of Pte. Brown of the same Company, he hurried the man back to safer quarters, having to go a distance of over four hundred yards before being out of danger. The bullets fell all around them quite thick. How they managed to escape is quite marvellous, as several bullets went through their clothing, and one, as I heard the officer say, went between his lips—a close shave indeed!

Whether any recognition will be forthcoming for the above gallant deed, I cannot say, as there were none of those who occupy higher positions to testify as to its correctness; but the men certainly deserve something for so brave a deed.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

AN EYE-WITNESS.

CHAPTER XVI

Our Loss and the Army's

The Departure of Mr. Kipling leaving The Friend *vigorous with the Impetus he gave it*

Rudyard Kipling left Bloemfontein for Capetown on the night of April 1st, in the same train that bore away Sir Alfred Milner, Colonel Hanbury Williams, and Colonel Girouard. The High Commissioner had been declared to be leaving a day or two later, but started at once in order to avoid giving the Boers notice to prepare mischief.

Of the happy days of boyish delight we editors spent with Mr. Kipling many brought incidents too trifling to be noted here, yet which went to fill a heaping loving cup of pleasant memories. There was, for instance, the day when—as the reader may have perceived—two poems bore a note of merely suggested complaint from the sick in the hospitals. That note struck Mr. Kipling's sensibility, and he and Mr. Landon and I seized armsful of Friends and set out upon a tour of the hospitals—then far too

numerous in the public and semi-public buildings of the place. Mr. Kipling went ahead and distributed the papers, and we followed and whispered who he was to the sufferers in the cots. I never shall forget the look that came in each man's eyes, or how every one of them who was able raised himself upon an elbow to stare after the poet as he passed from room to room.

"God bless him," they said; "he's the soldier's friend."

And surely a blessing proceeded from him, in response to that which he received, for, at the knowledge of his presence, a new vigour and a sense of delight, such as they had almost forgotten how to feel, came to the sufferers. He had nothing of the theatrical about him, made no speeches, conversed in hushed tones, halted nowhere, posed not even to the slightest extent—but went on with doctor or nurse through the wards, listening and looking. I think that Mr. Landon and I were more conscious of the reflection of his fame than was he from whom it proceeded.

At one stage of our adventure we determined to cross from one hospital to another, over some intervening gardens. What an unsuspected wildness lay among those walled enclosures in the confines of a nation's capital. Little hills, little rivers, marshes, precipices,

walls on the edges of tiny cliffs! It proved a better feat for Italian cavalrymen than for a stout poet, a man with a game leg and arms in lint, and a third one who did not know it, but who was already poisoned with fever germs. However, we had set it for ourselves to do, and we did it—without any more serious mishap than a kick in the equatorial region which I bestowed on the poet in dropping over a wall.

Mr. Kipling had other experiences with hospitals when we were with him and when he was by himself. He was qualified to testify as he did before the Commission that looked into the manner in which the care of the sick and wounded was bestowed.

While I was in Capetown I heard a story of an adventure of his, in which the parts played by him and by the hospital people were eminently characteristic of both. To begin with he discovered that there were no bandages in a certain hospital! The reader imagines that such a state of things must have been most extraordinary—but it was not. Why should we conceal facts or mince words if we are earnestly endeavouring to probe our own weaknesses and mend our faults? I knew of hospitals without cots, without sheets, without pillows, without measuring glasses, without thermometers. These "hospitals" must have been little more than

mere surgeons and staffs, for they applied to the Red Cross people for nearly everything—except medicines—which is required in the care of the sick. Thus Peter was robbed to pay Paul, for Tommy's "comforts" were swallowed up in getting him his necessaries. This was the case in Kimberley after the relief of the town, and it was again the case in Bloemfontein. But to return to Capetown. There Mr. Kipling discovered a hospital without bandages, in desperate need of bandages, in a city containing stores of bandages on sale in many places.

Mr. Kipling mentioned to an acquaintance that he was going to supply that establishment with bandages, and this acquaintance, who was connected with the *Daily Mail's* "Absent Minded Beggar Fund," at once offered to pay for all that Mr. Kipling would buy and take to the hospital. A cart was quickly loaded with bandages, and then Mr. Kipling was told that under the army rules the hospital authorities could not receive supplies from a private individual. "Well," said he, "I will dump the packages on the pavement before the door, and then tell them to come out and clear up the litter. They will get them into the building that way without tearing any red tape, I hope."

He drove off with the bandages, I am told by the gentleman who footed the bill, but how

the supplies were smuggled in I have never heard. I suspect that the rule against receiving supplies from civilians got a great many wrenches and fractures. But for civilians such as at least one Red Cross Commissioner of my acquaintance, Heaven only knows what these hospitals, that consisted of little else than a corps of men, would have been able to do. I asked my friend how it could be possible that an arm of the Government of Great Britain could find itself in such helpless and pitiable plights and he replied that red tape was the root of the evil. Nobody dared to buy a measuring glass or a pillow-case or a cot for fear that his enterprise might bring him a reprimand and his bill might be repudiated. The hospitals had made demands outmeasuring the supplies, or the supplies had not come up from the Cape, or to the Cape from London. If private generosity was not appealed to circumlocution must be resorted to by means of requisitions which would be slowly forwarded to London and there passed upon. By this means the supplies would reach the front within three months after the patients were dead—provided that all should go smoothly with the circumlocution machinery.

Mind, I know how extraordinary, excessive, and sudden were the demands made upon the Medical Corps after such a shocking affair as

the Sunday fight at Paardeberg and during the enteric epidemic at Bloemfontein. I am in no position to say that any one was blameable or that better and ampler means of caring for the disabled could have been arranged. But let us not deny the facts or try to deceive any one with regard to them. That is no way for an earnest and ambitious and healthy people to meet an unpleasant situation.

On the contrary, that is the very way to make certain of a worse "breakdown" of the hospital service in the next war.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1900.

A SONG OF THE WHITE MEN [1]

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Now, this is the cup the White Men drink
When they go to right a wrong,
And that is the cup of the old world's hate—
Cruel and strained and strong.

[1] The poem by Rudyard Kipling which we publish in this issue was written some time ago to be read at a dinner in Canada and then published in the *Toronto Globe*. It has never been read in public, and it has never before been published. Like all his poems and writings, it is for all time—as good next year as to-day and always excellent in all seasons. It is copyrighted in England and America, and used here by Mr. Kipling's permission.

Our Loss and the Army's

We have drunk that cup—and a bitter, bitter cup—
  And tossed the dregs away,
But well for the world when the White Men drink
  To the dawn of the White Men's day.

Now, this is the road that the White Men tread
  When they go to clean a land—
Iron underfoot and levin overhead
  And the deep on either hand.
We have trod that road—and a wet and windy road—
  Our chosen star for guide.
Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread
  Their highway side by side.

Now, this is the faith that the White Men hold
  When they build their homes afar:—
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons
  And, failing freedom, War."
We have proved our faith—bear witness to our faith,
  Dear souls of freemen slain!
Oh, well for the world when the White Men join
  To prove their faith again!

RUDYARD KIPLING

EDITORIAL—BY JULIAN RALPH

Mr. Rudyard Kipling left Bloemfontein for Capetown last night to rejoin his family and, presently, to sail with them to England. Believing that the arrangement of terms of settlement with the

people of the Boer Republics will be the next important work for the British, he desires to be in London, there to speak and write for such a finish to the war as he deems best for Britons and Boers, for Africanders, for intending new settlers, for the future quiet and prosperity of South Africa, and for the honour and glory of the Empire.

The editors of THE FRIEND bade him God speed and knew, when they wished him health, prosperity, and a long life, that there is not a man in the British Army or man or woman in the Empire in whose name they could not have warmly and sincerely repeated their own hearts' utterances.

Mr. KIPLING came to the editorial rooms of this unique journal with an offer to assist us War Correspondents who are in charge, but he quickly and easily led us in the clearness of his views upon the paper's policy, in the wealth of talent he lavished upon its columns, and in the enthusiasm with which he collaborated with us. He evidently enjoyed this brief return to his old profession—as what man would not who ever fell under its exciting and fascinating influence? We do not doubt that he found an added and a powerful charm in the peculiar conditions under which we work—upon a journal created by and for a conquering army and published in a conquered capital.

But it is of the pleasure we have known in being co-workers with him that we would write if it were fit that we should share our emotion with the public. Pleasure would be a trifling word to use were we to

let our emotions flow. Honour and Pride were better terms, expressive of our stronger feelings.

We can congratulate the friends of THE FRIEND that they shall read his work again in these columns before he sails for home. They have not lost him, but we have lost his company, we who knew his genius so well yet could not conceive it possible that to his talent he joined a personality so rich in varied charms as we have found it. For we have learned that he is sweet to the core, lovable, magnetic, modest, and sincere. He has the crystal frankness and the tireless enthusiasm of ever fresh and unsullied youth. Great as our readers know him to be in literature, we know him to be even greater as a man.

Good luck to RUDYARD KIPLING, always, everywhere, to the end—and, then, to eternity.

THE LATE COLONEL HON. G. GOUGH

BY BENNET BURLEIGH

And thou also hast gone over to the majority! To God's rest, most honest English gentleman. I saw thy bier go by but the other day in the streets of Bloemfontein. They gave thee, rightly, a soldier's funeral, and for love of thee many sorrowed and followed afoot to God's acre. Troopers with arms reversed were thine escort, our band played the "Dead March in Saul," and behind thy coffin, covered with the Union Jack and set upon a gun-

carriage, walked that British Paladin, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, accompanied by a long concourse of all ranks—comrades of thine, men of distinguished service. Veterans and juniors were there, and besides these, for further token of the affection and esteem in which thou wert held by all who knew thee, a throng of the rank and file of the army.

All was as it should be, for we had come to say our English "Goodbye; God be with thee." Sprung from the loins of a race of soldiers, thou wert all a true soldier should be, tender, brave, and true, a gentleman above gentlemen.

It seems but a breath or so that I was wont to meet thee almost daily in London at the War Office. Lord Wolseley will miss thee, for he will never find a better Military Secretary than thou. Thy courtesy was uniform to all, thy frankness beyond question, as was thy readiness to do kindnesses; whilst thy fidelity to thy Military Chief was to thee a sacred duty.

Cheery and pleasant, Gough of the 14th Hussars was a "beau sabreur," a man who inspired friendship and commanded respect. I could recall many incidents in all of which thou acquitted thyself like a Gough. There was the morning of Abu Klea in the Soudan, after the night of alarms that found thy fortitude undisturbed. I stood beside thee by the screw guns when the Dervish bullet smote thee upon the head and thou wert felled to earth as with the blow of a hammer. None who saw thee as thou lay unconscious doubted but that thou had been killed

outright. Even when we learned that thou survived we held to the conviction that to the weight of such a stroke thou must succumb. But thou recovered and we rejoiced. Yet such a blow must have left its impress.

None can ever know how in secret thou must have stoically suffered, for thy patience was as afore, unwearied, thy fondness for work and duty as untiring, and thy Christian spirit as unbounded. We, thy friends, thank thee for thy life of gallant bearing, thy sympathies, thy uncomplaining bearing of burdens.

I deplore that I was not permitted to meet thee again in thy new office, a member of the Staff here in South Africa, serving under the worthiest of leaders, the chivalrous Field Marshal, Lord Roberts. Thou art in God's hands, most excellent Gough. There mayst thou abide. So let it be.

FOR FREEDOM'S CAUSE

BY TROOPER G. SIMES, ROBERTS' HORSE

Not with vain boastfulness, careless, unheeding,
Left we our homes and prepared for the fray.
Sadly we answered our wives' gentle pleading,
Hearing the summons we turned to obey.

Not for the worth of the Rand's golden treasures,
Neither dominion, or riches, or power,
Ever had moved us to leave city pleasures,
Ever had held us together an hour.

War's Brighter Side

'Twas not for this that we turned to assail you,
'Twas not for this that we entered the strife.
Loud though your country with tears may bewail you,
Can she blame us for this waste of young life?

What we have asked of you that we have given.
Down in the South you may live and be free.
When we have gained that for which we have striven,
Then we will come and will share it with thee.

Freedom you value but hoard as a miser;
Freedom we value but offer to all.
But of the conflict now sadder and wiser,
Blame you not us, but yourself, for your fall.

CHAPTER XVII

Lord Stanley, Journalist

"The Friend" of April 3d began its reading matter with a leader by the Censor. When he came to look over our proofs on that day he learned that we had not been able to find time to write an editorial. The value of a series of leading articles calculated either to inspire the army or to pacify or instruct the Boers had been newly impressed upon us by Sir Alfred Milner, and had, without doubt, been discussed at the headquarters of the Field Marshal.

"I will see if I can write one," said Lord Stanley, and, seating himself by the smaller table, where pens and paper were at hand, he began and finished the editorial here reproduced, without even one of the "false starts" which even we who are most practised so often make; and, so far as I recollect, without more than two or three erasures of words. This gave me a new view of the capabilities of our Censor —a view in which he appeared more than ever

the fittest man in all the army for his exacting post.

Perhaps the reader will see at this date and stage of the discussion over the lessons of the war that the practical, and with him wholly original, words spoken by Lord Dundonald in London on December 15th, were in some measure anticipated by Lord Stanley in this editorial. Both these noblemen set the same high value upon the services of the men of England without regard to class. Lord Dundonald said they would fight when called upon, but the best of them would not willingly or comfortably undergo the exactions of long-sustained military discipline. Our Censor was, at that time, for making their service an instantly ready organised source of strength to the Empire.

Though there is little to republish from the columns of THE FRIEND of that day, the newspaper was a very complete and excellent collation of news of South Africa, the war, and the world. On this particular day, April 3d, we published one of Mr. G. W. Steevens's artistic letters from the Natal front, taken from the *Daily Mail;* we copied an important article on the lessons of the war written by Mr. Amery for the *Times,* and altogether the army found the number very readable.

Lord Stanley, Journalist

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1900.

A LESSON LEARNED

BY LORD STANLEY

This war, with the opportunity it has offered to all branches of the service to see how the military machinery works when running at high pressure, must teach not only those who are out here superintending and running the machine, but also those at home who are paying for its running, many a useful lesson.

That the machine has worked smoothly nobody for one minute will assert—but it certainly has run sufficiently smoothly to show that, with some alteration which experience alone could suggest to be desirable, our military engine may very easily be made as perfect as those of the Continental Powers are popularly supposed to be.

But it is not our intention to show what failings have been discovered, and what lessons in manœuvring—in transport—in equipment—are required to be learned. Our object to-day is to congratulate ourselves that one lesson at least which had to be learned has been partially learned—and that is that England must look not to one class or two classes of men for her soldiers and sailors, but must be able to draw upon all sorts and conditions of men, the rich

alike with the poor, when she has to defend her honour at home or abroad.

The first part of the lesson has been learned, and men of all ranks in life are vying with each other in their desire to serve their country in any capacity, however humble. This is good, but the lesson has not been entirely taken to heart yet. It will not do for England to have to wait for an hour of danger before these men come to the front. They must always be there at hand when required, and it behoves the Government at home to so legislate as to make permanent in the ranks of our army those classes of men who are now in it temporarily.

Conscription may be a nasty pill for some to swallow. But what is in a name? Let us call it universal service, and let us ask our fellow countrymen at home to be prepared to emulate the example of those who are on service here and to be ready at all times and in all places to guard and defend the national flag—the symbol of British prestige and integrity.

POOR OLD CRONJE

Driven from pillar to post,
  Battered with shot and shell,
Knowing full well his cause was lost,
  When the last of his burghers fell.
Surrounded on every hand,
  He and his Army lay,
Determined to make a final stand,
  Like a wounded stag at bay.

Lord Stanley, Journalist

When the British guns belched forth,
The burghers held their breath,
And down in the trenches deep they hid
From these Messengers of Death,
But the British had the range,
And their lyddite and shrapnel fell
Into their trenches till they thought
We'd opened the gates of hell.

Then Cronje had enough,
And a message came to say
That he and his army surrendered,
And this on Majuba Day;
The day that the Boers held
And rejoiced with might and main,
The day they laid their arms on the veldt;
The day they'll ne'er hold again.

For Cronje's day is done,
The despot's rule is o'er,
Their hell-fire on the Women
And the red-cross is no more.
For under escort he jogs along
With never a word to say;
He and his army four thousand strong
All bound for Table Bay.

And Cronje can pray as long as he may,
Till his poor old knees are sore,

But it seems Lord Roberts has found the way
To outwit the wily Boer,
And St. Helena is his quarters
Till the Transvaal War is o'er.

JAS. L. WATSON,
1st Scots Guards.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE

Below we give a translation of a Dutch proclamation issued by Sir George Cathcart nearly half a century ago. The Capetown *Argus* says that it shows a marked similarity to Lord Roberts' recent proclamation explaining the cause of the present war, but this we confess we are not so certain of, as that the proclamation is of interest in and for itself.

PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency Lieutenant-General the Hon. George Cathcart, Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa, and Territories and Dependencies thereof, and Vice-Admiral of the same; and Her Majesty's High Commissioner for the execution and adjustment of affairs of the Territory in South Africa bordering on and annexed to the Eastern and Northern Boundaries of the said Colony, and Governor of the Orange River Territory, &c., &c.

Be it hereby made known to all leaders and people of all classes and nationalities within Her Majesty's borders of the Orange River Territory

that I have come amongst you to offer equal rights and justice to all in the name of Her Majesty. I have come not to make War, but to settle all disputes and to establish the blessings of Peace.

I therefore instruct and command all of you to remain quiet, every one of you in your own territory, and to await my judgment and decision.

I have with me a sufficient number of troops of the Queen to command obedience, and to punish severely and punctually any Leader, Class, or Tribe who would dare to resist my lawful authority.

All loyal subjects of Her Majesty will be prepared to join me, if I deem it necessary to call upon them for co-operation against any stubborn culprits.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Given under my Hand and Seal, at Graham's Town, this 15th day of November, 1852.

GEORGE CATHCART,
Lieut.-General, Governor.

By order of His Excellency the Governor,
WM. F. LIDDLE,
Secretary.

CHAPTER XVIII

Our Christening Competition

I declare the Original War ended and a New One begun—Enteric's ravages.

"The Friend" of April 4th contained a column of offers of a new name for the Orange Free Stae in response to our promise of a five guinea prize to the propounder of the most suitable new title for the country. We published a ballot form for use by our readers in voting for whichever five of the proposed names they preferred. All our readers were asked to vote, and it was to be our part to discover what person was the earliest to send in either the five most popular names or the greater number of them. This gave us such an addition to our labours that I suspect we were all as sorry as I know that one of us was for having gone into this gift enterprise.

I was the author of the "leader" of the day upon "The End of the War." In this I said that the war first planned by the Boers was already over and won by the British. That was a war of extermination of the British in Natal

"Alles zal recht omen."—*Old Motto of s State.*

THE FRIEND

"All has come right."—*New Motto of this State*

(Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Force.)

No. 16] BLOEMFONTEIN, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1900. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PROCLAMATION.

the Burghers of the Orange Free State.

The British troops under my command, having entered Orange Free State, I feel it my duty to make known to all born the cause of our coming, as well as to do all in my to put an end to the devastation caused by this war, so should they continue the war the inhabitants of the ge Free State may not do so ignorantly, but with full ledge of their responsibility before God for the lives lost campaign.

Before the war began the British Government, which had desired and cultivated peace and friendship with the e of the Orange Free State, gave a solemn assurance to dent Steyn that, if the Orange Free State remained al, its territory would not be invaded, and its independ would be at all times fully respected by Her Majesty's rnment.

n spite of that declaration, the Government of the ge Free State was guilty of a wanton and unjustifiable on of British territory.

The British Government believes that this act of aggres was not committed with the general approval and free f a people with whom it has lived in complete amity for any years. It believes that the responsibility rests r with the Government of the Orange Free State, acting, the interests of the country, but under mischievous in es from without. The British Government, therefore, the people of the Orange Free State to understand that s them no ill will, and, so far as is compatible with the sful conduct of the war, and the re-establishment of n South Africa, it is anxious to preserve them from the rought upon them by the wrongful action of their nment.

therefore warn all Burghers to desist from any further ty towards Her Majesty's Government and the troops my command, and I undertake that any of them, who desist and who are found staying in their homes and pursuing their ordinary occupations, will not be made er in their persons or property on account of their taken up arms in obedience to the order of their nment. Those, however, who oppose the forces under mmand, or furnish the enemy with supplies or informa ill be dealt with according to the customs of war.

quisitions for food, forage, fuel, or shelter, made on thority of the officers in command of Her Majesty's must be at once complied with; but everything will be e on the spot, prices being regulated by the local mac es. If the inhabitants of any district refuse to comply e demands made on them, the supplies will be taken by full receipt being given.

ould any inhabitant of the country consider that he or mber of his household has been unjustly treated by cer, soldier, or civilian attached to the British Army, ld submit his complaint, either personally or in writ my Head Quarters or to the Head Quarters of the General Officer. Should the complaint on enquiry be tiated, redress will be given.

ders have been issued by me, prohibiting soldiers from private houses, or molesting the civil population on tent whatever, and every precaution has been taken injury to property on that part of any person belong w connected with, the Army.

ROBERTS,
Field Marshal,
Commanding in Chief, South Africa.

Proclamation.

EREAS it is considered necessary in the interests of the Orange Free State, and until arrangements may be ut the provisions of the Customs Convention existing the said State and the Colony of the Cape of Good ad the Colony of Natal, shall be duly observed, and the d Regulations appertaining thereto shall be enforced as communication between the said Colonies and such por the Orange Free State as have been or may hereafter ned by Her Majesty's troops is restored, and the usu commercial relations are resumed, and whereas, it is t that the necessary officers for the control and mana of the Customs Department of the Orange Free State appointed.

HEREFORE
Frederick Sleigh Baron Roberts of Kandahar, K.P., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field Marshal, Commanding of the British Forces in South Africa, do hereby nomi appoint the following officers, to wit —
ector of Customs—Johannes Henricus Meiring
First Clerk—Albert C. Woodward
Second Clerk—Frederik Blignaut.
Third Clerk—Jacobus van der Wath
or at Frere Bridge, Aliwal North—Aubrey McMaster
Olifantsfontein—Johannes Henricus Beyers
Tolpan—Johannes Augustus Stegmann
Rietpan—Gilbert David Morgan
Tafelkop—Cornelis Rautenbach
under my hand at Bloemfontein, this 20th day of 900.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
ROBERTS, Field Marshal,
Commanding in-Chief British Forces South Africa.

Proclamatie.

MAAL Het noodzakelijk bevonden wordt, in belang n den Oranje Vrijstaat, tot dat verdere reglementen rden ingesteld, dat de voorzieningen van den Tol Con estaande tusschen den gezegden Staat en de Kolonie de Goede Hoop en de Kolonie Natal, behoorlijk gehand ten worden en de Wetten en Regulaties daarmede in stande uitgevoerd zullen worden, zoodra het verkeer de gezegde Kolonies en zoodanige gedeelten van den rijstaat als reeds door Hare Majesteits troepen zijn of te worden geoccupeerd, is hersteld en de gewone han en worden hervat, en nademaal het raadzaam is der ge beambten voor het beheer en de regeling van het partement van den Oranje Vrijstaat zullen worden

HET DAT
Frederick Sleigh Baron Roberts van Kandahar, K.P., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.B., Veldmaarschalk, Opperbevelhebber itsche Krijgsmachten in Zuid-Afrika, mits deze heb ndme de volgende beambten te benoemen en aan te wsten —
ent Douane Beambte—Johannes Henricus Meiring
Eerste Klerk—Frederick Blignaut.
Derde Klerk—Jacobus van der Wath.
te Frere Brug Aliwal Noord—Aubrey McMaster
te Olifantsfontein—Johannes Henricus Beyers
te Tolpan—Johannes Augustus Stegmann
te Rietpan—Gilbert David Morgan
te Tafelkop—Cornelis Rautenbach
ven onder mijne hand te Bloemfontein, dezen 20sten aart 1900.

GOD ZEGENE DE KONINGIN
ROBERTS,
Veld Maarschalk,
Opperbevelhebber van de Britsche Krijgsmachten in Zuid-Afrika

Proclamatie.

An de Burgers van de Oranje Vrij Staat.

Daar de Britsche troepen onder mijn bevel den Oranje Vrij Staat hebben ingetrokken acht ik het mijn plicht, de burgers van dien Staat bekend te stellen met het oorzaak van mijn aankomst, zoomede alles in mijn vermogen te doen een einde te maken aan de verwoesting welke door dezen oorlog veroorzaakt zal worden; en wel, op dat, als zij den oorlog voortzetten, de inwoners van den Oranje Vrij Staat, zulks niet onwetend mogen doen, doch met de volste kennis van hunne verantwoordelijkheid voor God, voor het verlies van leven in den strijd.

Voor dat de oorlog begonnen is, heeft de Britsche regeering, die steeds vrede en vriendschap met het volk van den Oranje Vrij Staat heeft gewenscht en gekoesterd, eene plechtige verzekering aan President Steyn gegeven, dat ingeval de Oranje Vrij Staat onzijdig bleef, zou zijn gebied niet veroverd worden en zou zijne onafhankelijkheid ten alle tijde ten volle door Haar Majesteits Gouvernement geeerbiedigd worden.

Niettegenstaande die verzekering was het Gouvernement van den Oranje Vrij Staat schuldig aan een moedwillige en onrechtvaardige vijandelijke inval van Britsch grondgebied.

Het Britsch Gouvernement gelooft niet, dat deze vijandige inval heeft plaats gevonden met de algemeene toestemming en vrije wil van een volk met wien het voor zoo vele jaren met de meeste vriendschap heeft verkeerd. Het gelooft dat de verantwoordelijkheid, geheel en al met het Gouvernement van den Oranje Vrij Staat berust, welk Gouvernement niet onafhankelijk te werk heeft gegaan, doch onder verkeerde invloed van buiten, en niet in de belangen van het land.

Het Britsch Gouvernement wenscht het volk van den Oranje Vrij Staat derhalve te laten verstaan, dat het geene kwaadaardigheid of wrok tegen dat volk heeft, en zooverre zulks stemt met het voorspoedig voortzetten van den oorlog en het herstel van vrede in Zuid Afrika, is het Gouvernement voornoemd hoogst begerig het volk van den Oranje Vrij Staat te behoeden, tegen de kwaden op dat volk gebracht door de verkeerde handeling van zijn Gouvernement.

Ik waarschuw derhalve alle burgers van den Oranje Vrij Staat, dat zij ophouden met eenige verdere vijandelijkheid tegenover Haar Majesteit's Gouvernement en de troepen onder mijn bevel; en ik onderneem dat zoodanige hunner, die alzoo ophouden, en die gevonden worden te huis blijvende, en op rustige wijze hunne gewone beroepen en werkzaamheden voortzettende, niet zullen lijden, wat betreft zoowel hunne personen en hunne bezittingen, omdat zij de wapens opgenomen hebben tengevolge de bevelen van hun Gouvernement. Zij echter die de krijgsmacht onder mijn bevel tegengaan, of de vijand met middelen of informatie behulpzaam zijn, zullen volgens de gebruiken van den oorlog mede gehandeld worden.

Zoo vragen en vorderingen om voedsel, voeder, brandstof of herberg gedaan of gemaakt worden, op last van de officieren die bevel voeren van Hare Majesteit's troepen, moet hieraan dadelijk gevolg worden gegeven, doch voor alles zal dadelijk comptant betaald worden, en wel tegen geldende markts-prijzen. Zoo de inwoners van eenig district weigeren gevolg te geven aan de vorderingen op hun gemaakt, zal het vereischte desnoods met geweld van hen genomen worden, en wel tegen schriftelijk erkentenis.

Zoo eenig inwoner van het land beschouwt dat hij, of eenig lid van zijn huisgezin onrechtvaardig is behandeld geweest, of een onrecht is aangedaan door eenig officier, soldaat of privaat persoon die met het Britsch leger te doen heeft, behoort zoodanig persoon zijn klachte hetzij persoonlijk, of in geschrift te maken, en wel op een mijne hoofdkwartieren, of die van den naasten Generalen Officier. Zoo de klachte of aanzoek bevonden wordt gegrond te zijn, zal herstel gegeven worden.

Door mij zijn bevelen gegeven, de soldaten verbiedende private woningen binnen te treden, of de niet vechtende burger bevolking lastig te vallen, of hinderom aan te doen, en wel onder eenig voorwendsel hoegenaamd, en is ieder voorzorgmaatregel genomen, tegen het veroorzaken van schade aan eigendom, van wege eenige personen behoorende aan, of verbonden aan het leger.

ROBERTS,
Veldmaarschalk,
Opperbevelhebber in Zuid Afrika.

Proclamation.

WHEREAS it is deemed expedient and necessary for the welfare of the Orange Free State that the Postal Service shall be resumed in the aforesaid Republic, as far as circumstances permit,

NOW THEREFORE,

I, FREDERICK SLEIGH BARON ROBERTS OF KHANDAHAR, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field Marshal and Commanding-in-Chief of the British Forces in South Africa, do hereby nominate and appoint David George Anosi Falck, Administrator of the Civil Posts in such portions of the Orange Free State as have been, or may hereafter be occupied by British troops. And I do hereby order that the Postal and Telegraph services shall be resumed in the portions of the aforesaid Republic already referred to, from the nineteenth day of March, 1900, under the existing Laws and Conventions of the Orange Free State, subject to such alterations as may from time to time be notified.

Given under my hand at Bloemfontein this Seventeenth Day of March, 1900,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
ROBERTS,
Field Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief British Forces, South Africa.

Proclamatie.

NADEMAAL het dienstig en noodig is geacht voor de welvaart van den Oranje Vrij Staat, dat Post dienst zal worden hervat in de gemelde Republiek zooverre als omstandigheden zullen toelaten.

Nu derhalve,

Ik, FREDERICK SLEIGH BARON ROBERTS, van Kandahar, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Veldmaarschalk, Opperbevelhebber van de Britsche Krijgsmachten in Zuid-Afrika, benoemen en stel hiermede aan David George Anosi Falck als administrateur van de Civiele Posten in zulke deelen van den Oranje Vrij Staat als in bezit zijn, of later zullen worden geoccupeerd door de Britsche troepen. En ik gebied hierbij dat de Post- en Telegraaf-diensten zullen worden hervat in de deelen van voornoemd Republiek, waarnaar alreeds gerefereerd, van af den Negentienden dag van Maart 1900, onder de bestaande Wetten en Conventies van den Oranje Vrij Staat, onderworpen aan zulke veranderingen als van tijd tot tijd zullen worden gemeld.

Gegeven onder mijne hand te Bloemfontein, dezen Zeventienden dag van Maart 1900.

GOD ZEGENE DE KONINGIN
ROBERTS,
Veld Maarschalk,
Opperbevelhebber van de Britsche Krijgsmachten in Zuid Africa.

PROCLAMATION.

To the Burghers of the Orange Free State.

In continuation of the Proclamation which I issued when the British troops under my command entered the Orange Free State, in which I warned all Burghers to desist from any further hostility, and undertook that those of them who might so desist, and were staying in their houses and quietly pursuing their ordinary occupations, would not be made to suffer in their persons or property on account of their having taken up arms in obedience to the order of their Government, I now make known to all Burghers that I have been authorised by the Government of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen to offer the following terms to those of them who have been engaged in the present war:—

All Burghers who have not taken a prominent part in the policy which has led to the war between Her Majesty and the Orange Free State, or commanded any forces of the Republic, or commandeered or used violence to any British subjects, and who are willing to lay down their arms at once, and to bind themselves by an oath to abstain from further participation in the war, will be given passes to allow them to return to their homes and will not be made prisoners of war, nor will their property be taken from them.

ROBERTS,
Field Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa.

Government House, Bloemfontein,
15th March, 1900.

PROCLAMATIE.

Aan de Burgers van de Oranje VrijStaat

In vervolg van de Proclamatie welke ik uitgevaardigd heb toen de Britsche troepen, onder mijn bevel, den Oranje Vrijstaat inkwamen—waarin ik alle Burgers waarschuwde zich te onthouden van eenige verdere vijandelijkheid, en ondernam dat diegene die daaraan voldeden, en te huis bleven, en stil hunne gewone bedrijven voortzetteden, niet zouden lijden in hunne personen of eigendom door dat zij de wapenen hadden opgenomen in gehoorzaamheid aan het bevel van hunne Regeering maak ik aan bekend aan alle Burgers dat ik geautoriseerd ben door de Regeering van Haar Meest Genadige Majesteit, de Koningin, de volgende termen aan te bieden aan diegenen die deel genomen hebben in den tegenwoordigen oorlog:—

Alle Burgers die niet een voornaam aandeel genomen hebben in de politiek die geleid heeft tot den oorlog tusschen Hare Majesteit en den Oranje Vrijstaat, of bevel gevoerd hebben over eenige magt van de Republiek, of gecommandeerd hebben, of geweld gebruik hebben tegen eenige Britsche Onderdanen, en die gewillig zijn hunne wapenen dadelijk neer te leggen en zich te verbinden onder beedigde verklaring zich te onthouden van eenige verdere deelneming in den oorlog, zullen passen verkrijgen hen toelatende naar hunne woningen terug te keeren en zullen niet krijgsgevangen genomen worden, en zullen hunne eigendommen niet verliezen.

ROBERTS,
Veldmaarschalk,
Opperbevelhebber in Zuid Afrika.

Gouvernements Huis,
Bloemfontein, 15den Maart, 1900.

Proclamatie.

DE Proclamatie No. 500, gedateerd 9den December 1899, en gepubliceerd in de "Gouvernements Courant" van den 15den December 1899, waarbij onnoodig wordt verklaard het protesteeren van Wissel Brieven, Promessen en andere Handelspapieren, wordt hiermede verklaard van nul en geene waarde te zijn van af datum dezes in alle deelen van het grondgebied van den Oranje Vrij Staat in bezit van de strijd machten van Hare Majesteit; en van heden aan zal Hoofdst. XCIX, O.V.S. Wetboek, betrekking hebbende op Wissels, volle kracht en effect hebben.

Gegeven onder mijne hand, te Bloemfontein, dezen 15den dag van Maart 1900.

GOD ZEGENE DE KONINGIN
ROBERTS,
Veld Maarschalk

Proclamation.

THE Proclamation No. 500, dated 9th December, 1899, and published in the "Government Gazette" of the 15th December, 1899, rendering unnecessary the protesting of Promissory Notes, Bills of Exchange, and other negotiable paper, is hereby declared null and void from this date in all parts of the territory of the Orange Free State occupied by Her Majesty's Forces, and henceforth Law, Chapter XCIX, O.V.S. Wetboek, relating to Bills of Exchange, shall be in full force and effect.

Given under my hand, at Bloemfontein, this 15th day of March, 1900.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
ROBERTS,
Field Marshal.

J. LEVIN & Co.,
WHOLESALE MERCHANTS
148, Market Street,
JOHANNESBURG.
Still on hand Large and Varied Stock of Soft Goods, Boots, &c., &c.

FRENCH TABLE WATER.
VICHY-CÉLESTINS
For Gout, Diabetes, and Urinary Organs.
TO BE HAD BY ALL CHEMISTS & STOREKEEPERS.

BARLOW BROS. & CO.,
Printers, Publishers, &c., &c.,
Maitland Street, Bloemfontein, O.F.S.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS it is deemed expedient and necessary for the the welfare of the Orange Free State that the Railway Service shall be resumed in the aforesaid Republic so far as circumstances permit

NOW THEREFORE,

I, Frederick Sleigh Baron Roberts of Kandahar, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field Marshal and Commanding-in-Chief of the British Forces in South Africa, do hereby appoint Lieutenant Colonel Edouard Percy Cranwill Girouard, D.S.O., Director of Railways, South African Field Force Administrator of the State Railways in such portions of the Orange Free State as have been or may hereafter be occupied by British Troops. And I do hereby order that the Railway and Railway Telegraph Services shall be resumed in the portions of the aforesaid Republic, already referred to, from the nineteenth day of March, 1900, under the existing Laws and Conventions of the Orange Free State, subject to such alterations as may from time to time be notified, and to the requirements of the army.

Given under my hand at Bloemfontein this Thirtieth Day of March, 1900

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
ROBERTS, Field Marshal.
Commanding-in-Chief British Forces in South Africa.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that every person in possession of any oxen, horses, mules or other live stock or any wagon, vehicle or other property, hitherto belonging to the O.F.S. Government, must immediately render an account of the same to the Provost Marshal.

By order,
R. M. POORE,
Major

British Army Headquarters,
Government Offices,
Bloemfontein, March 20, 1900.

Kennisgeving.

KENNIS wordt hierbij gegeven dat elke persoon in bezit zijnde van eenige ossen, paarden, muilen of ander levende have, of eenig wagen, rytuig of ander eigendom tot hiertoe het eigendom zijnde van het O.V.S. Gouvernement, moet dadelijk rekenschap van dezelve doen aan den Provoost-Generaal, Britsche Leger, Hoofdkwartieren Gouvernements Gebouwen, Bloemfontein.

Bij order,
R. M. POORE,
Majoor,
Provoost-Generaal

Britsche Hoofdkwartier,
Gouvts Kantoren,
Bloemfontein, 20 Maart 1900.

NOTICE!

A MARKET will be held daily, at 6.30 a.m., for the Sale of all Local Produce, such as Butter, Eggs, Milk Poultry, Vegetables, Wood, &c., at the Camp of the Sixth Division, situated on the road W. of Bloemfontein, near the old Toll-gate. All transactions will be for Cash only.

People may come freely to the Markets, and will receive Permits to return to their homes.

Military Police will be present, to give all necessary protection.

The Prices will be as follows:—
Eggs, 2s. per dozen.
Fresh Butter, 2s. per lb.
Fowls, 2s. to 2s. 6d. each.
Ducks, 1s. 9d. each
Turkeys, from 5s. 6d. each and higher
Milk, 6d. per bottle.
Wood for fuel at £2 10s. per ox-wagon load
Fruit and Vegetables at current Market Rates.

order,
M. G. WILKINSON, Major,
Asst.-Provost Marshal,
6th Division.

Bloemfontein,
19th March, 1900.

KENNISGEVING!

EEN MARKT zal dagelyks, om 6.30 morgens gehouden worden voor Verkoop van allerlei Boerenproducten, een als Botar, Eyeren, Melk, Pluimvee, Vruchten, Groenten Brandhout, enz., by het Kamp van de Zesde Divisie, gelegen op het pad ten westen van Bloemfontein, nabij het oude Tolhuis, uit de hand voor kontant. Allen kunnen vrij naar de Markt komen, en zullen eenen Vrijbrief ontvangen om naar huis terugtekeeren.

De Militaire Politie zal tegenwoordig zijn om de noodige bescherming te geven.

Prijzen zoo als volgt:—
Botar, 2s. per lb.
Eyeren, 2s. per dozijn.
Melk, 6d. per bottel
Hoenders, 2s tot 2s 6d per stuk.
Eenden, 1s. 9d. per stuk
Kalkoenen, van 5s. 6d. en hooger
Vruchten en Groenten tegen Markt prijzen.
Brandhout, £2 10s. per ossenwagen

Op last,
M. G. WILKINSON, Majoor,
Assistent Provoost-Generaal,
6de Divisie.

Bloemfontein,
19 Maart 1900

LENNON LIMITED,
CHEMISTS.
[illegible]
MARKET SQUARE BLOEMFONTEIN

The Front Page of "The Friend" of April 4, 1900.

and the Cape, which two colonies were to be the scene of the fighting, and to be captured by the Dutch. It was to be fought out on British soil to the damage of British property and the slaughter of such British as did not flee from their homes. That war ended quickly in a complete failure. "Now," I continued, "another struggle is going on to settle whether the two races are to live in peace together, whether the Boers are to continue to obstruct modern progress, and whether white men who live in South Africa are to enjoy white men's rights and white men's liberty."

We published an interesting review of the life of the late Sir Donald Stewart, who had just died in England.

Mr. Landon wrote an editorial requesting the editors of the mischievous Capetown organ of the Bond, *Ons Land*, not to send their wretched paper to our office, and he added that if we could have our way no such publication would exist.

Mr. Gwynne was the author of the witty paragraph on "How History is Made."

Enteric, the ravages of which were assuming extraordinary proportions, now began to exact attention from our contributors. One of these wrote recommending the transfer of enteric patients to a building put up as a retreat for lepers six miles away, at Sydenham. He

argued that it was "not fair" to mass the fever patients in the buildings of Bloemfontein. I cannot have seen this article at the time, or it would have been either left out or answered by me with the indignant retort that the "unfairness," to use too mild a term, was in allowing those of us who were well and strong to remain in the hotels, all of which, together with as many dwellings as were needed, should have been turned into hospitals. To leave the fever-stricken men out in rain-soaked tents set up on muddy ground, where the most ordinary demands of nature had to be met at a risk of death —that was the course that was "not fair," in my way of thinking. I would have had the sick soldiers and the far too vigorous pro-Boers of Bloemfontein change places, putting our enemies in the tents, if I could have had the ordering of affairs.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

NO. 16.] BLOEMFONTEIN, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1900. [Price One Penny.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF BLOEMFONTEIN

NOTICE

There is a great want of bedsteads for the use of the sick and wounded in the various hospitals here.

Our Christening Competition

An appeal is hereby made to the charity of the general public. All who can possibly spare any single bedsteads with mattresses and pillows complete, are earnestly requested to communicate with Colonel Stevenson, Principal Medical Officer, Maitland Street, who will arrange to receive them. Labels, with name and address of owner, should be affixed to each bedstead lent, so as to ensure its return when no longer required.

G. T. PRETYMAN,
Major-General,
Military Governor.

April 3rd.

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS: it is deemed expedient and necessary for the welfare of the Orange Free State that the Railway Service shall be resumed in the aforesaid Republic as far as circumstances permit,

NOW THEREFORE,

I, FREDERICK SLEIGH BARON ROBERTS OF KHANDAHAR, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field Marshal and Commanding-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa, do hereby appoint Lieutenant Colonel Edouard Percy Cranwill Girouard, D.S.O., Director of Railways, South African Field Force, Administrator of the State Railways in such portions of the Orange Free State as have been or may hereafter be occupied by British Troops. And I do hereby order that the Railway and Railway Telegraph Services shall be resumed

in the portions of the aforesaid Republic already referred to, from the nineteenth day of March, 1900, under the existing Laws and Conventions of the Orange Free State, subject to such alterations as may from time to time be notified, and to the requirements of the army.

Given under my hand at Bloemfontein, this Thirtieth Day of March, 1900.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

ROBERTS, Field-Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief British Forces
in South Africa.

"THE RUSSIANS CAPTURE LONDON"

BY H. A. GWYNNE

BLOEMFONTEIN, Thursday, received Friday.

Kruger is reported to have proclaimed the annexation of the Free State to the Transvaal.

It is also reported that he is circulating a proclamation that England is in dire straits, the Russians have occupied London and proclaimed it Russian territory (Reuter).

It is painful to think that Lord Roberts is totally unaware that he is fighting for a country that has ceased to exist, that St. Paul's is now a Greek Chapel, that the Thames is called the Temsky River, that our beloved Queen is a prisoner at Moscow, and that Lord Salisbury is already trudging on the

weary snow-bound way to the mines at Kara, in Siberia.

Why do you laugh?

To us it seems awful!

CAUGHT BY THE BOERS

After three weeks spent in "bluffing" the Colesberg Boers, by holding various kopjes with a half company at the bottom, I found myself one fine February morning seized with a sudden attack of "Mauseritis," and so forced to watch the rest of a disastrous rear-guard action without taking part in it.

My company and one other, having spent a very cold night on a kopje N.W. of Rensburg, came down at 5 a.m. to find our other companies "not lost but gone before" to Arundel, and a sudden and unexpected Boer cross-fire brought on the aforesaid "attack." From 6 to 8 I lay watching little puffs of dust in the immediate vicinity, caused by our men returning the fire, as a lot of the Boers had followed us up and were lying down about 300 yards from me.

At 8 our fire stopped, and up galloped batches of the ragged ruffians, the first two pointing Mausers at me and asking, "Rooinek wounded?" My answer, "Yes," seemed to relieve them, and they jumped off their horses, and quickly relieving me of carbine and belt (the only things they took) galloped on.

At intervals of ten minutes all sorts and conditions followed them with, "Good morning, old chap," and they seemed very sorry at seeing me wounded. At 10, four of them, under the guidance of a commandant, carried me in a bit of sacking a mile to Rensburg Station, to the "Station Commandant's" Room, and I spent a happy day till 5 p.m. with 11 of our men, all air prevented from coming in by our inquisitive friends, the enemy, who "held" both doors and windows with great success, making the place a regular Black Hole.

They seemed quite happy, just standing still, staring at us, and never uttering a syllable, though they would do anything we asked. At last, after hours of waiting, they moved us to a coachhouse close by and "dressed" us. We stayed there till 5 the next day, and had many interesting talks with them. One old man gave us a blessing, with "I wish Chamberlain was here to see you now." Their sole idea was that Jos. C. and Rhodes were entirely responsible for the war. Many such questions as "Were you compelled to fight?" &c., were asked you, and a small box of "sparklets" cartridges was a source of much wonder. My next move was to an empty store in Colesberg, where Hofman (of the Cape Parliament) had a Russian-German and Dutch Ambulance combined (one of his men had been fighting against us and now, covered with Red Crosses, helped to carry us about). I stayed there a week, having devoured more figs and grapes than ever before.

All the English ladies and the Dutch Minister in particular brought us fruit, and I should like to thank them personally. Only the Dutch people were allowed in to see us, and were very keen on getting our buttons and badges as keepsakes.

They turned us out of the field hospital one night at 9, and we were jolted along in buck-waggons till 5 the next morning, then a halt of 5 hours, and at last we got to Norval's Pont at 5 p.m., after the worst journey I ever hope to have. It was quite a treat seeing trees again, as some of the country we passed through was really pretty. Our ambulance train consisted of layers of stretchers, one above the other, on a large " bogey " truck. At Springfontein, we were entrusted to a German ambulance, from Hamburg, covered with crosses, doctors, nurses and patient helps, but they were very kind to us.

We got news daily from the station telegraphist, Mr. Fryer, and Mr. Shipp, also employed on the station, till the escape from Pretoria put an end to our visitors. The hospital was half full of Boers, and they seemed perfectly happy sitting still the whole day long doing nothing, but smoking hard. Two engines were always left ready for emergency, the line being 100 yards away, so sleep at night was a matter of difficulty. Just when I was hoping we should be relieved, they moved us under the safe keeping of a Bloemfontein policeman in a gorgeous blue uniform to the Volks Hospital here, passing through hundreds of sleeping burghers in the station. Here we languished in the utmost com-

fort, till the famous Tuesday when little black specks on the veldt and the arrival here of "Bobs" made our scarce-believing eyes quite certain that we were no longer Boer prisoners.

ANON.

ENTERIC FEVER

BY AN ARMY SURGEON

No disease causes such havoc in modern campaigns as typhoid or enteric fever, and it becomes the duty of every one having authority to impress this fact upon the men committed to their charge. More especially is this duty imperative when troops are on the march, for many a valuable life is thrown away by the want of the strong hand of a wise discipline. When thirsty, men will drink anything, and it is here that good may be done. It is reported that one regiment on the march recently made the use of water-bottles a matter of drill, the word of command being given every hour for a mouthful of water to be drunk. As a result, men arrived in many cases at their bivouac with some water still left from their morning supply, without being one whit more thirsty than their neighbours.

Typhoid in the vast majority of cases is water-borne, and hence the greatest care should be taken to avoid any dubious pan or pool. The only real preventative of this disease is to boil all water used, and although this may be impracticable on service, surely discipline will prevent the drinking of doubt-

ful water. No medical observer can help wondering why more men were not inoculated on their way out from home. The inoculation does no harm, its pain is a small matter, and its utility in modifying the severity of the disease is now well established. Take a case in point: two officers in the same regiment, one aged 31 and the other 24, contracted the disease on the same day from the same source. On the usual lines, the younger man should have had the worst attack, and yet, although physically the weaker, he recovered and his senior died. The younger man had been inoculated but the other had not! Some will say that it was the senior's kismet, but let that pass. The campaign is now well begun, and it is not too late even now to furnish supplies of lymph to Medical Officers for use with their units.

The disease now so rife is marked by an absence of abdominal symptoms and may, in its early stage, be overlooked. It is during this period of uncertainty that harm may be done by a solid diet and it is safer by far for any one suspecting himself to be suffering from influenza or other vague disease to restrict himself for a few days to a milk diet. Then if the febrile condition passes off, no harm is done, but it is to be feared that few will take this amount of trouble over themselves.

CHAPTER XIX

Fooled by the Boers

British Leniency and Credulity abused Past Endurance

For several days The Friend has been publishing this short but imperative announcement:—

NOTICE

From to-day (inclusive) all civilians must be in their homes after 8 p.m., unless provided with a Special Pass allowing them to be out.

The Police have orders to arrest all persons breaking this rule.

N.B.—This does not refer to civilians who are in the employ of the British Government, who will have a pass to this effect. By order,

B. Burnett-Hitchcock, Lieutenant,
Asst. Provost Marshal to Military Governor.
Government Buildings, April 1st, 1900.

This notice was but one of many of the signs we gave forth that we were being fooled by the

tricky Boers, and that at last we were compelled to admit it. Far back at De Aar I had seen how constitutionally unsuspicious was the average army officer, how certain he felt that, because he would not himself stoop to deception and treachery, no one else could miss the ennobling contagion of his example; how set he was upon carrying leniency and magnanimity to unheard of lengths, even with this enemy which neither deserved nor could appreciate such treatment.

Even in the days at De Aar the Boer spies were thick among us, pretending to have horses or forage for sale, but in reality watching us, and making daily reports to the enemy. Even then I begged my friends among the officers to observe what was going on, and to take steps to keep all Dutch-speaking people out of our slenderly guarded great storage camp of supplies. But the typical officer said then, as he said afterwards for months, "Oh, there's nothing to worry about. These people are our friends." And the occasional wide-awake non-typical officer ground his teeth and whispered, "Lord! Lord! how we are being played with! They know everything about us at every hour, in every move—and we not only know nothing of them, but are being fed up with lies."

Far from merely keeping the Dutch out of

our camps, we engaged the people of the country as transport drivers and waggon hands, and even—it used to be said—let them find their way into our corps of scouts and regimental guides. We demanded that they should know the Taal lingo and the country, and the result was that when we marched into a Boer village or hamlet we saw our own people hobnobbing with the residents, and asking, "Where's Piet? How's Billy? How have all of you been getting on?"—hail-fellow-well-met with these alleged "loyalists," the most tricky, shuffling, double-eyed, fence-straddling wretches I have ever met in any of my travels. On and on we went, never knowing anything of the Boers, and the Boers always thoroughly informed about us.

Everywhere the slimy, slippery ranchers and tavern-keepers and merchants welcomed us with the heartiest speech, and always were we fooled by it. They had been born in the country, half the people or more in all that great region were out "on commando," no man except a pro-Boer or a born Boer could have been where we found these double-faced people, with their Judas-like pretence of friendship. It was self-evident that they must have been siding with our enemies. Had they been for us when our backs were turned, the Boers would have offered them a choice between joining their

fighting forces or losing their property and their right to stay in the land. Capetown, Durban, and Port Elizabeth were crowded by the refugees who had taken an honest stand for the British side, and had been obliged to leave their homes. Nothing of this needed telling; it was indisputable, it was logical, it was common knowledge.

At last we came to fighting battles that were surprises—to meeting Boer forces where we were told there were no Boers. When, at Modder River, Mr. Knox, of Reuter's, and I saw a large force of Boers ahead, and rode back to tell our friends in the army what we had seen, we were informed that what we announced was ridiculous. There were only "three hundred Boers within a dozen miles," and these would be quickly dislodged by our Ninth Lancers. We were to meet the Boers at Spytfontein, miles and miles a-head. Nevertheless, in fifteen minutes we began one of the chief battles of the war, against the largest force that had up to that time opposed our army.

The next day saw us in the village of Modder River, welcomed by the men of the place, whose shops and taverns had been preserved in the very midst of the Boer army by—by what shall we say? It must have been either by the force of comradeship with the Boers or by miraculous

and Divine intervention; one or the other, for there is no explanation of the phenomenon outside of these two alternatives. Did a single man from that village manage to cross the drift and warn us that six miles of trenches were ready to be filled by Boers when we should reach there? And why did no single individual among all these "friends" do us that service? Our guides and others rode far forward, and were gone for hours. What did they see or find, and why did they not discover the facts?

We were fooled! fooled!! fooled!!!

Without martial law in force behind us, as it should have been in force from Capetown to Kimberley, at the very beginning of the war, without maps of the country, surrounded by malignant enemies, who were the more dangerous in that they declared themselves friends. Knowing nothing, but betrayed in everything we stumbled on—into Modder battle, up against Maghersfontein Kopje—fooled and tricked and played with for months on end.

We caught one of two men who fired at us from beneath the white flag. The other one our soldiers killed, but the one we caught—what of him? The quicker he was hanged and left hanging on top of a high kopje the sooner would have ended the contempt of the Boers for our methods, and the sooner would have come the end of

the war. But I never was able to learn that he was treated otherwise than were the rest of our prisoners.

When we came to a village like Modder River, where the Boers had been entertained and assisted in bridge-destroying and trench-digging, did we *reconcentrado* the little population? What a lesson to the disloyal, what a strength to our arms that would have been! We did nothing; we left them in their homes; we found them with Boer warrants for pay for forage on their persons; we saw them slipping to and from our camp at night, while by day they loitered around our headquarters and told us how loyal they were. Fooled were we—to the brim, up to our eyes, past all understanding.

Lord Roberts came, and the Boers tried the same old tricks. It is true that he maintained the same mistaken course of leniency—making war as light as possible for the Boers while they heaped its terrors upon us—but this mischievous, war-prolonging policy was so unvarying from Capetown to Bloemfontein that I always suspected it to have been ordered from home—perhaps by whoever it was that "preferred unmounted men" to catch the De Wets of the veldt. I cannot believe that Lord Roberts fought England's enemies in India in that way, or that he is blamable for that policy in South

Africa. He was fooled, however, but not as others had been, nor did he evince the same fondness for being victimised as did certain of his subordinates. From the outset he took all ordinary precautions against treachery and double-dealing, and he was the first general to insist that the coloured native (very often a Boer spy) should be kept under supervision and should be at least as orderly, civil, and well behaved as white men were required to be.

It was while we were at Bloemfontein that the Boers presumed too much upon our credulity and trustfulness at last. They did this by the most barefaced and wholesale act of hoaxing ever practised upon a modern army. We sent out our forces, small and large, over the whole southern half of the Free State, distributing Lord Roberts' promise of protection to all who surrendered their arms and signed an agreement to fight us no more. Gaily and trustingly our troops went here and there, and everywhere the people came out to meet them in apparently the same cordial spirit of goodwill. As they handed in their grandfathers' old elephant rifles and whatever other fire-arm curios had been thrown aside in their mud-houses, they assured us that they were sick of the war, that they had been tricked by Steyn, that they had only fought to prevent the Transvaalers from confiscating their

cattle and perhaps to save themselves from being murdered. It was a beautiful spectacle of erring brotherhood repentant—for those who enjoy being played upon and laughed at.

Even while the old junk was being brought to the railway we began to hear that wherever, in isolated cases, a man had honestly given up his Mauser and signed the British papers he was being plundered and persecuted by his neighbours, most of whom were still either fighting or awaiting orders to resume hostilities. My printers told me of friends whom they believed to have been shot for failing to take part in the hoax, and for seriously giving up the contest.

And at Ladybrand the "friendly" and "repentant" Boers, who had been giving tea and entertainment to General Broadwood to hold his force until the enemy could capture it, fired on him from the very houses in which he had been drinking tea, when he got wind of the trap and slipped away—to Sanna's Post.

The air began to fill with rumours of murder and pillage, the veldt again resounded with the hoof-beats of fighting commandos. We had the affairs at Reddersburg, Wepener, Karree Siding, Sanna's Post. We found that we were brushing our coatsleeves against those of active enemies in Bloemfontein—men who were apprising the

enemy of our army movements and plans, who were even said to be slipping out at night, armed sometimes with messages and sometimes with Mausers.

Thus the Boer cunning over-reached itself. It was the biggest hoax, the climax of the long course of hoaxing. It was the first time it had been practised upon Lord Roberts, but I also believe it was the last time as well.

This was the meaning of the notices that now began to appear in different forms in THE FRIEND: that the Army was to be fooled no longer by mere lies and Iscariot handshakings. This was the purport of Lieutenant Burnett-Hitchcock's command that we should all carry passes; of Town Clerk Koller's order for all the Free Staters to give an account of their horses with proofs of ownership; of General Kelly's command that all troops "when out in positions" (around the town and elsewhere) "should invariably entrench themselves . . . being careful that their flanks are secure"; of Lord Roberts's warning that our "friends" and others were to be held responsible in their persons and property for all wanton destruction of or damage to public or private property, which meant railway-wrecking principally.

The Army at last was tired of being fooled.

The editorial of the day was conceived in the same spirit of resistance to a farther continuance of the experiences of the Army in the past. It was headed " British Leniency," and was, I am almost certain, written by Mr. Gwynne under " inspiration."

What about British leniency and long-suffering? (the writer asked). Let it be remembered we are still an army on active service fighting a vigorous enemy. There are people to whom British magnanimity has always and will always spell weakness. We cordially welcome and will gladly receive our new fellow-subjects. We shall not make our welcome depend upon whether they fought against us or not. Those who stood in the enemy's trenches and fought bravely for what they considered to be their liberty will soon be convinced that their struggle was prompted by men who knew not liberty, and that Great Britain will extend to them a degree of freedom which they never knew before. But—and let us here emphasize the " but "—we will have no half measures. We do not ask the newly-conquered Free Staters to take up arms against their kinsmen now fighting against us, but we do ask and shall maintain, with sternness, if necessary, a strict and rigid neutrality on the part of those who have promised it by oath. Let all take to heart this decision, that while Great Britain will remorselessly punish all and any who interfere with those who claim her protection, so will she as sternly and

severely bring heavy punishment on those who misuse her tolerance and leniency.

The great extent of country through which the British army has to operate has made difficult to afford that adequate protection to those who have laid down their arms, convinced that they were risking their lives uselessly. In some cases these men have been molested and ill-treated by the enemy. Full punishment will be meted out to those who have been guilty of such acts. We have shown an example of leniency and tolerance towards rebels, taken with arms in their hand, which we did expect would have been followed by those who direct the affairs of our enemies, and we shall exact of the two Presidents a full and complete reparation for acts of cruelty and inhumanity committed by those under their control.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

No. 17.] BLOEMFONTEIN, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1900. [Price One Penny.

PROCLAMATION

The following Military Officers are hereby appointed Justices of the Peace for the District of Bloemfontein during pleasure:—

Major-General G. T. PRETYMAN, C.B., Military Governor.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., D.S.O., Assistant to Military Governor.

Lieutenant-Colonel B. E. B. Lord Castletown, Special Service Officer.

Major R. M. Poore, Provost Marshal.

Captain W. A. J. O'Meara, Chief Intelligence Officer.

Captain P. Holland-Pryor, D.A.A., General.

Given under my hand at Bloemfontein, this Fourth Day of April, 1900.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Roberts, Field Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief British Forces
in South Africa.

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

BY FRED EYRE, YORKSHIRE GREEN HOWARDS

Far in a land so distant,
Out on the battle-field,
Raising the lance or carbine,
Or a sharp-edged sword they wield.
There lie the British Soldiers,
Fighting for home and Queen,
Marching by day, and by night as well,
Hard times are often seen.

Weary they tramp for their Country,
Marching when only half fed;
He'll rest where he can when they're halted,
Without sheet or blanket or bed.

War's Brighter Side

Dreams of sweet home and of childhood
Will pass through his weary brain,
Restless he'll lie till morning,
Then he'll move on the march again.

But what of his wife and baby,
That he's left far behind at home?
Where is their love's protection?
Where is his heart to roam?
Urged on by a stern Commander,
Pushed by a Sergeant there,
Bullied by bits of Lance Corporals,
No wonder the poor soldiers swear.

Now then he's fighting like blazes,
The artillery guns loudly boom,
His rifle comes up to his shoulder,
And another brave Boer meets his doom.
Crack! crack! 'tis the brave soldier's music,
His spirits rise up—he can feel,
It's this music that raises his spirits,
And makes them as fearless as steel.

He is fighting for Queen and for country,
For his dear little baby and wife,
He knows that the foe must be beaten
And for this end he'll risk his dear life.
At last the day's fighting is over,
The wounded and the dead lie around,
All now is quiet and peaceful,
From the guns we can hear not a sound.

But his poor wounded comrades lie moaning,
And gasping for life's loving breath,
But the great God of Love calls their spirits,
And they're clasped in the cold arms of death.
All things seem so strange and so dreary,
As sadly he gazes around,
He heaves a deep sigh and a tear dims his eye,
As he lies on the cold sodden ground.

NEVO!

But still we are here, what is left of us,
Noble and brave to be seen,
We've proved ourselves brave British soldiers,
And willing to die for our Queen.

JOKES TO BURN

To the Editors of THE FRIEND.—SIRS,—Is it true that a certain cavalry general, on finding good grass for his horses for the first time at Koodoesrand, exclaimed, "By Jove, this will supply a long-veldt want"?

That, to remind the burghers of the disgrace of Bloemfontein's fall into British hands, President Kruger has changed the name of the Transvaal capital to "Oomfontein"?

That the landdrost has caused to be written on the gates of Kroonstad, "Nil sine Laboere"?

That the Welshman called Mr. Kruger's son "ap-Paul" and the son's father "appalling"?

That the man who said that President Steyn "showed no signs of stayin'" when we got near Bloemfontein was shot on the spot by his rear-rank man?

That "The Gay Lord Treks" and the "Manœuvres of Steyn" will be acted in London in the winter?

That, in view of the late change of political opinion of the chief Bloemfontein newspaper, its name is to be changed to "Our Mutual Friend"?

An early answer to some of these important questions will oblige, Yours truly,

H. Atter.

Glen Siding, O.F.S., March 30th.

ARMY TEMPERANCE

BY CHAPLAIN T. F. FAULKNER

A most interesting meeting was held at the Town Hall on Monday evening in connection with the "Army Temperance Association," an organisation which owes its existence to the efforts and personal interest of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts which, as one of the speakers on the platform so rightly said, are always exercised in everything which is to the benefit of the British soldier. As, therefore, there are at present with our troops at Bloemfontein the President and Founder of the Association, two members of the Executive Committee, and many

hundreds of members, it was a happy conception to call a meeting of those interested in Temperance work under the auspices of the Association, and one which commended itself to the approval of the Commander-in-Chief, who, in spite of many things which daily press upon him, readily consented to preside and speak at the meeting.

Much is due to the energy of the Rev. Canon Orford for arrangements made, and the kindness of residents in the city, all of which tended greatly to the success of the meeting. Disappointments were inevitable. Sudden movements and the exigencies of the service robbed us of the company of many who would otherwise have been present, and we missed the promised help of the band of "The Buffs."

On the platform were, besides the Commander-in-Chief and his personal staff, the Very Rev. the Dean; the Venerable the Archdeacon; Mr. Meiring, of the Customs; Mr. Falck, of the Post-Office; the Revs. T. F. Faulkner, F. B. N. Norman-Lee, and H. T. Coney, Chaplains to the Forces; Captain A. H. Webb, R.A.; Mr. Goddard, and R. Grindel, Esq., 2nd Coldstream Guards.

Lord Roberts in his address expressed his great pleasure in being able to preside, and sketched clearly and briefly the history of the beginning of the Association in India, its rapid growth in spite of antagonism, its ultimate and acknowledged success, and eventually its introduction into England, where now it can boast of a branch in almost

every regiment and depot in the kingdom. He particularly emphasised its being a *temperance* and not only a "total abstainer" society, and lastly pointed to the work done by the troops under his command during the past few weeks as an evidence of what can be done by temperate, or in this case almost entire non-abstaining, men, than whom (he said) he had never seen any to march better, endure privations more contentedly, or to be better behaved.

Mr. Lodge followed with an excellent song, admirably sung, which promptly elicited an "encore," which he kindly granted.

Rev. T. F. Faulkner then gave a short address about the principles of the Association and how they might affect and be affected by the exigencies of the march, and expressed the feeling of gratitude and pleasure which all A.T.A. members must share at the interest shown in their undertaking by the clergy and citizens of Bloemfontein.

A treat was then accorded to the audience in two songs sung by Miss Fraser, who most willingly responded to the vigorous appeal of our soldiers. Such singing by a lady we had not heard for a long time, and the men were not slow to detect the high order of Miss Fraser's powers. The Very Rev. the Dean gave a warm welcome as temperance workers in the name of those in Bloemfontein who had the work at heart, and spoke of the encouragement to them which such a meeting afforded.

An amusing song by Capt. Webb, R.A., also loudly encored, formed a pleasing contrast in the programme. Mr. Lodge and Miss Fraser were so good as to sing yet another song each, much to the delight of our members. Two short speeches by Mr. Grindel and Capt. Webb on the subject of the Association's worth and object and the members' duties in connection with it, brought the programme to a close save for the few graceful words spoken by Rev. F. B. N. Norman-Lee, in expressing the thanks of the meeting to Lord Roberts for his presence, and to those who had, by their kind help, conduced towards the success of the meeting and the pleasure of those who had attended it. The Rev. H. T. Coney, who had taken an active part in getting up the meeting, proved himself an excellent accompanist. The National Anthem closed the proceedings.

The same by Another Contributor

The presence of the Field Marshal, who may be called the father of the Association, attracted many who, perhaps, have not been identified with the movement. All who attended were repaid by getting a sight of the man of the hour in South Africa, and listening to his speech of introduction. In well-chosen words he gave a brief outline of the founding of the Association, its growth from the Total Abstinence Association first founded in India, and the

gradual broadening of its scope and purposes. He told of the influence of the A.T.A. in the army, how it was free from prejudice and sectarianism, and he pointed out to the soldiers the advantages of joining. Every member was known to his commanding officer, and for important posts men were often chosen because of this membership.

The soldiers who filled the body of the hall dwelt on every word that fell from the lips of the man they loved. When he spoke of the "Army it was now his great honour to command," the Field Marshal showed his depth of feeling in his voice. He was proud to be the leader of "the best-behaved army in the world"; he spoke of the splendid way in which the troops had marched, of how uncomplainingly they had endured the hardships of the campaign and how well they had fought. In a half-joking manner he spoke of them as having all been members of the A.T.A. Modder River water was all they had to drink, and sometimes little of that. In a graceful way the Field Marshal thanked the people of Bloemfontein for the interest shown by their attendance, and he expressed his gratitude to Miss Fraser and Mr. Lodge for voluntarily helping the success of the meeting with their songs. Constantly the soldiers interrupted the speech with applause, and when Lord Roberts had concluded, it was some time before it died away.

VOICES FROM OVER THE SEA

BY G. SIMES, OF ROBERTS'S HORSE

Though thirteen thousand miles of foam
  Divide us from the land
That bred our sires, yet we their sons
  With you united stand,
And in this year of warring strife
  From over all the earth
We haste to help the grand old land
  That gave our fathers birth.

From inland plain, from mountain height,
  From city and from coast,
From divers ends of all the earth,
  From the dear land we boast
Our proud descent; and never where
  Our language may be spoken
Shall the strong tie that binds us to
  Our mother land be broken.

All round the world we live in lands
  Thy enterprise has won,
And when the day with you is past
  With us the rising sun
Brings light to carry on the work
  Bequeathed to us by Thee;
We make and shape an Empire that
  Extends from sea to sea.

War's Brighter Side

The same clear head, the same firm tread
And independent air
That made all other men seem mean
Who with thy sons compare;
The same cool, prudent common-sense
And strong decision that
Conquer with the tools of peace
Or weapons of defence.

Nor Greece, or Rome, or France, or Spain
Had at their highest hour
One-half thy Empire, half thy wealth
Or world-embracing power,
And not to any race that lives
In History's wondrous story
Has ever been vouchsafed on earth
Such universal glory.

And we thy sons as much as those
Who stay at home with thee,
All seedlings planted far away
From the ancestral tree,
Breed true and show in branch and sap
The same old sturdy merit,
And plant our British customs in
The lands that we inherit.

And now from all your distant lands
With haste we come to show
We do not wait for you to ask
Our help against the foe,

But gather round thee pleased to have
The opportunity
Of proving to the world in arms
Our splendid unity.

RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

BY MR. LIONEL JAMES

I

Events have followed each other during the last week in such rapid succession that it is impossible to give more than a short epitome of the engagements at Karree Siding and Waterfall Drift. The cavalry reconnaissance to Brandfort showed that there was a considerable concentration of the enemy in that town, and as the Intelligence Department had information that a large force of Boers, re-equipped and remounted, had come down from Kroonstadt, it was deemed necessary to occupy the clump of kopjes in which Karee lies.

The enemy forestalled this move, and on 27th March the hills round Karee were reported held. As both flanks of the Karee position presented ground over which it was possible for cavalry to work, a plan of operations was made by which it was hoped that our occupation would result in the capture of the enemy's advance guard.

With this object a Cavalry division under General French, a brigade of Mounted Infantry and an Infantry division under Lieut.-Gen. Tucker con-

centrated at Glen on April 28th. On the following morning the Cavalry made a detour round the right of the enemy's position, the mounted Infantry under Lieut.-Col. Le Gallais making a similar movement round the left. The object of this operation was obvious. The mounted Corps were to be prepared to come into action at the rear of the Boer position as soon as General Tucker delivered his Infantry attack.

At 10 a.m., having received heliographic communication from Gen. French, Gen. Tucker put his division in motion—he advanced it across the four miles of plain leading to the foot of the range of kopjes in echelon of battalions, Gen. Chermside's Brigade on the right, General Wavell's on the left. The position which he essayed to attack, in the vicinity of Karee, may be roughly termed three parallel ridges with a stretch of valley between each.

Contrary to all expectation, the first ridge was found unoccupied and the infantry advanced without opposition, until the leading battalion (Lincolns) reached the foot of the second parallel. Here they were fired into by a patrol, which itself fell back at once. Under cover of a few rounds from the guns which came into action on the left of the advance, the second range was occupied. Beneath this lay the plain of Karee, a flat of about 2,000 yards, the station standing in the centre.

At first it was not evident that the third parallel of hills was held. But as the Norfolks, Lincolns, and six companies of the King's Own Scottish

Borderers scaled a considerable kopje which commanded the left of the final parallel, shrapnel was burst over them from a field gun which appeared to be in the valley below. The rest of Chermside's brigade, covered by a few of the C.I.V., were pushing across the open. The mounted men and two companies of the K.O.S.B.'s advanced to within 200 yards of the final position before the enemy declared their presence by opening fire. The reception which the advanced line received from the marksmen lining the hill east and from individuals ensconced in the bushes on the slopes of the hills was so sharp that the line was checked and part of it forced to retire. The three field batteries then came into action against a high tableland kop which formed the right of the held position, the advance remaining checked the while.

A battery was detached to aid the right, as the K.O.S.B.'s were suffering from a well-directed and well-ranged shrapnel fire. This battery was not able to come into action, as the teams were unable to bring the guns up the slope of the position chosen. But three of Wavell's battalions were brought across the open and an assault was attempted on the main kopje.

Matters practically remained at a deadlock until four p.m., when the sound of French's guns was heard in the rear of the enemy's position. Three shrapnel burst on the nek connecting the left and centre of the Boer position. The Mauser fire stopped as if by magic, and the enemy vacated.

The whole line then advanced and occupied the enemy's position, the latter retreating across the plain in the direction of Brandfort, taking their guns with them, which they unlimbered at intervals to shell the cavalry.

RICOCHETS

Lady Edward Cecil and Lady Charles Bentinck are here on a visit.

An amusing incident occurred the other day at the Glen. An officer of one of the Guards Battalions, whose name resembles that of the station, was found bathing in the Modder by a flying sentry stationed there to prevent the men from bathing. The sentry knew his duty, and unceremoniously ordered the delinquent to come out of the water, whereupon the gallant captain, in all his nakedness, approached the bank and indignantly asked the man, "Can't you see I am an officer?"

CHAPTER XX

Dr. A. Conan Doyle Contributes

And this suggests a few remarks about the much-discussed Treatment of our Sick

The editorial in the number of April 6th was written by me, with the assistance of Mr. Kipling, who aided me in phrasing concisely and with force the declaration of British principles in the body of the article. The manuscript was set up and "proved" while he was with us, and then was sent to the Residency in order that the authorities might look up some one capable of translating it into the Taal language. It was the first of our editorials to be printed, like Lord Roberts's proclamation, in both tongues. In English it was entitled, "To the People of the Free State," and this line was paralleled in our columns with this counterpart in Taal:

Aan Het Volk Van den (? Oranje) Vrij-Staat.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, who has since written so excellent a book upon "The Great Boer

War," had recently arrived in Bloemfontein, and enjoyed his first welcoming dinner with the editors of THE FRIEND at the Free State Hotel. He took a keen interest in our strange newspaper venture, and willingly wrote for us when we asked him to do so. The ringing, sturdily-phrased article, " A First Impression," which appeared in this number of April 6th, was by him.

But he came at the head of the Langman Field Hospital, and was, at first, busy in establishing that most excellent, much needed institution on the cricket-ground; then busier far in looking after the enteric patients who passed under his care in numbers startling to record. It fell to me to write a notice of his arrival, in which I said—and from my heart—" We welcome him to the British Army. We had hoped to welcome him to the staff of THE FRIEND, but, in view of the humane and philanthropic work which busies him night and day, we cannot betray such selfishness as to express any disappointment over this loss.

" So true a talent as his compels him to write, whether he will or no, and he has promised us a thought or an observation, now and then, out of his golden store. Perhaps at the end of the war he may give to the world a companion book to his undying ' White Company.' If it is called the ' Khaki Company,' and deals with the ex-

A first Impression

It was only Smith-Dorrien's brigade marching into Bloemfontein, but if it could have passed, just as it was, down Piccadilly and the Strand it would have driven London crazy. I got down from the truck which we were unloading and watched them, the ragged bearded fierce-eyed infantry straggling along under their cloud of dust. Who could conceive who has seen the grim soldier of peace that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim virile barbarian. Bulldog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces – every kind of face except a weak one. Here and there a reeking pipe – here and there a man who smiled – but the most have their swarthy faces leaned a little forward, their eyes stead fast, their features impassive but resolute. Baggage waggons were passing, the mules all skin & ribs, with the escort tramping beside the wheels

A Page of Dr. Conan Doyle's "Copy."

ploits of Englishmen of to-day, there will be, thank God, no lack of deeds of valour as stirring, courage as calm, and warfare as enthusiastic as he found to electrify the pages of the earlier work."

All who were in Bloemfontein spoke as highly of the Langman Hospital as I have done, and in the same—even in a more ardent manner—had we all praised the Australian Field Hospital, which we got to know before Lord Roberts took command. Especially did we exalt these institutions in our mind, because of the way in which we contrasted them with the outfits of the R.A. Medical Corps. We could not then see why it was that private individuals and colonies should surpass the richest nation on earth in their equipments for the care of the sick and wounded, or why the richest nation on earth should have to rely on these outside establishments, and beg of the Red Cross agents and of the people of South Africa for the means to complete the equipment of her own field hospitals.

It is not a pleasant subject. It does not force itself into a book upon "the brighter side of war" by reason of any especial harmony with that title. But it suggests a story which England needs to know—which England must wish to know if she means to keep her place among the fighting powers by the only means by which

that status can be maintained—which the stopping of every source of weakness and the reform of every evil in her army. As I said when I was urged to testify before the Commission which inquired into the subject, I did not study the matter when I was with the army. I was conscious of the general belief that the hospital service did not meet the demands of the situation either after the awful losses at Paardeberg, or, later, when enteric claimed between 5,000 and 7,000 victims at Bloemfontein.

Death was thick in the air. Nearly every correspondent and officer counted more friends who were sick than he had known to be wounded or killed in battle. The rains had set in. The veldt was like a marsh. The nights were bitterly cold. The dead in their blankets pursued us in the streets of the town and on every ride we took upon the veldt. My concern for my son took me daily to the Volks Hospital, where the doctor and nurses said that enteric in Bloemfontein took on so mild a form that they should "consider it a lasting disgrace to have a patient die of that disease," and yet every time I went to that hospital I heard from other visitors how many were the deaths in the army hospitals. I heard, too, how bad were the sanitary arrangements, how inefficient were the often untrained "Tommy" nurses, how dreadful were the risks

the patients were obliged to take (in some field hospitals) in obeying the commands of nature.

Now that I have returned to England I have had a high official of the Medical Corps say to me, "It was known beforehand that the service must break down in war because it was undermanned; it was never made familiar with its work, it had too few reserves to draw upon; when it was distended by the sudden and extraordinary demands of war it had to grow on paper, but not in fit and proper *personnel* or *materiel*."

Here, then, is the basis for what must, sooner or later, be exposed to all the nation. Knowing that things were amiss, and that they could not have been otherwise, the people need not wait two or five years for all the facts, or for the creation of a mis-applied "sensation." Let them doggedly and firmly insist that the loudly promised reform of the army shall be certain to include the establishment of a properly trained, equipped, and proportioned R.A.M.C., and that the lingering prejudice of the regular army officer against this most useful, economic, and essential corps shall vanish before the will of the people as stubble is swept up by a prairie fire.

Mr. Gwynne wrote the obituary notice of

Archibald Forbes, Mr. Fred W. Unger wrote a descriptive article called "The Inexpressible Veldt," and we were rejoiced once again to publish a contribution in verse by Mr. A. B. Paterson, of Sydney.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

No. 18.] BLOEMFONTEIN, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1900. [Price One Penny.

TAKEN FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE FRIEND"

Monday or Tuesday, a pair of Field Glasses, a pair of Wire Cutters, and Leather Pouch. Please return same and claim reward.[1]

NOTICE

The time by which Civilians have to be in their houses is extended to 9 p.m. on Sundays, to enable them to return from Church.

B. Burnett Hitchcock, Lieutenant,
Asst. Provost-Marshal to Military Gvernor.
April 6th, 1900.

[1] The victim of this bold theft out of our sanctum was Mr. James Barnes, our colleague and occasional contributor and assistant.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle Contributes

THAT V.C.

BY A. B. PATERSON

'Twas in the days of front attack,
  This glorious truth we'd yet to learn it,
That every "front" has got a "back,"
  And French is just the man to turn it.

A wounded soldier on the ground
  Was lying flat behind a hummock;
He proved the good old proverb sound,
  "An army travels on its stomach!"

He lay as flat as any fish,
  His nose had worn a little furrow,
He only had one frantic wish—
  That like an ant-bear he could burrow.

The bullets whistled into space,
  The pom-pom gun kept up its braying,
The four-point seven supplied the bass;
  You'd think the Devil's band was playing.

A valiant comrade crawling near
  Observed his most supine behaviour
And crawled towards him, "Eh! what cheer!
  Buck up," says he, "I've come to save ye!"

"You get up on my shoulders, mate!
  And if we live beyond the firing,
I'll get a V.C. sure as fate,
  Because our blokes is all retiring.

" It's fifty pound a year," says he,
" I'll stand you lots of beer and whisky."
" No," says the wounded man, " not me,
I won't be saved; it's far too risky!

" I'm fairly safe behind this mound,
I've worn a hole that seems to fit me,
But if you lift me off the ground
It's fifty pound to one they'll hit me!"

So off towards the firing-line
His mate crept slowly to the rear, oh!
Remarking, " What a selfish swine!
He might have let me be a hero!"

(Editorial)

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE FREE STATE

BY MESSRS. KIPLING AND RALPH

The British have come to stay.

Our students of political economy have taught us that the constitution and laws of the old Free State were as nearly perfect as any that could be framed for a democracy.

The basis of the British Government is that of an enlightened and progressive democracy.

It is therefore certain that British rule will not bring any violent or revolutionary changes to the conditions under which you citizens have been living.

What are British principles?

The absolute independence of the individual, so long as he does not interfere with his neighbour's rights.

Prompt and equal justice, before the Lord, to all men.

A natural and rooted antipathy to anything savouring of military despotism, in any shape or form.

Absolute religious toleration and freedom of belief for all peoples.

Prompt and incorruptible justice to all men in every walk of life.

The right of every man to make his home his castle.

In view of these things and of the unalterable fact that the country has passed under a new rule, why should burghers hesitate or delay in making friends with the new situation?

We are your friends. We have never felt unfriendly toward you; for even in war we realised that you were deceived by unwise and selfish leaders.

Let us, then, repeat the new motto of the Free State, printed at the head of the newspaper, "All has come right," for we are certain that as soon as your people realise what is to be the new rule under which you are to live, you will know and acknowledge that the right has prevailed, and that never again shall you stand in fear of a military oligarchy like the Transvaal; or of tyranny or injustice in any form.

War's Brighter Side

A FIRST IMPRESSION [1]

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

It was only Smith-Dorrien's Brigade marching into Bloemfontein, but if it could have been passed, just as it was, down Piccadilly and the Strand it would have driven London crazy. I got down from the truck which we were unloading and watched them, the ragged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry, straggling along under their cloud of dust. Who could conceive, who has seen the prim soldier of peace, that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian? Bulldog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one. Here and there a reeking pipe, here and there a man who smiled, but the most have their swarthy faces leaned a little forward, their eyes steadfast, their features impassive but resolute. Baggage waggons were passing, the mules all skin and ribs, with the escort tramping beside the wheels. Here are a clump of Highlanders, their workman-like aprons in front, their keen faces burned black with months of the veldt.

It is an honoured name that they bear on their shoulder-straps. "Good old Gordons!" I cried as they passed me. The sergeant glanced at the dirty enthusiast in the undershirt. "What cheer, matey!" he cried, and his men squared their shoulders and put a touch of ginger into their stride. Here are a clump of Mounted Infantry, a grizzled fellow like a

[1] Copyrighted. Used here with the author's permission.

fierce old eagle at the head of them. Some are maned like lions, some have young, keen faces, but all leave an impression of familiarity upon me. And yet I have not seen irregular British cavalry before. Why should I be so familiar with this loose-limbed, head-erect, swaggering type; of course it is the American cow-boy over again. Strange that a few months of the veldt has produced exactly the same man that springs from the western prairie. But these men are warriors in the midst of war. Their eyes are hard and quick. They have the gaunt, intent look of men who live always under the shadow of danger. What splendid fellows there are among them!

Here is one who hails me; the last time I saw him we put on seventy runs together when they were rather badly needed, and here we are, partners in quite another game. Here is a man of fortune, young, handsome, the world at his feet, he comes out and throws himself into the thick of it. He is a great heavy-game shot, and has brought two other "dangerous men" out with him. Next him is an East London farmer, next him a fighting tea-planter of Ceylon, next him a sporting baronet, next him a journalist, next him a cricketer, whose name is a household word. Those are the men who press into the skirmish-line of England's battle.

And here are other men again, taller and sturdier than infantry of the line, grim, solid men, as straight as poplars. There is a maple-leaf, I think, upon their shoulder straps, and a British brigade is glad enough to have those maples beside them. For

these are the Canadians, the men of Paardeberg, and there behind them are their comrades in glory, the Shropshire Light Infantry, slinging along with a touch of the spirit of their grand sporting colonel, the man who at forty-five is still the racquet champion of the British army. You see the dirty private with the rifle under his arm and the skin hanging from his nose. There are two little stars upon his strained shoulders, if you could see them under the dirt. That is the dandy captain who used to grumble about the food on the P. and O. "Nothing fit to eat," he used to cry as he glanced at his menu. I wonder what he would say now? Well, he stands for his country, and England also may be a little less coddled and a little more adaptive before these brave, brave sons of hers have hoisted her flag over the "raad zaal" of Pretoria.

THE MODERATE DRINKER'S LAMENT

BY MARK THYME

(*From the Household Brigade Magazine*)

WITH APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

When you've done your meat and jipper—when you've 'ad your go o' beer—
When your duff 'as filled the corners of your shape—
P'raps you'll kindly spare some sympathy, and drop a silent tear
For a gentleman in khaki at the Cape.
'E's an absent-bodied beggar—as it's needless to relate—

An' 'is most frequented pub 'll fail to find him,
For 'e doesn't get a chance to chalk 'is drinks up on a slate
'Cause 'e's left Three-thick and Drug-'ole far behind 'im.

Lime-juice mixed with water the colour of mud
(Fifty thousand 'orse and foot, moderate drinkers we),
Bully beef and rooty, and where shall we find a spud?
Pass your tin, for there's nothing to drink but tea, tea, tea!

Now we falls in of a mornin', an' we knows there's work to do
Simultaneous with the risin' of the sun;
We can see 'em on the kopjes, and their numbers isn't few,
An' it's more than rather likely there's a gun.
When we get within "fixed sights" it's ten to one the blighter's gone,
And an absent-bodied beggar we shall find 'im,
For 'e mounts 'is 'orse an' offs it when 'e finds us comin' on,
An' 'e never leaves a drop o' drink be'ind 'im.

Pile arms! Lie down! Now let the Transport come!
(Am I 'ungry and thirsty? Wait till I let you see!)
Bully beef and rooty, and somebody's pinched my rum.
Pass your tin, for there's nothing to drink but tea, tea, tea!

There's a chap called Wilfrid Lawson as is always on the squeak,
An' 'e turns the liquor question inside out;

But a bloke can do a gallon—if the tiddley's fairly weak—
Without actually going on the shout.
But the absent-bodied tipper feels a temporary check
When 'e tastes a kind of something to remind him,
There's a Boer up the river with a stone around 'is neck
'As a filter what old Cronje's left be'ind 'im.

Fill mine! Mine too! (*Smells like a bloomin' drain!*)
Fill at the nearest water, spite of the M.F.P.
Bully beef and rooty, and something's give me a pain,
Pass your tin, for there's nothing to drink but tea, tea, tea!

Don't you fancy I'm a-grousin'. You can look me in the face
An' judge if I'm a coward or a cur,
When I tells you 'ow I scrambled up each blood-an'-thunder place
Without any 'esitation or demur.
Still, your absent-bodied comrade's got a thirst what's run to waste,
And 'e'll show you in the future, when you find 'im
Back in Wellington or Chelsea, as 'e's not forgot the taste
Of the beer what 'e's at present left be'ind 'im.

Wayo! 'Ere's luck! Drink to your sweet-'eart dear
(*Fifty thousand 'orse and foot, moderate drinkers we*),
Wait till the war is over, then for the pint o' beer,
Pass your tin, for there's nothing to drink but tea, tea, tea!

CHAPTER XXI

Loot and Lurid Crazes

A chapter in which we also tell of a modest Prince and a gallant Adventurer

"The Friend" contained notices of Kruger sovereigns and Transvaal pennies for sale, of Boer rifles and saddles, but none of the postage stamps of the former Free State or the newly surcharged ones in use by the army. Though Transvaal pennies fetched twenty-five shillings and were in great demand, the real enthusiasm of collectors was for postage stamps, and officers and others were busy as bees buying stamps and having them erased to make them the more valuable.

South Africa is as bare and barren a place for collectors, and even for the modest traveller who wishes for merely one trifling souvenir, as can be imagined. The war provided some trophies in the way of shells and Mauser rifles, but outside these there was nothing except, perhaps, the empty ostrich eggs to be found in every Boer

house—and also to be found everywhere else in the civilised world.

The most coveted war trophies were: first, the Transvaal and Free State flags; second, the extraordinary waistcoats worn by a few Boers, and covered all over with cartridge slits or pockets made especially to hold the Mauser "clips" of five cartridges each; third, old Dutch Bibles illustrated by quaint woodcuts, and fourth, Boer rifles. However, even the war trophies were few and hard to get, and the singular energy of collectors expended itself in the gathering of new and old postage stamps, at which generals, colonels, and Tommies busied themselves, and a well-known London man of my acquaintance cleared a profit of £300, still reserving for himself a handsome collection.

The name of Prince Francis of Teck no longer appeared in THE FRIEND beneath the demand he had been making for horses. I remember that the circus-ground he had pre-empted for the safe-keeping of his stock was now full of animals one day, half-empty the next day, and full again on the third, as he bought and distributed his live stock. I want, before I forget it, to tell how some of us editors entertained him without having the vaguest idea who he was.

He was invited to dinner at the Free State Hotel by Mr. Landon, who saw him seated and

then introduced him to the rest of us, but in so indistinct a manner that we did not catch his name. We simply saw in our company a handsome and stalwart young officer of imposing stature, and evidently profound good-nature. We all conversed upon the current topics of the day and place, and one of us, I remember, had occasion to differ with our guest, diametrically, upon some point—doing so as bluntly, though not at all rudely, as men were apt to do in such a place and at such a time—when the extra and more elaborate formalities are apt to be laid aside for future use at the Mount Nelson Hotel, and later in the routine of life at home.

After dinner our guest suggested that he should enjoy a chat and smoke in our company elsewhere than in the noisy dining-room, so we invited him to Mr. Kipling's bedroom, which was larger than Mr. Landon's or Mr. Gwynne's or mine. We spent a very pleasant hour in freest converse, one of us being prone upon one bed and rolling around on it pipe in mouth, while our guest lolled upon a cot beside the chest of drawers, and the others held down two chairs and looked after the distribution of the cigarettes and the less dry refreshments at our command.

We were not able, by any means, to agree with some of the propositions of our guest, but

he accepted our views in a spirit of good-humour, or of a desire to learn what we had seen and studied. He talked a great deal about horses, and about the fertile ingenuity of the native horse trader, as well as of his own ability to defeat him at his wiles—but we took no hint from this. When he had gone we asked Mr. Landon, "Who was that? We did not catch his name."

Mr. Landon told us, and we replied, "O-oh!"

The largest advertisement in the paper was that of Mr. Murray Guthrie, Esq., M.P., whose address just then was "the Railway Station." He was most generously giving up his time to the receipt and distribution of those parcels for the troops which were now beginning to come from England in great and little packing-cases, and large and small bundles numbering enough to be reckoned by the car-load.

We had received the news of the killing of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil in an engagement with Lord Methuen's force, and Mr. Gwynne wrote a spirited leader in honour of the Frenchman's memory.

We heard some interesting details about the capture of Villebois, which I think have never been published. His commando threatened Boshof, and when our force began to attack the

kopje where he was lodged the second shell we fired killed him. He was not the only nobleman in his commando, for among the prisoners we captured one was a Russian prince and another was the Comte Breda, a Frenchman, like his leader. Another prisoner was a stalwart Englishman named Simpson, whose long beard was braided to keep it out of the way when he was shooting. Physically, he was the most splendid specimen of manhood our soldiers had seen in the Boer ranks. Lord Methuen ordered a military burial, and commanded Colonel Higgins of the Third Welsh Borderers to obtain a fitting tombstone. The English general attended the funeral, which took place in Boshof cemetery. "General" Villebois was buried in a blanket, but this was covered by the Union Jack when the body was solemnly borne to the grave between the lines of the men of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. No chaplain officiated, but none of the formalities of a complete military service were omitted. The Comte Breda made a little speech at the close, thanking the British for their courtesy and kindness. After that our own dead were buried in the same little cemetery.

The affair provoked great and deep discussion, and so many British officers were displeased by what Lord Methuen had seen fit to do that THE FRIEND was at pains to try and clear the

air of the false impression that one brave general had not a right to honour another in this soldierly way. We also pictured Villebois as he appeared to us, a knight of ancient pattern, a restless, gallant warrior, who had political reasons for wishing to keep himself in the mind of his people while waiting for the ripening of his plans. The line on his gravestone, "died on the field of honour," was originally written "on the field of battle," and was ordered to be changed at the last moment. This phrase also angered many British, who, presumably, thought that a grand monument had been set up over the unfortunate Frenchman. In fact, the stone only cost ten pounds when dressed and inscribed, and in a country where such things fetch twice their value here.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

COL. DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL

BY MR. H. A. GWYNNE

(*The following message has been received by F. M. Lord Roberts from Lord Methuen: "Arrangements have been made for the burial of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil this evening with military honours."*)

A short, well-built, admirably proportioned man, with quick expressive eyes, and an open, frank countenance was the late Colonel de Villebois-

Mareuil. He was a soldier, and a gallant soldier, from the top of his close-cropped head to the soles of his daintily-shod feet. Wherever there was war, or the possibilities of war, de Villebois-Mareuil was on the spot ready to fight for whichever side, in his eyes, appeared to have the greater claims on justice. Impulsive to a degree, he was often drawn to conclusions for which he could never give logical grounds. The picturesqueness of the Boer side of the war, the presence of old Huguenot names among those of the Boer leaders, the imagined wrongs of the two Republics, were quite sufficient to attract the generous and emotional Frenchman into the struggle. And once in the struggle, he gave the whole of his energy to it. Not content with drawing the sword for the two Republics, he wielded a charming pen on their behalf. Some of his letters to the Paris *Liberté* prove that if the world has lost a gallant soldier, it has also lost a brilliant war correspondent.

To us English, imbued as we are with a full appreciation of everything which appears manly or sporting, the figure of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil is particularly sympathetic. We overlook his somewhat illogical defence of what appears to us the gross injustice of the Transvaal's dealings with Englishmen, and we only see a gallant Frenchman fighting and laying down his life for a cause which he espoused with the warmth of a generous nature. There is something touching in a sentence of his which appears in one of his letters from South Africa. " When I came here I believed I was going

to the sacrifice." Gallant, generous, chivalrous soldier: May God rest his soul!

Over his grave we forget that he fought against us, and we think only of the gallant soldier. A British bullet laid him low, but a British General lays him to rest with full military honours.

A BALLADE OF TEN-A-PENNY

BY J. H. M. A.

Kopjes are steep, and the veldt is brown—
(Utterly true, if you pause to think)
Biscuits are done and your luck is down;
"Modder" is not an inspiriting drink
(Dead Boers' taint, and defunct mules stink).
Better the sound of the screaming bomb,
Excitement and hurry of Hell's own brink—
Alas! for a tune on the gay Pom-pom.

"Action front!"—And the guns are round,
Teams go back with the chains a-clink.
We're reaping the storm that the scouts have sown
(The sun gets red and the clouds are pink).
"Show for the lyddite, that's all"—you think
(Frenchmen would shrug, with a *sacre nom*),
When out in the dusk, in the half of a jink,
Suddenly singeth the brisk Pom-pom.

"Pom-pom-pom"—and the shells have flown;
"Bang-bang-bang"—without rise or sink—
Accurate sameness to half a tone—
Whizzing one-pounders—don't stop to think—

Open the ranks like a " spieler's " wink.
  This is a speedy and frolicsome bomb,
Do not despise it, but do not shrink,
  This is a nerve-test, this swift Pom-pom.

ENVOI

Oom, when you sit in the dark and think,
  After the war, and your nights are long,
Bitterness sweeten of cups you drink
  With a memory sad of your sweet Pom-pom.

HOW THE CALF WAS AVENGED

BY LEONARDITE, 82ND BTY., R.F.A.

It happened about the time of the Paardeberg affair, or, to be exact, at 12.10 a.m. on the 22nd of February, 1900, our battery (the 82nd R.F.A.) had throughout the day catered diligently and well for the tastes of Cronje and his followers. They had breakfast betimes in the shape of shrapnel (unboiled), liberally and impartially distributed to all and sundry within the laager; luncheon, tea, and supper followed in due succession, each consisting principally of the same palatable diet, flavoured at intervals with the celebrated Lyddite sauce. This same is noted for its piquancy and marvellous power of imparting elasticity to the lower extremities (gouty and dropsical people please copy).

We returned to camp that night pretty well tired out, and hungry enough to eat " heef " (troop horse,

isn't it?), and wondering what our good Poulter, the battery *chef*, had prepared in the shape of grub—we had fought all day on a couple of "Spratt's gum-hardeners." As we neared the camp a most appetising odour smote our olfactory nerves. "Beef stew," says our No. 1, who has a wonderful nose for odours. "Garn," retorts Driver Jones, who loves a joke; "more likely an old goat that's 'scorfed' the inside of one of 'Redfern's trenches' (this is a battery joke); too strong for beef." Well, by this time we had arrived, and some one who knew said it was veal, and that Mason, our Mason, Mason the mighty hunter and what-not, had commandeered it.

Presently arrived the cooks and camp kettles, and we settled down to a good "buster." When nothing was left but empty pots and vain longings, we lit our pipes, and the aromatic fumes of our Boer's Head *cabbagio* were wafted heavenwards, our veracious raconteur related how he had captured the calf. How our pulses throbbed and our blood rose to fever heat as he told how he tore away his game from under the very horns of its enraged mother; and how, with the calf on his back, he had been chased five miles and over a big kopje strewn with boulders as big as an A.S.C. waggon, and finally, seeing no other mode of escape, had hurled the animal (the calf, not its maternal relative) from the top of the kopje, and in sheer desperation had leaped down after it, breaking his fall by alighting on its body.

Bidding us good-night, he left us to imagine

what he would have broken had he alighted off its body.

Feeling the spirit of contentment hovering o'er us, we prepared to turn it. The guns had previously been unlimbered and were ready for action, with their muzzles pointing to the enemy. Formed up in rear were the six gun limbers and six ammunition waggons, each with its team of six horses still hooked in in case of any emergency. In addition were the horses of the single riders, tied by their head-ropes to different parts of the carriages, making a total of somewhere about a hundred horses.

Well, we had comfortably settled down and were enjoying our first sleep when the sentries were startled by a most unearthly noise from the vicinity of the camp. It sounded like a dyspeptic groan from a more than ordinarily cavernous stomach. The horses pricked up their ears and the sentries clutched their carbines tighter as they peered into the darkness. Suddenly came the sound again—a mournful, melancholy, hair-raising sound. Like a flash the whole battery of horses, as though acting on a signal, stampeded into the night, taking the waggons with them; over sleeping men they went, stopping for no obstacles, overturning guns in their mad career, and heading straight for the enemy's trenches. The outposts, thinking the Boers were trying to break through the lines, opened fire at nothing. The Boers, thinking they were attacked, did ditto. It was a perfect pandemonium for a few minutes. The spiteful spit-puff of the Mauser and

sharp crack of the Lee-Metford, the whole blending with the cries of the injured and the shouts of the men who were trying to stop the runaways, made an impression that few who witnessed the scene will ever forget.

We had several more or less severely injured, lost about thirty horses and one waggon, besides several that were overturned and smashed.

All this damage was caused by the lowing of an old cow who had wandered through the camp seeking her lost offspring.

MORAL.—Hanker ye after the fleshpots, commandeer ye not, but buy! buy! buy!

NOTE.—Wanted to know—*vide* the Press report of Paardeberg action—Since when has the 82nd Battery, R.F.A., become a mule battery?

'ORSE OR FUT?

BY MARK THYME

(*A Song of the Household Brigade*)

I

It ain't a fatigue to see him,
'E's a taller than usual man,
As 'e struts down the road 'e's as smart as be blowed,
And 'is swagger would stop Big Ben,
'E's a fair take-in for the ladies,
For of course it's a maxim trite
When a cove's in the Guards, why it's just on the cards
'E's a bit of the best All-Right.

Loot and Lurid Crazes

CHORUS

Whether 'e wears a 'elmet,
Or 'airy 'at on 'is nut,
When all's done and said, 'E is 'Ousehold Brigade,
Whether 'e's 'Orse or Fut.
(*Shouted ad lib.*): THAT'S RIGHT
Whether 'e's 'Orse or Fut.

II

O' course 'e's fond of 'is lady,
'Is lady she doats on 'im,
And it's princip'ly that what's the cause of 'er 'at,
With its feathers and twisted brim.
When 'e takes 'er out of a Sunday
She says, " What a lovely sight!
Oh! there isn't a doubt, But I'm walking about
With a bit of the best All-Right."

CHORUS

And when 'e looks in promisc'ous
'Taint often the door is shut,
For she's fond of a mash, with a curly moustache,
Whether 'e's 'Orse or Fut.
(*As before*): That's Right
Whether 'e's 'Orse or Fut.

III

And then, when the war-clouds gather,
On Service 'e goes away;
And it's " Goodbye, Sal, God bless you, my gal! "
And the woman is left to pray.

Then whether it's toil and 'ardship,
Or whether it's march and fight,
'E's a joker, we know, As is certain to show
'E's a bit of the best All-Right.

CHORUS

Whether it's sword or bayonet,
Whether it's lance or butt,
'E's bound to go large When they're sounding the Charge,
Whether 'e's 'Orse or Fut.
(*As before—only more so*): That's Right!
Whether 'e's 'Orse or Fut.

HAS THE WAR JUST BEGUN?

The Cradock Dutch newspaper, the *Middellandsche Afrikaander*, says: "Our English contemporaries are greatly mistaken in thinking that the war has now virtually ended. The Republicans are now going to act on the defensive, and now one can expect a deathly struggle. The war has now lasted nearly six months, and, however much we desire it, there is no prospect of peace as yet."

CHAPTER XXII

In the Shadow of Sanna's Post

We try to Name the New Colony, and describe the Kornespruit Fight

Our ten thousand readers had been invited to send in their suggestions for a new name for the Free State, and then to express their opinions upon the names thus suggested. The first person to have sent in the name preferred by the greater number of readers was to receive five guineas, and perhaps the honour of naming a new colony of the greater Empire. The names suggested by the Army and the Bloemfontein readers of The Friend were as follows:—

Alexandra, Adamantia, Albertia, Altruria, Atkinsdom, Aurania, Brand State, Brandesia, British South Africa, Britannia, British Colonia, Brandsland, Buckland, Burghers' State, Central Colony, Centuria, Campania, Carnatia, Cameraria, Chamberlainia, Cecilia, Crucipatria, Colonia, Cisvaal, Closer Union, Conquered Territories, Crown State, Centralia, Capricornia, Cilionia, Concordia, Diamond

Colony, Diadem State, Empire State, Esicia, Empressland, Frere State, Fonteinland, Fonteinia, Freer State, Frereland, Federalia, Filia State, Federaldom, Grassland, Gariep Sovereignty, Guelfland, Helenia, Immigratia, Imperial Orange Colony, Imperia, Jubileeland, Kandaharia, Khaki State, Khakiland, Kopjesia, Lanceria, Leonida, Marchland, Mimosaland, Malaria, Milneria, Midland, Middle Colony, Mid-South Africa, Modrieta, New Ireland, New Alexandria, New Victoria, North Cape Colony, New Albion, New Era, New Canada, New Colony, New Rietana, Northern Province, New Gualia, New Victoria, New Edward's Land, New Egypt, Orange State, Orange, Orangia, Orangeland, Orange Colony, Orange Sovereignty, Provincia, Pasturia, Pastoria, Queen's Free State, Robertsland, Rietania, Robertesia, Robertsin, Robertina, Robertonia, Robertshire, Roberterre, Roberton, Robersdale, Robertsia, Robiana, Robermain, Reconquered Land, Regina Land, Stellaland, Stellarland, Sylvania, Suzerainia, Steyn's Folly, Salisbury, Tableland, Trans Garep, Transgarepian Territory, Trans Orange, Uitland, Union Era, United British Empire, Union State, U.S. South Africa, Victory, Victorialand, Victoria Robertsia, Victoriafontein, Veldtland, Veldt.

The voting closed on April 7th, and on April 9th we announced that the name Brandesia, honouring a late President of the State, an upright man and a friend of Great Britain, had secured by far the greater number of votes. Taking the

whole vote, and separating from it the votes for those names which were formed upon or out of the name of Roberts, it was seen that the desire of the Army to honour its Chief was stronger than the expression of the Free Staters in remembrance of President Brand. But "Brandesia" secured the most votes, and Mr. P. Johnson, whom we were not able to discover afterwards, won the five guineas. Private W. Cooper, H Company, 5th Regiment of Mounted Infantry, won the two-guinea prize for guessing nearest to the five names that secured the greatest number of votes. Now that the Government has named the country "The Orange River Colony" we see that whoever sent in the name "Orange Colony" really deserved the most of whatever credit goes with guessing blindly.

Coming upon Mr. James' clear and accurate account of the Corne Drift (Kornespruit or Sanna's Post) ambuscade reminds me of how the heroic survivors of that red-hot fight drifted back to town, drifted into the hotel dining-rooms—actually drifted into my bedroom in the case of Colonel Pilcher—and I missed the chance at the time of looking at them with eyes that saw the hell they had been through; without the understanding by which I could measure their pluck.

There had been a fight at the Waterworks, and we had been beaten, and had suffered a shocking loss of men and guns—that was all that most of us knew on the Sunday that followed the fighting on Saturday, March 31st. Afterwards I saw a score of the dare-devils who had squeezed out between the fingers of Death's clenched hands, and I made the fight my most serious study in the war—but I missed the chance of seeing it for myself, and then I lost the glow of knowing what I looked at when I saw the survivors come in.

Mr. Gwynne went out to the scene and caught a glimpse of the end of it. As there is no living correspondent better equipped to judge events in war, and as it is the pride of more than one general to obtain his views and accounts of the actions he witnesses, I will quote a bit of his editorial of April 5th, in which he touches upon the Sanna's Post affair: "Perhaps never in the history of British campaigns have our soldiers shown more splendid courage, more dogged resistance and greater coolness. General Broadwood has covered himself with glory by the masterly way in which he extricated his little force from a veritable death-trap. And who is there who can pay adequate tribute to the behaviour of our gunners, and the gallant band of British soldiers who held off a greatly superior

force under most difficult and trying circumstances?"

It was while Mr. Gwynne was at the scene that a Boer suddenly appeared and advanced toward him unarmed like himself; indeed, Mr. Gwynne believes the man was a war correspondent. The two talked of the fight: "Your people showed wonderful courage," said the Boer; "we thought we had bagged your whole force. I am bound to say that had the Boers been in such a tight place they would have surrendered."

BOER PLANS AND VIEWS

"*The following is a literal translation of a genuine Boer document recently discovered. It has been forwarded to us for publication by an officer of the Intelligence Department, to whom we tender our best thanks.*"

Observations on the Present War

BY CAPTAIN I. D.

(*A Translation*)

In order to form an opinion on the manner of operations of both hostile parties, at present or in the future, it is necessary, as far as possible, to endeavour to obtain an understanding of the different properties and conditions of both belligerents.

From a physical point of view, the Boer stands far above his enemy in respect to bodily strength and perseverance.

He inherits from his Teuton ancestor a quiet and patient nature, coupled with a strong frame, which makes him less liable to be affected by troubles and loss of spirit under the continued strains which are inseparable from the campaign, while the Huguenot blood which flows through his veins continually gives him fresh power and energy, which is much in his favour in a final attack; further he is filled with an unlimited faith in his God and the assurance of the righteousness of his cause, which fills him with superhuman strength and lion-like courage.

Open-air life has given him a clearness of sight, and perseverance which is probably without equal in the world's history, while his monotonous life is the cause that he, though a lower member of the force, can act independently. By lack of discipline and organisation, his movements are sometimes clumsy, which, however, tends to his benefit in an uneven field, and taken altogether are little to his detriment, as he is not bound by special rules respecting formation or otherwise. In contrast, the British troops are (notwithstanding there may be many brave soldiers found among them) on account of their organisation and equipment, &c., little adapted to keep up their heads against the mental and bodily strain of a continued and wearisome war.

They are mostly obtained out of cities and towns, which leaves much to be wished for in their clearness of sight, steadiness of arm, and power of self-reliance, while the discipline, organisation, rules and directions to which they must hold weaken them

more, so that they are merely tools, standing under their officers' commands, of a fighting machine. The officers in many instances are young and without experience, and mentally and bodily unfit to fulfil their serious and responsible duties, chosen to be officers not for their ability, or natural talent, but because they are sons of the noble, or of the respected of the land.

It is, however, not intended here, by any means, to throw the blame on the valour of the officers or men.

When the nature of both armies is considered, one comes to the conclusion that the British troops all gain an advantage in an attack on equal ground, if a strong force is used in it, while the Boers will obtain one in case there are fewer attackers brought into the field. The English will benefit by defending, especially if time be given them to build defences, and also where towns and camps must be held.

Over hilly and uneven ground the Boer has by far the best chance to attack, while in an eventual defence he has everything in his favour, and is practically not to be got at.

The British authorities have apparently too much trust in the result of their Artillery. It is plain that they cherish the idea that it will have a demoralising effect on the Boers, and therein they have fortunately been mistaken. They did not calculate that the effect could not be so great on scattered troops, and that the result cannot be equal to the ex-

penditure and difficulties of transport. On the other hand, the Artillery of the Boers necessarily has a powerful result on troops which, like the British, are formed in close order, notwithstanding, according to the ideas of the writer of this, enough use is not made of "black gunpowder" with a view to find the distances by trial shots with that powder, to be afterwards followed by burstable shells with "time fuse" to produce great destruction.

As the ground is mostly soft, shells which burst on impact, so-called percussion shells, cannot mostly be used with favourable results, except under special circumstances. To bombard camps or towns "cordite" or "melanite" should not be used, as both explosives contain no inflammable properties, which are so necessary to set houses, waggons, forage, &c., on fire.

The greatest care should be taken that the mounted Boers should not be exposed in the open plain to the attacks of the enemy's cavalry, unless they are protected by quick-firing Maxim-Vickers guns and shells, seeing that the British Cavalry have a great advantage at short distances in the use of lances, swords and pistols.

It is highly desirable that the Boer commandos should not be accompanied by many commissariat waggons laden with provision, tents and other things, as they tend to hinder them, and prevent their executing quick movements.

In calculating the chances in this war, it has always been considered that the Boers have their

greatest advantage in being independent of commissariat transport, and although provision must be made to be in touch with certain points with the necessary provision for the commissariat, these, notwithstanding, must be viewed as items wherewith, considering the great interests at stake, too much care is not needed to be taken.

On this ground the British troops are far ahead of the Boers, on account of their proper organisation, and it is indeed to be regretted that a like department has not been established, especially as the Boers would be specially fitted for it, and have up to this time made so little use of their talent in this direction. Herein a serious instance is brought as an example, namely, the fact that the English troops could retreat in order from Dundee, without its being directly known. Also the disaster at Elandslaagte must be ascribed thereto, where small isolated troops, consisting of a mixed commando, were surrounded in positions not advantageous to their mode of warfare, and, even had our troops at that place been in a defensible position, they were "not in touch" with other troops, who could hasten to their assistance.

As to plans which are reckoned to be the best to obtain the victory for the Republican arms, it is an axiom that the deeper one penetrates into an enemy's country, the more one's power is weakened by the necessity for keeping up communication, but there is an exception to every rule, and this war at the present time makes the exception. The Boer

forces strengthened their resources, instead of weakening them, by their invasion of Natal and of the Cape Colony. A great proportion of the inhabitants of these Colonies are friendly, and they will thus always keep communication open, even when they take no active part in warlike operations. Taking this as granted, the conclusion is arrived at that the whole design of the Republican commanders should be to push their troops as far as possible, until they reach a war basis or boundary line.

Our Governments employ too many troops for Bechuanaland and Rhodesia without obtaining benefit therefrom. A picked commando of 1,000 men would possibly be sufficient to keep control over Mashonaland, while 1,500 at Mafeking would suffice to cut off the Bulawayo division, and in that case the troops which are now occupied about Mafeking and Kimberley could be better employed and with likelihood of good results, by being pushed South. If a sufficient number of men are left behind to dispute an eventual sortie from Kimberley and Mafeking, there is little benefit obtainable in the investment of towns which probably can hold out six or eight months. As long as they are well watched they cannot do much harm.

Much more could have been gained in Natal immediately after the Imperial troops were surrounded at Ladysmith, by sending a strong commando at once to the " Town Hill " at Pietermaritzburg, and if that commando was not strong enough to offer resistance, on retirement it could have

broken up the railway, and thereby the siege of Ladysmith, which is now being prosecuted, would have been a shorter and less troublesome task.

It appears that the Boer forces have not directed their attention to making a series of attacks in the night. For such a purpose their troops are specially adapted, and the result on the enemy would certainly be terrible, as the loss of sleep would weary them bodily as well as mentally. A certain number of men could be picked to trouble the enemy every night; for instance, 500 men at Ladysmith, 100 at Mafeking, and 250 at Kimberley, without doing that injury to the Republican troops which would tend to weaken the command of British officers, and make the men grumble and dissatisfied, even if the number in killed and wounded was not especially great. There should also be, when British troops are marching, a division of picked sharpshooters to be used in attacking them on the flanks, without much damage to the Republican troops, while doing much damage to the enemy. The killing of a mule or ox belonging to a waggon or gun necessitates delay and inconvenience.

Under ordinary circumstances, this war will necessarily continue some time, possibly even over a year, and seeing that there is such a number of burghers commandeered, it would be well if the authorities could arrange a plan to relieve them, say, for instance, ten in each month per hundred. Some men of every commando will be desirous to visit their relations in case of sickness, or to rest, or to

attend to private matters. When not relieved it may be that the men may become listless and dissatisfied; while the force will not be appreciably weakened by the absence of 10 per cent., such a rule would be pleasing to the burghers, and in every sense satisfying to their officers.

RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

BY LIONEL JAMES

II. *Corne Drift*

The outline of the history of Colonel Broadwood's column appears to be as follows: When Colonel Pilcher made his dash for Ladybrand, the place was found teeming with the enemy. In fact, when the Landdrost was carried away, fire was opened on the abducting *cortége* from the very garden gates of professed loyalists. The whole country-side was so disturbed that it was time for the little column holding Thaba 'Nchu to fall back upon Bloemfontein. Information was despatched to headquarters and reinforcements urgently asked for. When commenced, the march from Thaba 'Nchu became virtually a pursuit. The enemy were reported on the flanks and rear of the column all through Friday, March 30.

On Friday night the column arrived at a camp this side of the Modder, about two miles distant from the Water-works. The actual rear-guard was not into camp until after 2 a.m. on Saturday. So

anxious was Colonel Broadwood for the safety of his column that he determined upon a start before daylight. At 6 a.m. the enemy opened on the camp with rifle fire. The order was immediately given for the force to stand to their horses, and in a quarter of an hour the head of the transport column was leading out of camp. At 7 a.m. "U" and "Q" batteries R.H.A. moved off in battery column, following the transport. Roberts' Horse, in fours, moved parallel to them on their left.

About three miles from the camp the road crosses a drift known locally as Corne Drift. The approach to this is peculiar. The actual crossing practically lies in the apex of a triangle, the two sides of which are formed by a railway embankment under construction and a bush-grown donga. Opposite the drift is a farm-house and some rising ground commanding, not only the drift itself, but all the approaches. This drift the enemy had occupied before daylight, and here they lay in ambush for the advancing column.

Their dispositions were most perfect, as the head of the column marched right into their arms, and they were able to take possession of the transport without a warning shot being fired. When "U" Battery, which was leading, arrived at the drift it found that it was surrounded by dismounted enemy. The spokesman called upon the gunners to surrender. They told the drivers that they might dismount and keep their coats. The surprise was absolute. Major Taylor commanding the battery man-

aged to warn "Q" Battery. Then the ruse was "up"—as soon as the enemy saw this they opened fire from all their points of vantage. From the rising ground, from the cover of the donga and from between the wheels of the captured guns and waggons. As soon as the firing opened, the teams of the captured battery stampeded and added to the general chaos of the moment.

Under a blaze of fire, four guns of "Q" Battery and one of "U" trotted clear, and came into action about a thousand yards away at the tin buildings which are destined to be the Corne Drift Railway Station. A few seconds later Roberts' Horse rallied upon them. But here the nucleus of the front was formed which saved the whole force from disaster.

The carnage was ghastly for a few minutes, but as the gunners stood devotedly to their pieces and Roberts' dismounted troopers commenced to keep down the fire, Broadwood was able to form dispositions by which to extricate the force. This was done—the British cavalry were sent to clear the flank of the donga and, covering each other, the mounted infantry corps were able to withdraw after the remnants of the batteries had fallen back.

The action of the gunners was magnificent. In the face of a bitter short-range fire they stood to their pieces until, of the five gun groups, there were only ten men and one officer left unscathed to serve the guns. Then with dilapidated teams and manual haulage they dragged the battery out of action, only to come into action again when Broadwood strained

every nerve to regain the baggage and the guns. And even while this action was taking place the relieving division was only four miles distant. It was a sad yet brilliant affair. Sad that the column ever fell into the ambush—brilliant in the manner in which the force was extricated.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

A Recipe

BY MARK THYME

The man what writes a poem
  In praise of our Tommy A's
Ain't got no call to study
  Their manners, nor talk, nor ways,
'E's only to fake up something
  What Barracky—more or less—
And civilians don't know as it's rubbish and so
  The Ballad's a big success.

Don't 'ave no truck with the drill-book—
  You might get a bit at fault,
It's best to confine your attentions
  To simple commands, like "'Alt";
For a 'aporth of 'Industanie
  And a pennorth of Sergeants' mess
(Though the meanin's all wrong) is enough for a song
  To make it a big success.

If you wants to say anything coarse-like,
Well, say it out plain, don't 'int,
And fill each line with expletives
As don't look pretty in print—
If you sneers at the " Widow of Windsor,"
And laughs at 'er soldiers' dress,
And connects the word "'Ell" with an orficer, well,
Your ballad's a big success.

Take the slang of the camp
(What's easy to vamp)
And some delicate soldier wheeze,
Call the Guard-room the " Clink,"
And describe any drink
As a " Fall in" or " Stand at ease";
Then you mix the 'ole lot
And you serve it up 'ot;
From ingredients sich as these
Form that singular salad
A Barrack-room Ballad
In Rudyardkiplingese.

THEY WANT MORE OF TOMMY

BY W. T. R.

Being among a group of Australians the other day, I noticed them watching the Guards drill, and, as they seemed to be interested, I thought it a good opportunity of getting their ideas of Thomas Atkins. With the object in view, I engaged one of them in conversation. I ventured a remark on the drill.

" Oh, yes, they drill all right," said the Austra-

lian, "but you see they get a bit too much ot it, I think; I mean as regards the goose-step business. You know, we Australians," he went on, "never have too much of that. It may give a man more steadiness in marching on parade, but we don't have many show parades during the year, Queen's Birthday being the most important."

"How often do you drill there?" I asked.

"Well, you see—of course I'm speaking of New South Wales. There we have about twenty-five half day drills during the year. These take place on a Saturday afternoon. Out of these they take sixteen and give us an encampment at Easter. It is at this encampment that we receive the most good as regards learning our work. I was almost forgetting the annual Musketry Course, when we get through our firing. Of course, we have plenty of firing practice on our other parades as well."

"How did you chaps come to be sent to Africa?" I asked.

"Oh! we all volunteered," he replied, "and a great job they had of it in selecting the men to come. So many wanted to come and so many were disappointed, and I can tell you that if they would only send them, there's thousands who would come. Why, to give you an idea of it, do you know there are men in the ranks who are worth thousands, and some of the highest families are represented in the war in the ranks?"

"How do you get on with the soldiers from home?"

"Oh, we get on first-class; but what we would like is more opportunity of mixing with them and becoming better acquainted. You see, there's so much work to be done that we don't get a chance to mix together. Down at the Modder where we did get a bit chummy, Tommy would have done anything for us. He would have given us the shirt off his back if we'd wanted it, and we can't help liking him, as the song used to say, because you can't beat him down. No matter in what circumstances you find him he's always in a good humour and ready for what's coming next. You can see him in rags that used to be in khaki, and you can see him just after he has received his kit-bag and he's always the same. He seems to have plenty of money and spends it just as readily as if he had the Bank of England behind him. But I think if you want to see him in one of his happiest moments, you want to look at him when he is carrying a bag of bread and other treasures out of Bloemfontein."

"Then you Australians rather like Tommy?" I said.

"Like him? Of course we do. We've fought alongside of him, and what we want is more of him —that's all. You know, we want to show the world that we are all one, no matter what part of the world we Britons come from, and we're going to do it, too."

I was very pleased with my new-found friend and his outspoken way, and glad to have got rid of an idea that the Colonials didn't take well to Tommy.

CHAPTER XXIII

A Complete Newspaper

Full of matter no longer a tenth as interesting as there and then

Number 21 of The Friend, dated April 10th, was a splendid number for Bloemfontein, and for the time, yet there is nothing to reproduce except an Australian trooper's poetic salute to the eucalyptus, or gum-trees, that he recognised as fellow inhabitants of his distant land, whence they have been sent to cheer the waste places of California, the American plains, and all South Africa.

Three solid columns of the paper were justly given up to Mr. Kipling's exposure in the London *Times* of the treasonous element of the Cape population, and its relations with those neighbours who are honest and loyal subjects of the Queen and with the army. Two columns of "Reuter" despatches from abroad, one column of similar telegrams from South African points, and a notable leader by Mr. Percival Landon on

Mr. Kipling's article, made up the contents of the reading page.

Mr. Guthrie, M.P., now required two columns of the paper in which to announce the cases and parcels he had in hand for the soldiers. The railway had just delivered to him five truck-loads of those most welcome necessaries and luxuries sent out from home.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

NO. 21.]	BLOEMFONTEIN, TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1900.	[Price One Penny.

NOTICE

The Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief having decided that twenty Railway Trucks are to be placed at the disposal of the tradesmen of Bloemfontein for the conveyance of food necessaries, it is requested that those wishing to take advantage thereof will communicate with the Director of Supplies at his office at the corner of Green Street and Douglas Street, between the hours of 2 and 3 p.m. on Wednesday and Thursday next, 11th and 12th inst.

As the amount of truck accommodation will be divided by the Director of Supplies among the various applicants, a statement of the Supplies required as a first consignment must be submitted. When the statements have been received an allotment will be made among the applicants.

OLD FRIENDS

Gum trees! Here in the Dutchman's land?
(You'll lie of a kangaroo)
Seen them?—Yes—Well, I'll understand
The truth when I see them too.
Lord!—There they are, by the old brick wall,
Shiny and green and high,
Best of the sights we've seen at all
Is this, to a Cornstalk's eye.

Back, by the creeks in the far-off plains;
Over the ranges blue;
Out in the West where it never rains;
We whispered "good-bye" to you.
We left you alone on the high clay banks,
On a fringe round the dry lagoon,
Where your white trunks gleam by its empty bed
In the pale, soft summer noon.

It's carry me back to the Castlereagh,
Or pack me along to Bourke;
On the Wallaby-track to the west of Hay—
Wherever there's sheds or work.
It's cattle on camp or colts to brand;
It's brumbies about the Peel—
It's all we've here of our own good land,
And this is the way we feel.

Oh, hurry the show, and give us a lead,
And march us beyond the Vaal
For the lambing's near, and the ewes will breed
And it's close up time to "tail,"

And we've shearing them, and the wool to load,
  And the ships are at Circ'lar Quay—
So loot it along the red Veldt road,
  A sight for Oom Paul to see.

And when we are back on the Murray lands,
  Or up in Mouaro hills,
You may collar the Fonteins, and Drifts, and Rands,
  And the Boers will pay the bills.
But we'll be back where the gum-tops wane,
  Or the Myall hangs and droops;
With a good veranda round the house,
  And none of your dirty stoops.

So hurry it up, for we've work to do
  In a far better land than here.
We will swap the veldt and the parched Karoo,
  For the plain and ranges clear.
But we'll never forget, in the days to come,
  The friends that we've left behind—
For the Dutchman who planted yon tall, white Gum
  Was a little bit more than kind.

J. H. M. A.

BRAVE YOUNG HIGHLANDERS

To the Editors of THE FRIEND,

SIRS,—In your Saturday's issue an appreciation of the R.A.M.C. appears, in which the *Morning Post* correspondent speaks of their services as stretcher-bearers at Magersfontein with the Highland Brigade, whereas the R.A.M.C. has furnished no

stretcher-bearers to the Highland Brigade, the whole of this dangerous work having been done by the Regimental bearers, and "A" Company Volunteer Ambulance (King William's Town), and as this company—consisting principally of mere striplings—has "faced the music" right through, and kept shoulder to shoulder with the veterans of the Highland Brigade, they surely should be credited with the work they have so gallantly performed.

Yours very truly,

BRITISHER.

CHAPTER XXIV

False Hearts Around Us

Where only the Women were frank—The art of the War Artist

Miss Bloemfontein was not alone in disliking to recognise the presence of the British army. Her mother was not the only person who could not bear to see Englishmen marring the scenery of the pest-ridden little town. Even while the tricky, two-faced populace was singing "Soldiers of the Queen," one man in the crowd turned to a war correspondent and said, "You English are strutting about very proudly and confidently, and think you own the country, but when you go away from here you will be sniped at from every bush and spruit wherever you show yourself."

I took a little walk up past the English Cathedral one day and saw a woman seated upon her front *stoep*, sewing. "Good morning," said I, "do you speak English?" She rose and

glared at me with scorn in her eyes. "No," said she, "but I hate the English."

A little girl ran out of a doorway a few houses farther along and called to me, "Mister, mister! Please wear the red, white and blue," and she pinned a knot of the British and American colours on my coat lapel.

"What sort of a lady is it who lives in that house," I asked; "she says she hates the English."

"Oh, she is Dutch," the little girl replied; "almost everybody here hates you."

I turned a corner and went down a side-street. Two young women in a doorway beamed upon me. I was out to study the town and the people, so I halted and engaged them in conversation. One was married, and her husband, who was of English stock, had cleverly managed to be away when the war broke out, after which he found it impossible to return and join a Boer commando as he would have had to do, being only a poor working man.

"We are on the police books as English sympathisers," said one of the women. "We have had to be very careful, as we were warned that if we gave further offence we would be punished. What happened was this: You see the town is full of Germans, who have been most bitter against the English. We went to the rail-

way station when some English prisoners were being sent to Pretoria. As the train moved off we waved our hands to them and wished them better luck. A German saw us do it, and reported us to the authorities, so we were taken up and examined, and had our names put in the 'black-book.'"

A score of the honest people of the town who had been avowedly true to their English blood, which was by no means the case with all the British Uitlanders, told me that they suffered petty persecution all the time until the town was captured. Note what "Miss Uitlander" said in her reply to "Miss Bloemfontein" in THE FRIEND of March 26th:—

The "loving hand" you boast of having extended to us has long since been covered by an iron glove, the weight of which we have daily been made to feel, and to *that* you must associate the joyful flaunting of our colours in your face. His coming meant freedom—the sweetest thing in the world—to us.

You called our brothers and sisters cowards as they fled your oppression and bitter and openly expressed hatred. You threw white feathers into our carriages as they passed you by. You loudly bemoaned your fate as a woman and longed to don masculine garments to aid your beaux in exterminating the hated English. Could we remember a "loving hand" then?

You were quick to tell us that there would be no room for us to live beside you so soon as Mr. Englishman was driven back to the sea. The hated English had never been wanted, and would not be allowed to stay. And since you continue to make no secret of your hatred, the same remedy is now in your hands. But it will be difficult to find a spot where Mr. Englishman is not *en evidence*.

Such was Bloemfontein to those who saw into its heart and knew its temper. Some of us conquerors saw a little way behind the garlanded curtain the false-hearted pretenders of friendship drew down before our faces, but for what now seems a long time the Army fed itself upon the honeyed lying of those people who had not the courage or honesty to play the part of open enemies to the last. As for Tommy Atkins, he seemed oblivious of everything but that which he enjoyed—which was simply to walk about the town spending his money, and taking insults and bouquets equally as a matter of course, just as they happened to come.

Let the reader note two things of the first interest, and of great human and historic value. The persons who did not come out and pretend to be our friends were the women. The part of the population that did not join in singing " Soldiers of the Queen " was the feminine part. The only person who openly and plainly espoused the

cause of the Boers was Miss Bloemfontein—a woman. The only person who answered her and proudly asserted her loyalty to Great Britain was Miss Uitlander—a woman.

Everywhere in every war it is Lovely Woman who fans the flames, who urges on the fighting, who charges the men to win or die, but never to give up; who nurses the hatred of the strife to her breast and keeps them hot. Everywhere it is the civilised and the savage woman who does this, and only the half-civilised have made a contrary record, for I am told that in one strife there was an exception. That was "the Mutiny" in India, where the ayahs and other Indian female servants stuck to their posts in the British households, and played no part in the awful affair.

But in the great Civil War in America it was the women who kept the strife in progress fully a year and a half, if not two years, after their husbands and brothers realised it was useless, and that the North must win. "Go, and do not come back while there is a Yankee alive!" they said to sweethearts, sons, and brothers. So has it ever been in times of war. The women, roused from their quiet lives and excited by the animosities which develop war and the horrors which go with it, remain undisturbed by the considerations which cause men, with their wider interests and experiences, to waver in their faith.

And among the savage people of the earth it is, as a rule, the women who garnish war with its most fearful accessories. The bucks and braves do the fighting, the women follow after them to torture the wounded and mutilate the dead.

Think you that this is a terrible indictment of a sex? Do you see in this nothing but the anger and the cruelty that lie on the surface? Then you are to be pitied, for the moral of these reflections is that in womanhood is treasured the faith which inspires mankind, the convictions that nerve our arms in a world which progresses only through strife, the enthusiasm which not even the hell of war can destroy.

The leader of April 14th was my own, entitled " Mr. Lecky on the War." Again we had a complete newspaper full of the too-often delayed or strangled Reuter despatches, which told us of other wars, in Ashantee and the Philippines, of the Queen's visit to Ireland, of the Prince's narrow escape from an assassin, and of all that was going forward in our own little contention with the Boers.

This number was singular in containing no original verse. It did, however, contain something more full of sentiment, and, if possible, more unexpected and foreign to war; to wit: a notice of a wedding:—

MARRIED

By special license, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Franklin, at her father's house, Alexandra Cornelia, youngest daughter of W. H. v. Van Andel, Orphan Master, to Arthur M. Stone, eldest son of the late T. C. Stone, Esq., from Folkestone, England. No cards.

Orange-blossoms are certainly to be looked for in the Orange State, but blended with the bandages and laurels of war they seem peculiar. One cynic asked us when he read the wedding notice, "Is this prophetic of concord, or is it merely strife breaking out in a new place?" He was a soulless man—I am sorry I have quoted or noticed one so deficient in feeling, poetry, humanity, and sentiment.

In furtherance of the knowledge that the Army was tired of being fooled, and growing weary of the upstart behaviour of the too often treacherous negro natives, we published a notice by Assistant Provost Marshal Burnett-Hitchcock: "No pass is sufficient for a native to pass through the outpost lines unless countersigned by a Staff Officer, and it should state where and whence the native is going." Other rigid restrictions upon the freedom of the negroes are enforced by this order.

The same energetic officer also forbade the selling of any article within the town by hawkers

and camp sutlers, under a penalty of fine on conviction. This was in order to protect the local tradesmen from army competition—those tradesmen who barricaded their shops when the Boer combatants fled from the town, lest we should loot their stores of goods, who then calmly told us they put up the barricades because "the Boers were such thieving scoundrels," and who, now that they knew our temper only too well, regaled us with accounts of how, while they were in commando, they had fought us at Belmont, Graspan, Modder, and a dozen other places.

We published on this day an article by Mr. H. Owen Scott on "The War Artist of To-day," in which he, a photographer, seriously extolled the work of the camera as compared with that of the genius and training of the true artist. We hoped the real artists thus relegated to a subordinate and vanishing place would enliven our columns by their replies.

THE FRIEND.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

No. 22] BLOEMFONTEIN, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1900. [Price One Penny.

NOTICE

The Bands of the 12th Brigade will play in the Market Square this evening between the hours of 4 and 6.

THE CIRCULATION OF "THE FRIEND"

The present circulation of THE FRIEND is 4,750 copies daily.

WE APOLOGIZE

In our modest way as Editors of quite the most extraordinary newspaper on earth, we endeavoured to publish yesterday, with due credit to the *Times*, for which it was written, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's masterly article "The Sin of Witchcraft." We may as well acknowledge here and now that though THE FRIEND is declared to be edited by a committee of war correspondents, it is, in fact, the daily product of a struggle between the correspondents and their printers, the latter being the more numerous, and, we sometimes fear, the more in earnest in their determination to keep the paper unique. This results in a paper which is often as great a novelty to the Editors as to the public, being like Shakespeare's soldier in "The Seven Stages of Man," "full of strange oaths," and words of which we never heard, and ideas to which we never gave birth.

With this by way of preface, will the *Times* accept our apology for not crediting it with Mr. Kipling's article, will it believe us that we really did write in the "credit" after the article, and will it commission its correspondent with this Army to go to our printing works and reason with our printers from "the devil" upwards?

THE WAR ARTIST OF TO-DAY

BY H. OWEN SCOTT

The present campaign has undoubtedly commenced a new era in the history of illustrated journalism, which change has been brought about by a new school of war artists, whose method is camera work, and whose aim is to faithfully produce the actualities demanded by a picture-loving, yet critical public.

The artistic value of this means of illustrating is becoming more and more realised every day, and will prove an effectual factor in crowding out the old-fashioned war artist who draws on his imagination.

The only excuse for artists of any description being at the front is their capacity for reproducing true and vivid impressions of what they have seen.

This is where the importance of the new school is at once apparent, and as long as the men practising this art are honest and do not attempt to foist "faked" work on the public, their efforts are bound to be acceptable and of artistic value.

In speaking of camera work as an art and the individuals adopting it as artists, I do not include the persons who simply press a button and expose yards of film, regardless of subject, but the few who make pictures intelligently and pay as much attention to composition and lighting as a painter would when commencing a fresh canvas. The camera is not

going to destroy the painter—and I say painter advisedly—as no black and white artist is any good unless he is a painter, and has a keen appreciation of colour value. Nature is teeming with colour, and unless this is felt how can this be suggested in line?

Why does Rembrandt stand out as the greatest master of etchings? Simply because his etched works suggests colour, and it is this power of suggesting colour that placed Charles Keene head and shoulders above all other black and white men. The power of selection of subject is not developed in all artists to an equal extent, but there is always room for such men as Melton Prior, W. B. Wollen, Lester Ralph, and a few others, whose work will always be looked for as representing actuality.

If the two schools of artists mentioned work with the full knowledge of the limitations of their mediums, there will always be a place for both.

The mechanical draughtsman is dead. He has been killed by the camera.

How would it be possible in Fleet Street or De Aar, quietly sitting in a little room with a north light, to give a true impression of Cronje's surrender, or of that wonderful sight, the approach of the captured army, like a cloud of locusts, over the expanse of veldt at Klip Drift?

If ever the surrender at Paardeberg is painted, it must be done by a man who saw it.

I shall never forget the defeated General's arrival, or the solemnity of it: this giant, broken, sulky, his career finished. Everything was shown in the man,

and shown in a way no imagination could possibly conceive.

I was privileged to view a sketch of Cronje leaving our camp, the work of Mortimer Menpes. It was a vivid slight impression. True, yet the economy of means—a few lines wonderfully placed—was wonderful, showing the artist a great master of technique. Now, talented as he undoubtedly is, he could not have imparted such a feeling of actuality to his work if he had not been present and studied his subject with the greatest attention. The long-haired, velvet-coated gentleman of Bond Street is not the man to depict the incidents of war, or to put up with the hardships of a great march, and I am perfectly sure that the success of a war artist depends on physique. He is required to tackle his subject quickly and vigorously. Trickery does not help actuality, straightforward manly work being absolutely necessary to the war artist of to-day.

(We are sure that if the men in this Army who are engaged as artists or who feel strongly and lovingly the relation of true art to war, to photography and to the refinement of mankind—if these will take the trouble to answer this letter, we shall have a rich correspondence.—EDITORS, FRIEND.)

CHAPTER XXV

The End Approaches

We arrange to retire from our posts, but also start a Portrait Gallery

"The Friend," No. 23—actually the 25th number we had edited—contained a notice that Mr. Kipling had sailed for England on the previous day (April 11th), and we were doing our utmost to get rid of our offspring, to find some one to adopt it.

As long ago before this as when Sir Alfred Milner was with us in Bloemfontein, we had made known to him and to Lord Roberts, through Lord Stanley, that the employers of certain ones among us were complaining of our expending part of their time and our energy upon this outside work. I am certain that no interest with which any of us were connected suffered the least slight or injury, for the result of our labour of love for Lord Roberts was simply that we worked twice as hard—and learned

twice as much of what was going on as those correspondents who held aloof and let the whole burden fall upon us. My employer, Mr. Harmsworth, uttered no sound of criticism or complaint, by the way, and the only word about THE FRIEND that reached me from the *Daily Mail* was a cablegram wishing us success.

We were all tiring fast. I was lame with an injury which kept laying me up, and otherwise my condition was such that for weeks I had not been able to partake of any food except milk and soda water. I owe a great deal for moral and physical stimulus to Dr. Kellner, ex-mayor of Bloemfontein and head of the Free State Hospital, whose services to the British army should not be allowed to pass into history without his receiving some substantial honour and acknowledgment from this government. He told the noble matron, Miss Maud Young, and her nursing assistants (when they gave notice that they wished to leave at the outbreak of the war) that he "never heard before that politics had anything to do with the care of sick and wounded men," and up to that standard of duty he worked on with them as enthusiastically under the Union Jack as he had under the four-colour flag.

I did not know how ill and dispirited I was until one evening I went to the room of my assistant, Mr. Nissen, of the DAILY MAIL, and

heard through his closed window in the Bloemfontein Hotel the sound of a banjo. It is a purely American instrument, and the plunk-plunk of its strings made my heart leap. I threw open the window and heard in nasal tones, affected by a Yankee colleague for the purpose of his song, a sentiment like this:—

Oh, I want ter go back to Noo York,
  Ther "denderloin's" ther place,
Where the men are square and the women are fair
  And I know evurry face.
I want ter go back to Noo York
  Ter hear God's people talk.
Yer may say what yer please
  Only just give ter me
My little old Noo York.

I felt like shouting, "fellow citizens, them's my sentiments." Suddenly I, too, wanted "ter go back ter Noo York"—with London as an alternative. I had not known it or felt it before, but that song, as new to me as any that will be written five years hence, touched the button that produced a nostalgia which Heaven knows I had good reason to feel without any such additional or peculiar incentive.

Mr. Landon was also very ill of what I took to be a slow African fever. We laid the facts before the authorities, and suggested that our colleague, Mr. F. W. Buxton, now back at work with us, was able to say that the accomplished

staff of the *Johannesburg Star* would gladly take THE FRIEND off our hands if its members could be passed up to Bloemfontein on their way to Johannesburg. They were all receiving salaries though nearly all were idle; the owners had suffered grievously by the closing of their establishment at the outbreak of the war, and they certainly deserved well of the British Army.

With this view our military editorial chiefs coincided, and Mr. Buxton busied himself in arranging for the coming of the editors, reporters, and printers, and the transfer of the little organ of the Empire to their charge.

This number of April 12th began with a leader on "The Queen in Ireland," and this was followed by a play upon the society notes of other papers, written by Mr. Gwynne. Our prolific soldier-poet, "Mark Thyme," contributed two sets of verses, and once again we published the news of the world, like any genuine newspaper at home.

On this day we printed our first "alleged" portrait, No. 1 of a series of pictures of the notable characters in town. We selected Mr. Burdett-Coutts as the leading figure in this gallery, and made a most modest announcement that we had secured the portrait and were able to present it to our readers.

I am quite certain that never before in the

Free State had a newspaper published a portrait made on the spot and of a newly arrived visitor. There were in the Free State no means for doing such work. But such is the non-thinking habit of the human race that not a soul questioned what we announced, or asked how the feat was accomplished. It was declared to be a good likeness of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and every one took it for granted that there was nothing THE FRIEND and its editors could not do if they tried.

NOTICE

By kind permission of Lieutenant-General Kelly-Kenny, C.B., the massed bands of the 6th Division will play on the Market Square from 4 to 5.30 p.m. on Easter Monday.

SOCIETY'S DOINGS

BY H. A. GWYNNE

A most successful dinner was given by —— Battery on Saturday night. The A.S.C. awning was most artistically arranged between two buck waggons and was decorated with much taste, the junior subaltern having attached to it the fashion-plates and pictorial advertisements from *The Queen*. The "Maggi" soup was pronounced a success, and it was evident that the battery *chef* had put his heart into the work. A somewhat unpleasant incident oc-

curred soon after dinner, which put rather a damper on the evening's hilarity and dispersed the party. An order had come for one of the ammunition waggons to go into Bloemfontein to fetch ammunition, and the sergeant, wholly without malice prepense, hitched his horses to one of the sides of the dining-room and removed it suddenly. We are glad to say that the collapse consequent upon this manœuvre, although very disagreeable, produced no injury, and the company was able to leave sound in limb but swearing strange oaths.

—— Horse, always to the fore, whether bullets are about or the scarcely less dangerous glances of female eyes, entertained at tea yesterday a great number of guests of both sexes. It is a pity, however, that their camp is so far out of town, for most of their gentlemen guests were obliged to walk home, having "lost" their horses.

The Naval Brigade gave a *soirée musicale* on Monday night, which was perhaps the most brilliant affair of the season. The proverbial hilarity of sailors induced in their guests a corresponding feeling, and songs, toasts, speeches made the time pass merrily enough. A new game, the details of which we hope to give in a further issue, was played with great success. It is called "Hunt the Tompion." At the beginning of the evening Captain Bearcroft, R.N., gave a most instructive and bright lecture on the "New Tactics—Horse Marines."

A "small and early" was given yesterday by the Royal Diddlesex Regiment. Dancing went on

briskly until a transport mule came and died in the extemporised ball-room, causing two ladies to faint.

A *conversazione* was given by the A.S.C. in their camp within the immediate confines of the town. The novel subject, "When will the War end?" was chosen for discussion. The arguments, which were often of a highly intellectual grade, were punctuated by sniping from trees and bushes on the kopje side. Two of the attendants who were distributing the choice and light viands to the guests were shot. True, their wounds were slight, yet the incident interrupted the even tenor of the *conversazione*.

SOCIALISM IN VERSE

BY MARK THYME

Now, I always was a 'ardly-treated bloke,
I'm a martyr to my cause, as you may say—
I used to own a barrer and a moke,
And I'd sometimes earn a thick-un in the day.
But them Socialists they comes along our court,
And they says as 'ow all things should common be,
So, to 'elp the cause on quicker, I goes off and lifts a ticker,
'Cause the bloke 'ad no more right to it than me.

Well, for that I 'ad to do a bit o' time,
Though I argued it afore the majerstrit
As I'd done it out o' politics, not crime;
But the cuckoo couldn't understand a bit.

The End Approaches

So I says when I 'ad left the bloomin' jug,
" I must strike a bigger blow to set us free;
I must play a nobler game." So I forges Rothschild's name,
'Cause the bloke 'ad no more right to it than me.

Now, living in a 'ouse acrost the street,
There used to be a very tasty gal;
She'd curly 'air and dainty 'ands and feet,
And was married to my very dearest pal.
'E says to me, says 'e, " When you're our way
Step in, old cull, and 'ave a dish o' tea."
Thinks I, " My dooty this is." So I offs it with 'is missis,
'Cause the bloke 'ad no more right to 'er than me.

But I won't be beat by any bloomin' lor,
To 'ave my rights, I tell yer straight, I'm game;
And, once I gets outside this prison door,
I'll strike another blow in Freedom's name—
The lor and all its engines I defy,
From the Stepper to the gloomy gallows-tree;
I'll go and get a knife, and I'll take some joker's life,
'Cause the bloke 'as no more right to it than me.

For my motto is: All should be common to all,
This covey is equal to that;
And if I'm short you've no right to be tall,
If I'm thin you've no right to be fat.
To call me a criminal's fair tommy-rot,
It's on principle all what I've done:
Yet, perish me, all the reward as I've got
Is my number—201.

War's Brighter Side

"SMART"

BY MARK THYME

(*Being a few hints to any of the fair citizens of this town who may contemplate spending a season or two in London.*)

Ye Belles of Bloemfontein, pray hearken unto me,
And I'll show you how to sparkle in polite Society.
Never fear that you'll be visited with contumely or scorn
If you happen not to be aristocratically born,
For mere birth is not essential to means, if only you
Have the luck to be related to a brewer or a few;
And if only you have money, you need never be afraid
To swagger of the swindles of your former days of trade.
And your friends, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"She is vulgar, I admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's smart."

Your dress must be—well—daring! You must have a tiny waist
And the colours must be splashed about in execrable taste.

The End Approaches

Your bodice may be decent while you've still the gift
of youth,
But must lower in proportion as you're longer in the
tooth.
The colour of your hair and your complexion must
appear
To vary with the fashionable fancies of the year,
And though your wit lack lustre, the tiara must be
bright
That you've hired out from a jeweller's at ten-and-
six a night.
And your friends, as they receive you to their
heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"Looks quite odd, I must admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's smart."

Then, as to conversation, let each syllable you speak
Be vehemently vapid or else pruriently weak;
Tell some tales distinctly risky, if not actually
obscene,
While artfully pretending that you don't know what
they mean.
In the intervals of slander you must prate in flippant
tone
On some Theologic subject that you'd better leave
alone;
And, though your speech be witless, nay, to some
may seem absurd,
It matters not if reputations die at every word.

And your friends, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"She's ill-natured, I admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's smart."

Your parties must be "tidy," so to bring about these ends
Find some lady with a title who likes living on her friends;
Hint that you'll supply the money that's essential to the task,
If only she will condescend to tell you whom to ask.
On your former friends and relatives politely close the door,
Though they may have been of service in the days when you were poor,
Be each guest of yours a beauty, full of pride,
A tiara on her head, a co-respondent by her side.
And your friends, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"She's a snob, I quite admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's smart."

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have to announce the arrival in Bloemfontein of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, of London, of whom we have secured a portrait which we present to our readers.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts.

CHAPTER XXVI

Wanted, a Millionaire

A number as sparkling as a string of jewels—Joke Portrait Number Two

A singular thing about The Friend was that the readers could make sure at a glance, each afternoon, what had been the spirits of the editors earlier in the day. The issue of April 13th was positively frisky. We were all in our gayest moods, and the principal page was made to sparkle with most unlooked-for fun and flashes of wit.

Mr. Landon set out with his pen in search of an English millionaire who would supply us daily with a budget of home news cabled direct to us from London. Continually disappointed by the non-arrival of the Reuter despatches, he urged that some wealthy man should pay to have a long special cablegram sent to us daily, with a hint of all the world's happenings. "To us," did I say? no; for, as Mr. Landon expressed it, "All there is of The Friend belongs to the

Army. Its existence began for the soldier, and its profits pass back to his interests. If some of the kind-hearted people in England who are so ready to put their hands in their pockets in the interests of 'The Soldiers of the Queen,' only knew what the dearth of news from England means to the men, they would at once supply the want." It is too late now. That editorial never was copied in the English papers, I suppose; but you millionaires who want to reach Heaven—and you others who want to earn handles to put before your names—remember this in the next war, and send news to your army wherever it is halted in the field.

We found that the newsboys were charging twopence for THE FRIEND, and that many complaints were pouring in upon us; therefore, in the blackest type, I rhymed to the readers—that being the most likely way to impress them with the truth—in couplets such as this—

> Who pays a penny for THE FRIEND,
> Pays all he needs to gain his end.

and this—

> Whoever pays us more than a penny,
> Should guard his brains, if he has any.

Fancy me dropping into rhyme! But as I have said, "The Tommies" all did verse—or worse—and the example was epidemically contagious. Perhaps in another month we should

have all turned versifiers, and produced copies of THE FRIEND wholly in rhyme.

In this number we published portrait No. 2 of our unique gallery, selecting Lord Stanley as the subject. My son Lester had made a cartoon in which he figured, and with which, for a very peculiar reason, Lord Stanley was not pleased, but this second venture of the family to do him justice in portraiture was eminently successful. It was precisely the same picture as that which we called a portrait of Burdett-Coutts on the previous day, but though Lord Stanley knew the joke no one else saw it. One of our gifted censor's most intimate friends took from me a damp fresh copy of the paper, as I came out of the works with an armful, and looking at the portrait remarked, "I say, I did not know that Lord Stanley had a goatee—funny I never noticed that he wears one. Devilish good portrait; clever of you to publish it." Mr. Burdett-Coutts was the only other man beside Lord Stanley to understand what we were doing. He fathomed the joke because we explained it to him, but I am a little afraid that he did not appreciate the pure fun and harmless pleasantry of the spirit in which it was conceived and carried out.

We had, from a coloured man, a letter complaining that he had seen that we declared a part

of the British policy to be "equal rights for all white men, without respect of race or creed." To this he objected—as coloured men are apt to do to any provision short of the best in their behalf, the world around. He said that we were advocating the policy of the Republics, and added, "I would like to point out to you that when once your policy is known in this colony by our people it will cause universal dissatisfaction." If I could show the English reader a few pictures of his people as we saw them, clothed in their complexions, living in huts made of twigs and matting, and only unhappy when they absorbed the monstrous notion of their ability to leap from savagery to equal rights with ultra-civilised people, then the reader would know what it would otherwise require an especial book to tell him.

We did succeed in arousing an artist to defend his calling against the boasts of the mechanical manipulation of the camera. Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., was the champion of art, and he spoke for it with the ardour of conviction, and the force of one who is right and cannot be gainsaid.

I cannot think why we omitted to call upon Mortimer Menpes, Esq., the distinguished painter, then in Bloemfontein, to add his views to the series of letters we hoped to secure upon this subject, the Camera *v.* Art. Mr. Menpes had come

to the war because, he said, nothing else was talked or thought of in London and an exhibition of paintings of ordinary subjects such as he gives with distinguished success each year, would have fallen flat. He was very busy, very popular, and very successful with the army. This issue (April 13) contained a witty letter by him upon the postage stamp craze.

PRICE: ONE PENNY.

THE FRIEND.

PRICE: ONE PENNY.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1900.

PROCLAMATION

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE DISTRICTS OF ALBERT, STEYNSBURG, MOLTENO, WODEHOUSE, ALIWAL NORTH, BARKLY EAST AND COLESBERG

On the recent retirement of the enemy to the north of the Orange River, the rebels who had joined them in the Northern Districts of Cape Colony were treated by Her Majesty's Government with great leniency in being permitted, if not the ringleaders of disaffection, to return to their farms on the condition of surrendering their arms and of being liable to be called to account for their past conduct.

I now warn the inhabitants of the Northern Districts, and more particularly those who were mis-

guided enough to join or assist the enemy, that, in the event of their committing any further act of hostility against Her Majesty, they will be treated, as regards both their persons and property, with the utmost rigour, and the extreme penalties of Martial Law will be enforced against them.

ROBERTS, Field Marshal,
Commander-in-Chief, South Africa.

Army Headquarters, Bloemfontein, *April* 9, 1900.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

It is with great pleasure that we present to our readers to-day a portrait of Lord Stanley, the present popular Press Censor with Lord Roberts' Field Force in South Africa. The portrait is by W. B. Wollen, R.I., and is a masterpiece. We like it, but we are surprised that the censor should wear precisely such an antediluvian collar as we saw on Mr. Burdett-Coutts in yesterday's view of our Portrait Gallery.

THE ABSENT-BODIED BURGHER

BY A. B. PATERSON

A Screaming Farce now being played daily with great success in the Theatre of War near Bloemfontein.

CHARACTERS:

1. JACOBUS JOHANNES VAN DER MAUSER (The absent-bodied Burgher).

2. KATINKÅ VAN DER MAUSER (His Wife).

3. REGINALD TALBOT DE VERE-CRŒSUS (English Cavalry Officer).

Lord Stanley.

Wanted, a Millionaire

Scene: A Farm in the Free State. Pony saddled at the door. J. J. van der Mauser preparing to mount.

J. J. VAN DER MAUSER (*Centre of Stage*). Katinka! Katinka! Bring me the old rifle that is in the barn among the sheep-skins. The old muzzle-loading Boer rifle, with which my ancestor, the great Tenbritches van der Mauser shot the lion in the days of the Great Trek.

KATINKA: Nay, Jan! Pause and reflect! 'Twill blow thy head off. It has not been fired these thirty years.

JAN: Nay, woman! I purpose not to fire it. I intend to hand it in to the British—I only wish they'd try to let it off! Then will I return speedily, provided with a pass, and go into the laager to do a little Rooinek shooting. While I am gone, Katinka, be not afraid. The English will put a sentry on the farm so that not a blade of grass shall be touched, not an onion taken from the ground. Be diligent, and sell them all the butter you can.

KATINKA: The proclamation says the price of butter is to be two-and-sixpence a pound!

JAN: Then don't take a penny less than three shillings and sixpence. If you run short of milk, drive in the cows of our neighbour Smith, who has fled to the English. And Katinka (*whispers tenderly*), if you see the Rooineks out in the open, don't stand anywhere near them, darling! You might get hit! You understand? Now, farewell!

(*Proceeds to pull on an extra pair of breeches, and*

so goes off to the laager, while the band plays "My dear old Dutch.")

[Interval of some days, during which the British encamp near the farm, and Katinka sells them, at famine prices, every drop of milk and every pound of butter that the cows will yield, and every egg that the hens can be induced to lay.]

SCENE TWO

The open veldt. Row of kopjes in the middle distance. Enter cavalry patrol with Reginald Talbot Vere-Crœsus at their head. (Band playing, "Let 'em all come.")

FIRST SOLDIER: I thought I heard a rifle shot.

REGINALD TALBOT DE V.-C.: Nay. 'Twas but a soldier being shot for stealing a bar of soap from an enemy's cottage. Serve the miscreant right. Take open order, there. Walk, march!

They ride round the stage with one eye on the kopjes and the other admiring the fit of their breeches. Rifle shots are heard from the kopjes. Band changes to, "You never know your Luck!" Heavy rattle of musketry from kopjes. Patrol driven back and retire to pom-pom accompaniment from the big drum. R. T. de V.-C. *falls prone from his charger.* KATINKA *rushes in* ("*nue*") *weeping hysterically and throws herself on his body.*

ENTER JACOBUS JOHANNES VAN DER MAUSER (*l.e.*), *and leans on his rifle, staring gloomily at the scene.*

JACOBUS: Ha! ha! So it has come to this! She secretly loves the young English officer who re-

connoitres kopjes with an eye-glass! (*Sticks his chin out, claws the air and ambles about the stage à la Henry Irving.*) But I will be revenged! Ha! ha! I have it! I will go and join the Johannesburg police! False woman, what sayest thou?

KATINKA (*hysterically*): I am innocent, Johannes. I am innocent! (*Coils herself round the body of R. T. de V.-C. à la Sarah Bernhardt.*)

JACOBUS: Innocent! Then why weepest thou?

KATINKA (*rising suddenly*): Weep! I should think I *would* weep. Didn't he owe us three pound seventeen and sixpence for milk! How am I to make the dairy pay if you persist in shooting my best customers?

(JACOBUS *embraces her.* REGINALD TALBOT DE VERE-CRŒSUS *being, fortunately, shot exactly through the head with a Mauser bullet, recovers at once and embraces her also, and joins in a song-and-dance trio, "Be careful what you're doing with the gun," and the curtain falls to the tune of, "It mustn't occur again."*)

NOTE.—This farce will be continued till further orders. A. B. P.

THE WAR ARTIST OF TO-DAY

To the Editors of THE FRIEND,—SIRS,—The present campaign has most decidedly, as your correspondent in THE FRIEND of the 11th says, commenced a new era in the history of illustrated journalism, but not to the extent that he thinks.

The camera and the pencil can, and will, live

together during a campaign, but I venture to doubt if the camera will be able to do all that its champion claims for it, and the war artist who knows his business, which cannot be learnt in a single campaign, will come out on top. For reproducing and putting before the public scenes representing the strife and clamour of war, with its accompanying noise and confusion, the man with the kodak cannot compete for one single moment with the individual who is using the pencil.

How can he produce a picture that will show the public at large anything like an accurate bird's-eye view of what a modern battle is like? The brain of the camera cannot take in all that is going on. The man with the pencil does so. A few lines to indicate the back-ground and the characteristics of it, and he is able to put before the world what has taken place, that is if he knows and has seen what troops have been doing.

In another paragraph there is a sentence which is a very unjust reflection upon "the old-fashioned war artists, who draw on their imagination." I should very much like to know who the old-fashioned war artists can be who are referred to in this manner. The few men who are still alive, and there never were many of them, are all men who have seen a large amount of fighting, have sketched and worked under fire, sent their work home often under enormous difficulties, and been in very many tight places. Why should these men be referred to in this way?

Wanted, a Millionaire

I suppose there has not been one single campaign in which the camera has been in such frequent use, but is it possible, by this means, to bring before us the various phases of a battle—a modern battle, I mean, with its absence of smoke, enormous expanse of front and general invisibility of both the attackers and defenders? Take a battery in action. Can it show us the excitement and turmoil round the guns, will it show us (unless it is a cinematograph) the trouble amongst the teams when a shell drops near them? I think not. What it can do, and does, is scenes which are more or less peaceful, such as camp views, incidents in regimental life and also bits on the line of march, but of an action —no! None of us artists are at variance with Mr. Scott in other parts of his very able letter, and we cordially welcome the camera artist, knowing very well that he has his field of work in which we cannot hope to compete with him for a moment, but to put the camera, which, after all, is only a very fine piece of mechanism, on a par with a sketch is more than most people can put up with, especially

Yours very faithfully,

W. B. Wollen, R.I.

CHESTNUTTY—BUT GOOD

To the Editors of The Friend,—Sirs,—Is this a chestnut? Johannes Paulus Kruger sent a commissioner home to England to find out if there were any more men left there. The commissioner wired

from London to say that there were 4,000,000 men and women "knocking about the town," that there was no excitement, and that men were begging to be sent to fight the Boers. Kruger wired back "Go North." The commissioner found himself in Newcastle eventually and wired to Kruger, "For God's sake, stop the war! England is bringing up men from hell, eight at a time, in cages!"

He had seen a coal mine.

Circulation, April 11, 5,500

The circulation of The Friend is as large as that of all the Bloemfontein papers combined.[1]

DOTS OR NO DOTS

All about the New Stamp Issue

BY MORTIMER MENPES

How strange a thing it is that so small a matter as a general taste for collecting stamps should, as it were, elevate a man at a single bound into a position where his slightest tact at discrimination in detecting the difference of shades between two bits of paper

[1] This was a transparent joke, as there was no other paper in the town. But, joking apart, there never had been a newspaper in that country or region with such a circulation as ours enjoyed; yet it could have been twice as large had we employed our carts to circulate it in the outlying camps. —J. R.

of the same colour will sway and determine the destinies of a horde of fanatical collectors.

That a man should occupy so exalted a position was accidentally brought to my notice after a return to Bloemfontein from a run to the Cape, where I found the Market Square, the club, the hotels and the street corners grouped with people who appeared to be intensely interested in the discussion of some all-important subject. Thinking that some radical proclamation had been issued, I paused to listen, but instead of legal phrase and technical form greeting my ear, the only intelligible word which I could detect in the buzz which emanated from the centre of the group was " Dot."

I passed on to another group where the same " dot " arrested my attention; then to a third, which was also " dotty," until, feeble and bewildered, I helplessly wandered about on the verge of an incurable " dottiness " myself.

Finally, I pulled myself together again and, blind to all danger, plunged into a group of " dotters," grasped one of them by the arm, and in reply to my appeals heard him hiss, as he roughly shook me off, " Surcharged stamps, you fool, misprinted, without dots." Then I understood. My curiosity was stimulated, I soon learned the subtle differences which add to subtract value from the surcharged Free State stamps. Finally I became the proud possessor of a dotless one myself. That settled it; I became hopelessly " dotty " myself, and to the end of my natural days will always realise that affairs of

State, literature, art, even money, are secondary to the importance of obtaining "the entire set," especially if they are from "the bottom row" and "dotless." This mania has taken possession of the entire army.

From Tommy to General, the last biscuit or a drink of whisky, or a pass to be out after 8 p.m. can be extracted after a dozen refusals by producing a dotless stamp.

Kruger could end this cruel war in an afternoon by simply sending out a dozen men mounted on swift horses, wearing white coats with the entire set without dots pasted on the back. These scouts should be unarmed and should ride in close to our lines and then turn round showing their backs. The moment the army would see the set, they would make a rush, and all the scouts would have to do would be to ride fast enough and in different directions, and by nightfall the Imperial forces would be hopelessly scattered and lost in the boundless veldt. Kruger's scouts would be perfectly safe, for no one would dare to raise a rifle in their direction. Such an act might bring down a set; but imagine if you can the fate of the miscreant if one dotless stamp should be punctured or if, horrible thought! a chance scattering of the lead should dot some of the precious bits of paper!

In my inquiries during the first stage of this disease, I found that Major O'Meara was the supreme authority on this subject. I found the Major seated in a small room of the National Bank sorting out

from a huge collection the stamps which were to be surcharged. For three hours I watched him, as with wonderful skill and discrimination he picked out bits of paper which were obsolete and which an accidental surcharging would have made of untold value, and set the whole world of collectors into a palpitating hysteria of speculation, until finally catalogued and bought by some multi-millionaire bent upon ruining himself to appease his craze. That all the legally surcharged stamps are carefully catalogued in the Major's busy brain will doubtless surprise at some no distant date a few rascally speculators, who, possessing obsolete issues, have surreptitiously surcharged them, in the hope of creating a rarity to sell at fabulous prices. Leaving the Major's presence, I realised that the last stage of dotlessphobia had fastened itself on me, and, knowing that recovery is hopeless, have abandoned myself to full indulgence, hoping to derive at least some miserable satisfaction before the end. With this one reservation, I am determined never to surrender to the universal stamp collector's weakness of stealing. Others may walk uprightly through six days of the week about their ordinary affairs and turn aside on Sunday afternoon from the path of blindness to pilfer another collector's treasure while his face is turned away, out of politeness, to sneeze. But I; no, I shall never, never, no—I won't steal.

CHAPTER XXVII

A Notable Number

Captain Cecil Lowther joins the Wits and Poets again. A Report by Mr. Jenkins, who was "our Staff in himself"

Mr. Buxton wrote the stern editorial "Judge ye," with which we led off the issue of April 14th. He reminded the Free Staters that England had, at the outset, no quarrel with them, but on the contrary had given them the "solemn assurance" that their independence and territory should be respected. The people of the little Republic had been led astray, had suffered conquest, and now were able to judge between the wicked whisperings of the two Presidents and the promptings of common sense and of regard for their future, "for," wrote Mr. Buxton, "brothers you must be with us, heirs and possessors of worldwide citizenship and Empire."

We had recorded our first wedding, and now was the day when we received the first application from an English firm desiring to advertise in our columns. Messrs. Oetzmann & Co., of

Hampstead Road, W., were the enterprising inquirers. They said that they looked for a great development of the country and meant to send agents there when the war ended. On our part we made this request the basis of an editorial in which we said that this business letter "foreshadows the coming changes in local conditions with a prophetic touch."

Mr. Gwynne concocted a clever set of quotations which he called "Gleanings from Great Minds," and we published number three of our series of home-made portraits, choosing Dr. A. Conan Doyle as the subject. At this the Army at last began to whisper and suspect, and many a smile greeted each allusion to our enterprise.

But our *chef d'œuvre* was a second contribution by "Bertie," whom all our readers knew to be none other than the handsome, the witty, the travelled, and the popular Adjutant of the Scots Guards, Captain Cecil Lowther. As the first letter had already been published in the *Household Brigade Magazine* I will not repeat it here, but the one that is now reproduced will give a lively hint of what our readers missed by the fact that Captain Lowther was away on duty in the boggy, sodden veldt, and could neither write nor think of writing, even to THE FRIEND.

A large collection is made from this issue of the paper of April 14th. All that is in this book

reflects the excitement, the routine, and the dramatic and picturesque phases of a soldier's life, as well as the strange situations and conditions produced by the conquest and occupation of a city in war. If that is true (and it is true in a very great degree as I believe), then in no chapter are more of all these novel views of irregular life mirrored than in this. From this you shall learn what a soldier had in the way of rations, how a great and majestic mind dealt with the rumours that British prisoners were being far from generously, or even humanely, dealt with by the semi-civilised foe; how a polished wit out of his superabundant humour found time to set down his sparkling thoughts in a soaking wet camp or a cold, wet plain, within sniping distance of the enemy, and finally, how drained of almost every line of foodstuffs, medicines, clothing, and luxuries the over-burdened town we lived in was becoming.

PRICE: ONE PENNY. **THE FRIEND.** PRICE: ONE PENNY.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1900.

SICK AND WOUNDED PRISONERS

The following communication has been addressed to President Kruger:—

A Notable Number

From Field Marshal Lord Roberts, Commanding in Chief in South Africa, to His Honour the President, S. A. Republic, Pretoria,

April 12, 1900.

It has been reported to me that the Non-Commissioned Officers and men of Her Majesty's Colonial Forces, who have been made prisoners of war, are treated as criminals and confined in Pretoria jail, where they are very badly fed. It has also been brought to my notice that at the beginning of March there were ninety cases of enteric fever and dysentery among the Non-Commissioned Officers and men in the camp at Waterval, and that, as Dr. Haylett, the Medical Officer in charge, failed to obtain from your Government the medicines and medical comforts which he required for the sick, he resigned, Dr. von Greldt being appointed in his place.

It is stated that the prisoners at Waterval have to bivouac on the open veldt without overhead shelter and with only a layer of straw to lie on, while the sick are placed under an open shed with iron roof. I am informed that it was only upon Dr. von Greldt threatening to resign that medicines and mattresses were supplied for the sick. I can hardly believe that your Honour is aware or approves of the harsh treatment of the prisoners belonging to the Colonial Forces, or of the want of consideration shown to the prisoners at Waterval. The former are Her Majesty's subjects, are duly enlisted, are subject to military discipline, and wear uniform. According

to the recognised customs of war, they are entitled to be treated in the same way as any other soldiers of Her Britannic Majesty, and I must remind your Honour that all prisoners captured by the troops under my command are equally well treated, whether they are burghers or foreigners. The utmost care has been taken of your sick and wounded, and no distinction has been made in the field hospitals between them and our own soldiers.

I invite your Honour's early attention to this matter, and I request that orders may be given for the Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the Colonial Forces to be released from jail and to be treated, not as criminals, but as prisoners of war.

I also request that the prisoners at Waterval may be provided with overhead shelter, and that the sick and wounded may be properly entertained and taken care of in accordance with Article Six of the Geneva Convention.

MY COMRADES' CONVERSATION

(ANONYMOUS)

When I was quite a young recruit, not very long ago,
My comrades' conversation was a talk I didn't know;
I really thought to some far-distant country I'd been shipped
When they said I was a "jowler," and described me as "just nipped."

A Notable Number

If I was " slightly dragged," or with my " praco "
couldn't cope,
They said I'd " lost my monnicker " and earned an
" extra slope,"
And, though I'm known as Ferdinand to all my kin
and kith,
They went and dropped my Christian name and
called me " Dusty Smith."
They called me " Dusty Smith."

But a soldier's life is the life for me,
And the foe shall ne'er alarm me,
For you won't feel queer on " Drug-hole beer,"
What's called " three-thick " in the Army.

I asked them what my food would be. They said:
" Your food? Oh that's
' Meat,' ' jipper,' ' spuds ' and ' rooti,' with occa-
sional ' top-hats.' "
They said I'd find coal-hugging quite a lively little
job,
Then they put me " on the timber " and they called
me " Junior Swab."
But when my work was over, after " tapping up "
a bit,
I'd take my own " square missus " out—you bet we
made a hit.
And when I had to go on guard she'd come there
every day
To see me marching down the street and hear the
" fiddlers " play.
Just to hear the " fiddlers " play.

War's Brighter Side

So a soldier's life is the life for me,
And the foe shall ne'er alarm me,
As I slops my gun in Number One
What's called "Long-Swabs" in the Army.

But now I understand them 'cause I know my way about,
And comprehend the Sergeant's unintelligible shout;
When he says: "Shooldare Hipe!" I know that he means: "Shoulder hup"
So I'm never for "Small-dodgers" and I never got "Built-up."
I'm not a mere "Jam-soldier," I've extended sure enough,
And been made "Assistant-bully" so I help to cook the "Duff."
I keep my kit and rifle clear, so's never to be rushed,
And I've never been "done-tired" and I've never once been "pushed."
No, I've never once been "pushed."

Then a soldier's life is the life for me,
And the foe shall ne'er alarm me,
And soon I shall be Corporal
What's called "Sauce-Jack" in the Army.

GLEANINGS FROM GREAT MINDS

BY H. A. GWYNNE

"The horse is the natural enemy of Man: the horse is the only animal that will dash himself over

Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

a precipice to avoid the shadow of his own feed-bag."—*Kipling.*

"All civilians must remain in their houses after eight o'clock at night."—*Hints on Housekeeping* (by Lord Roberts).

"Your Mounted Infantry—it is as much as they can do to keep their hats on."—*Albrecht,* captured Boer Artillerist.

"I call the Cavalry the Oh, Lor! regiments. They ride up to a kopje and stare about till they are fired at, when they say, 'Oh, Lor' and gallop off."—*Albrecht.*

"I'd rather be a coward all my life than a corpse half a minute."—*Solomon* (junior).

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

No. 3

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE

The accompanying wood-cut is a portrait of the well-known author, Dr. A. Conan Doyle. The author of "Sherlock Holmes," who is so generously giving his time and whole-hearted attention to the sick and wounded, will, by the use of the "Holmesian method," be able to tell, without a moment's hesitation, at what period of his eventful life the photograph was taken, of which the accompanying block is a representation.

War's Brighter Side

ANOTHER LETTER HOME

BY CAPTAIN CECIL LOWTHER

My dear Father,—Since I last wrote to you we have been having a quiet time down South "pacifying the country." This consists in collecting arms—which we keep—and inviting the burghers to take oaths—which they don't keep—at least some of them don't. Every one seemed pleased to see us and very ready to tell all about their neighbours' misdoings. If one believes only half of what one was told, the smiling little village where we were quartered must be only one station this side of a very warm place.

A spice of danger is added to police work if there are other detachments in the neighbourhood. It is this wise. Two of our captains who were out after springbok one day were suddenly glued to the ground by the well-known whistle of bullets over their heads. Leaving their respective hills after dark, they returned and, with quivering lips, recounted to us the dangers through which they had passed. An eviction party was organised and a thorough search made for hidden rifles on the farm where the incident had occurred.

Nor unnaturally, none were found, as we heard on our return that Stoke had been out with six Non-Commissioned Officers and had walked the country in line shooting at everything that moved.

You remember Stoke, don't you? He was the fellow who was not going to bring a knife and fork

out with him as everybody on service would of course eat with their fingers.

Do you remember that rather pretty song that MacRavish in the A.S.C. used to sing? "Lay down thy lute, my dearest." The Provost-Marshal has now adopted it for his own, and I have had to give up all the loot I had collected in the last three months. It is very disappointing, but I suppose he will give it back when his staff have taken what they want.

We have been having a bad time the last few days, as there are detachments of troops constantly passing to the front, and unless one lies quite quiet they shoot at one. Their scouts, too, bang through the middle of the kitchens and camp "looking for the enemy," which is rather annoying for us, but it does not do to interfere.

All the rifles are supposed to have been given up in the neighbourhood, so I was hurt in two senses—when I sat down on a very hard sofa in a farm close by and found that the cushion was stuffed with two Mausers and a lot of ammunition. The farmer professed to be as surprised as I was, but I don't see why he should have objected to my taking them away. He said they must have been left there accidentally by Potgieter or Pienaar. As you cannot throw a stone without hitting some one of those two names his statement was rather indefinite, besides being untruthful. It is awfully good of you sending me out all those woollen comforters and meat tabloids, but next time you are sending I wish

you could send me enough stuff to put a new seat and knees to my breeches as they are both deficient at present and even on active service they scarcely come under the head of "luxuries."—Your affectionate son, "BERTIE."

RATION SCALE

Get all you can but don't take less

It is all right to claim as much as you think you can get and to get all you really can, but in case of argument it may be just as well to have this little list stuck inside your helmet. You may know some way of getting more than this—striking the A.S.C. when it is badly rushed, or very sleepy—but if you reach the issue depot when it is too wide-awake for you, here is the list, just to make sure you'll not take less than regulations give you.

One man, one day:—Biscuits, 1 lb.; fresh bread, 1½ lb.; preserved meat, 1 lb.; fresh meat, 1¼ lb.; coffee, ⅔ oz., or tea ⅓ oz., or ½ oz. of each; pepper, $\frac{1}{36}$ oz.; salt, ½ oz.; sugar, 3 ozs. (including sugar for lime-juice); compressed vegetables, 1 oz.; fresh vegetables, 8 oz. (when available); rice, 2 oz. (in lieu of vegetables); cheese, 2 oz. (in lieu of 4 oz. of meat); jam ¼ lb. (three times a week); rum, $\frac{1}{64}$ of gallon—when ordered; lime-juice, $\frac{1}{320}$ of a gallon, if certified to be necessary by the medical officer; candles, 1 per officer; office authorised canteen.

Meal or flour for natives 1 lb. a day which may

be increased to 1¼ lb. when supplies are plentiful; natives receive the same ration as soldiers with the exception of vegetables. Meal or flour is usually substituted for bread.

Indians enjoy a special scale of rations.

Forage:—English horses: oats, 9 lbs.; oathay, 7 lbs.; bran, 3 lbs.; chaff, 2 lbs.

Colonial horses: Mealies, 8 lbs.; oathay, 4 lbs.; bran, 2 lbs.; chaff, 2 lbs.

Mules: Mealies, 5 lbs.; bran or chaff, 2 lbs.

To officers.—If you countersign a claim for any more than this you had better be sure it is in the hands of a very "trustworthy" man, who can bluff it through, and get the A.S.C. men mixed up. If he doesn't know his way about they'll catch him up and send him back.

HUNGRY BLOEMFONTEIN

BY J. W. JENKINS

[*A young Philadelphian who very cleverly united in his own work and person the entire reportorial staff of the paper.*]

This town is hungry. The shops are practically bare. Nothing worth speaking of comes to market. The matter has passed from the stage at which it might be regarded as a joke. Bloemfontein really hungers for necessary articles of diet, and it has one week in which to raise an extra appetite before the first train of foodstuffs comes to its stores. The hopes of two trucks a day for Bloemfontein mer-

chants, held out two weeks ago by the Imperial Military Railway Officials, have proved vain. The two trucks never came. The line has been taken up wholly by the transportation of troops and army supplies. Next Thursday, however, unless the present plan is changed, a train of 20 trucks will leave Port Elizabeth with goods for merchants here. There will be one train a week thereafter. All day on Wednesday and Thursday the business men flocked to the Director of Supplies, who will assign to each his proportion of tonnage.

For a week the best families of Bloemfontein have been without butter or sugar. The hospitals have commandeered nearly all the fresh milk. There is not a can of condensed milk to be bought in town, nor a can of jam, nor of cocoa, nor a pound of coffee. The last candles sold in town were sent in from a country store. They disappeared in a day. The town depends for its potatoes on the few which come into town every morning.

The daily supply of fresh vegetables is so small as to be hardly worth mentioning.

Toilet soaps and English laundry soap disappeared long ago. You cannot buy a razor or a shaving-brush or a tooth-brush.

More than one druggist lacks material for putting up prescriptions: glycerine, cascara, bromide of potassium, boracic acid, carbolic disinfectants, ginger, zinc oxide, blue ointment, acetate of lead, and iodoform. Absence of some of these from the prescription shelves might result seriously.

A Notable Number

Eno's Salts and chlorodyne cannot be bought in town. Beecham's Pills were "all out" four months ago.

The flour mills have been closed for several days for want of water. They will resume, feeding their boilers with well water, but the end of the wheat supply is in sight. There is still mealie meal, but bakers declare that it won't make bread.

Cigars that are worth smoking and whisky worth drinking haven't been seen for a week. Hospitals take all the soda-water that the factory can make.

Shoemakers have not even veldschoens in ordinary sizes. They have had no leather for two weeks, so shoe repairing is out of the question.

Winter is coming on, the mornings are already growing chilly, but clothiers have no hose and no heavy underwear of white man's quality. All hats suitable for army wear were sold long ago.

Merchants declare that if they had not been promised two trucks a day by rail they would have brought supplies from Kimberley by ox-waggon. It would have taken six days, but would have been worth while.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"Our Friend" no Longer

We retire from the paper, leaving it in able and patriotic hands

The unique and delightful episode had ended. On April 16th, just one month after we established this new departure in war, we turned The Friend over to the proprietor of the *Johannesburg Star*, upon an arrangement quickly and generously made by Lord Stanley. In a few days I was ordered home by the surgeons who saw the state my battered body was in, Mr. Landon preceded me by a few days, invalided also; Mr. Buxton remained upon paper under its new proprietors, who were old work-mates with him, and Mr. Gwynne remained, and yet remains as a war correspondent (January, 1901), sturdily doing his always excellent work in the field. In that work I do not think he has a superior among living English-speaking correspondents, and I know that many military and journalistic experts

agree with me. The pity is that the nature of his work for Reuter's has kept his genius as a writer practically hidden from the public.

Mr. Shelley took up the photographer's side of the entertaining duel between the men of his calling and the actual and proper artists; Mr. Melton Prior indignantly lamented an indignity or an attempted theft of which he had been the victim. We reported a great football match between the officers of the Gordons and those of the First Contingent of the Royal Canadian Regiment; and, finally, we perpetrated the fourth hoax, in what we called "Our Portrait Gallery." The "portrait" was in each case from the same advertisement block which Mr. Gwynne and I had found on the floor of the *Express* composing-room, which he had thought nearly enough like Mr. Burdett-Coutts to bear production as a likeness, and which we presently resolved to publish every day as a picture of a different man each time.

The notice of a concert in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund refers to a notable enterprise engineered by the universally distinguished Mr. Bennet Burleigh of the *Daily Telegraph*, who arranged and carried it out with such skill that the entertainment proved the greatest social event, if we may so term it, of the army's sojourn in the capital. Every one of note who was able to be

there attended it, and the receipts both at the doors and in the competition to purchase the works of Messrs. Prior and Wollen, the war artists, were very considerable.

PRICE: ONE PENNY. **THE FRIEND.** PRICE: ONE PENNY.

(*Edited by the War Correspondents with Lord Roberts' Forces.*)

BLOEMFONTEIN, EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1900.

"OUR FRIEND" NO LONGER

BY JULIAN RALPH

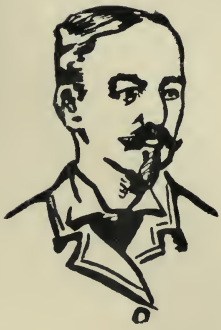
At some time all friends must part, and the time and parting have come to THE FRIEND, its friends of the public and those war correspondents who have been conducting this journal just one month to-day.

To-morrow this paper will be turned over from the charge of those who were only writers to the hands of men who are practised and able in the management of all departments of a daily journal.

In bidding farewell to our trust, we can boast of nothing unless it be that we have entertained the troops and the town, and made no enemies of whom we know. The rest of what we have done has only been trying—though we have tried hard.

We have said before in this column that it has been an unique experiment—to make one loyal

Julian Ralph.



Lieut.-General Pole-Carew, C. B.

newspaper out of two that were none too English, to make it with talent unused to the work, to make it, often, without news and to conduct it so as to produce something palatable to both the conquerors and the conquered.

We take this occasion to thank the Field Marshal, Lord Roberts, for the trust he reposed in us, and to express the hope that we did not disappoint him.

We also wish to thank those who have assisted us, both among our fellow correspondents and the talented men of the army. Poets we find the latter to be, for the most part. We hope all these will continue to give the helpful right hand to the enterprise under its new managers.

And so we say "adieu" to THE FRIEND, and good luck to its new conductors.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

No. 4

LIEUT.–GENERAL POLE–CAREW, C.B.

We feel that we owe an apology to our readers for presenting the portrait of one of our first fighting generals in civilian costume, but our artist left his colours at home and refused to paint at all unless with plain black. The artist in question is Captain Cecil Lowther, of the Scots Guards, and this is his first effort in art. For General Pole-Carew, the

subject of this masterpiece, what is there to say except that his promotion has gratified the entire army and evoked the heartiest congratulations from THE FRIEND?

THE WAR ARTIST OF TO-DAY

BY H. C. SHELLEY

Editors, THE FRIEND,—SIRS,—Can you inform me whether there has been a sudden exodus from Bloemfontein of war correspondents armed with cameras? There ought to have been, and yet I have inquired in vain whether such an event has taken place. For, look you, the judgment has gone forth from the pen of Mr. Wollen that the "war artist"—meaning the man with a pencil as opposed to the men with a camera—"will come out on top." Truly, this is most disheartening. No one likes to be thrust to a bottom position, and if that is to be the fate of the man with a camera, why should he any longer endure the hardships of campaigning and the sorrows of separation from the comforts and companionships of home?

But the war correspondent with a camera has not gone home. He has no intention of doing so. He is unrepentant enough to believe that he, and not the man with a pencil, is going to "come out on top."

Let us have the point at issue clearly defined. War correspondents are with the army to report

the war—some by word pictures, others by camera or pencil pictures. Sight-seeing is a passion with humanity. Every inhabitant of the British Isles would like to have a personal vision of the conflict in South Africa, but—save for two or three irresponsible persons whose presence at the front no one can understand—those inhabitants are compelled to rely upon the eyes of others. Now, leaving aside the correspondents who devote themselves to word pictures solely, the question to be decided is—does the man with the camera surpass the man with the pencil in depicting the actuality of warfare?

An astounding claim is made on behalf of the man with the pencil. He can, we are told by Mr. Wollen, show the public "an accurate bird's-eye view of what a battle is like." And he does it by "a few lines to indicate the background and characteristics of it." The same authority assures us that "the brain of the camera cannot take in all that is going on. The man with the pencil does so." Such is the case for the man with the pencil. Now for the test of cross-examination.

Modder River and Magersfontein may be cited as two representative battles of the war, and so may be honestly used as touchstones to try the claim Mr. Wollen makes on behalf of the man with a pencil. In each case there was a battle-line of some five or six miles, in each case the enemy was invisible, in each case it was physically impossible for any one man to see more than a small portion of

the battle. A spectator on the right flank at Modder River could have no personal knowledge of incidents which were happening in the centre of the bridge, or down the river on the left flank. Even of his own particular section on the right flank that spectator could not attain to a perfect knowledge. But the man with a pencil is untrammelled by such minor matters as time and space; he "takes in all that is going on." Or, if he does not take it all in, he puts it in his sketch. The result is no more "an accurate bird's-eye view of what a battle is like" than a photograph of Oom Paul is like a photograph of Mr. Chamberlain. In short, the facility with which the pencil-man can jot down what he did not see is his ruin.

It will be obvious that the man with the pencil, not being ubiquitous, *cannot* "take in" all that happens on a battlefield; he sees just as much as, and no more than, the man with the camera; for the rest—which forms so large a proportion of his sketch—he has to rely upon the testimony of others. Now, when the public have in their hands a result attained by this method, what is its value as an "accurate bird's-eye view of what a battle is like?" Absolutely *nil.* People at home want to see a battle as they would have seen it if they had been present, and no sane man will contest the assertion that the best medium for giving them that vision is the camera rather than the pencil. Try as he may after the actual, the man with the pencil thrusts his personality between the event he sees and the people at

home for whom he wishes to reproduce it, and consquently his sketch becomes a miserable failure when considered as an "accurate bird's-eye view of what a battle is like."

On the other hand, what does the man with the camera do? He and his lens see at least so much of a given battle as any man with a pencil, and what they see they see with unfailing accuracy. Take that battery in action which Mr. Wollen chooses to cite as a subject wherein the powerlessness of the camera is supposed to be illustrated. The camera man does not fear the test. He can show the guns coming into action, record their unlimbering, depict the preparation for firing, and time a photograph at the actual moment of firing. It is true that his picture will not show quite such a volume of smoke as the sketch of the man with the pencil. But why? *Because the smoke is not there.* The man with the pencil puts it in because other men with pencils have been putting it in for generations. Perhaps, too, the public would not mistake the sketch for a battle-scene if the smoke were absent. Anyhow, what becomes of the boast of *accuracy?* Moreover, the man with a camera will not present his public with a twelve-pounder firing from the carriage of a howitzer.

There is something more to be said for the man with a camera. Now-a-days he is in the habit of screwing a telephoto lens to the front of the camera, and with that lens he can immensely outdistance the vision of even that all-seeing man with the pencil.

Objects a couple of miles off are brought near, and groups of men can be photographed at such distances as prevent them assuming any posing attitudes. In this way actuality takes on the added charm of natural grouping, and I shall be greatly surprised if some of the telephoto pictures of this war do not take rank as the most artistic as well as realistic records of its incidents.

After all, the man with a camera may safely leave his case in the hands of others. Take a negative and a positive witness on the question in the abstract. Mr. Julian Ralph writes that "the pictures of our battles which are coming back to us in the London weeklies are not at all like the real things," and then he adds: "I saw the other day a picture in one of the leading papers by one of the best illustrators. It showed the British storming a Boer position. In the middle ground was a Boer battery, and the only gunner left alive was standing up with a bandage round his head, while smoke and flame and flying fragments of shells filled the air in his vicinity. In the rush of the instant he must have been bandaged by the same shot that struck him, and as for smoke and *débris* in the air, there was more of this in a corner of that picture than I have seen in all the four battles we have fought."

Now for the positive witness. He is no less a person than the art critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who can no more be charged with a predilection for photography than Messrs. Steyn and Kruger can be saddled with a predilection for truthfulness. This

critic dwells, as Mr. Scott did in the letter which opened this discussion, upon the old and new methods of war illustration, and then candidly adds: "I would like to say that the artists score off the photographer, *but they do not.* The public wants the facts as near as may be, and are too deeply stirred to be put off with melodrama."

One other witness may be called to give Mr. Wollen an idea of how the work of the man with the pencil is faring at home. Here is a recent private letter from England, which makes merry in the following fashion over those sketches which are so inclusive and accurate: "There is a picture of two gunners standing to attention after having exhausted their ammunition. The man nearest the gun is looking straight in front of him, with a bandage round his head, a bullet-wound in his face (close to the left ear), two in the right side of his chest, and one in his right leg, some distance above the knee. Within a yard of him is a bursting shell. But that man ignores such trivial things. Still he stands. I suppose the weight of so much lead in him keeps him up. One wonders whether he is hollow inside, so that the bullets all drop down into his feet."

No wonder, worthy editorial sirs, you have not witnessed an exodus of men with cameras from Bloemfontein; they are staying to "come out on top." Sincerely yours,

H. C. Shelley.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Who Stole the Cart?"

To the Editors of The Friend,—Sirs,—Practical jokes are out of date, and the perpetrators have universally come to be regarded as a mixture of fools and knaves. It is intolerable to attempt a practical joke upon a friend, but to play one upon a stranger is downright rascality. To accept an excuse for such a thing is to admit the pleas of the man who took a piece of old rope that he did not mean to take the horse that was at the other end; or that of other fellows who sneak property, pick pockets, or forge cheques, that these acts were all done in fun.

I have been much interested in reading in The Friend about horses, saddles, bridles, and even riems being stolen in this campaign, but I think I can add to the list with a more startling experience of my own. I bought a waggon from a well-known man in this town and had it sent to a coach repairer to be overhauled. It was a conspicuous vehicle, as much so as a Soudan pantechnicon van, with white wall sides, upon which were painted, in letters that could be read half a mile away, the owner's name, business, and address. This waggon was impudently taken in the night-time, dragged to stables some distance away, and there left. From the police I have learned that paint had actually been purchased, and it was evidently the intention of the thieves to transform my waggon, by painting out the name and address, and so daub it with khaki or

some other colour that it should become unrecognisable. By a fortuitous accident the waggon was discovered in the nick of time.

The law here is such that an aggrieved party must become a prosecutor, which is an undertaking a transient visitor naturally shirks.

I think it my duty to call attention to the circumstances and the inadequacy of the existing means for the prevention of wrong-doing and the punishment of the wrong-doers.—I am, sirs, yours truly,

MELTON PRIOR,
War Artist, *Illustrated London News.*

WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERT

Thanks to the kindness of the Military Governor, Major-General Pretyman, the concert in aid of the "Widows' and Orphans' Funds," London and Bloemfontein, will be held next Wednesday evening, instead of during the afternoon. Major-General Pretyman has conceded that upon the date in question, Wednesday, 18th inst., the pass regulation will not come into force until midnight. That means that citizens may move about after 8 p.m., or until twelve o'clock, without requiring any special pass or being called upon to produce a permit.

The committee of war correspondents declare that the entertainment will require no booming. It is to be a red-letter day in the calendar of concerts given for charitable purposes in Bloemfontein, both

in respect to talent upon the platform and to the celebrities who will crowd the Town Hall that evening.

Amongst those who will appear will be Miss Fraser, the Free State nightingale, who will sing original verses written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling for the occasion, Miss Leviseur, Miss Jessie Fraser, Lieut.-Colonel Townshend, C.B., Surgeon-Major Beevor, Scots Guards, Lieut. James Forrest, Captain Nugent, the celebrated vocalist; Captain Wright, R.N. (The Skipper); the Lightning Cartoonists, *alias* The Gemini; Mr. Preshaw, Major Jones, R.E., besides, in the language of the *entrepreneurs*, "a coruscation and galaxy of stars of the first magnitude too numerous to mention in the brief space afforded." It is hoped that the military band will be present, but, at any rate, that the concert will be high-class without being dull is guaranteed from the fact that Messrs. Ivan Haarburgher and King are in charge of the musical arrangements.

Tickets may be had and seats booked at Messrs. Borckenhagen and Co. Prices: 5s., reserved seats; gallery, 2s. 6d.; soldiers in uniform to gallery, 1s.

CHAPTER XXIX

Adieu to "The Friend"

Thus ends the history of this new departure in war and in journalism. Of it Mr. Kipling wrote afterwards, "Never again will there be such a paper! Never again such a staff! Never such fine larks." It has been impossible, after all my good intentions, to tell of scores of the peculiarities of the paper, and its editors' experiences. Sometimes copies of The Friend did not look twice alike for days at a time, as we strove to make it more and more workmanlike, and more and more original and attractive.

We began, as I have said, with advertisement "ear-tabs" on either side of the heading. Then we put the Royal coat-of-arms in their places. Next we put the arms in the middle of the title space and published mottoes and notices in new "ear-tabs." At first we only put double leads between the lines of the leading article each day, but presently we dignified the cable news and Mr. Kipling's contributions in that way. We once put some editorial notices in rhyme, and

set them up in black job type—when we changed the price of the paper to one penny for everybody.

We knew that our money returns were in confusion, but because we had taken over a business manager from one of the two commandeered newspapers, whom we could hardly expect to be in sympathy with us, and because we had established two prices for the paper and were being victimised by some of our customers, we never knew how the finance of our venture was likely to come out.

A practised man of affairs, from the City Imperial Volunteer Mounted Force, Mr. Siegfried Blumfeld, most kindly took the trouble to look into our accounts, and we learned from his report that we were making money, but not nearly enough to satisfy our pride and hopes. However, as events proved, we made a splendid profit, and were able to make Tommy Atkins's newspaper pay a handsome sum toward "Tommy's" relief. All that any of us have even thus far learned of the profits is to be found in the following formal letter I received from Lord Stanley:—

ARMY HEADQUARTERS, PRETORIA,
3rd *October*, 1900.

SIR,—I have been asked by Major-General Pretyman, C.B., to forward you a copy of a letter

which he has received bearing reference to the use made of the profits of THE FRIEND newspaper.

General Pretyman adds that there will be a further cheque, which he proposes to send to some other charity, but which he does not specify to me.

Yours sincerely,

STANLEY.

Julian Ralph, Esq.

(*Enclosure.*)

STELLENBERG, KENILWORTH, CAPE COLONY,
20/8/00.

SIR,—As Honorary Treasurer of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, I enclose a formal acknowledgment of the cheques for £136 17s. 3d. so kindly sent to our Association by the War Correspondents. Should you have an opportunity of doing so, I should be very glad if you would convey to Lord Stanley and the other gentlemen our great appreciation of this kind and thoughtful gift.

Yours very truly,

(*Signed*) W. L. SCLATER.

Had we been able to "inspan" a proof-reader with a Lee-Metford rifle and a determination to use it to enforce his "corrections," we should not have announced the Queen's reception in Dublin

as a great tribute by London, neither should we have made Mr. Kipling speak of a "shixlvl" when he wrote a "shovelful." Four of us had to fill a great chasm nine columns long and wide every day, and to do proof-reading as well. We produced the nine columns incidentally as a thing done with our left hands, the while that our minds and souls and master-hands were devoted to correcting proofs. Bravely as we battled with them, they kept coming like a swift tide, until, in a reckless way of putting it, they were heaped on our table as high as the first button on each of our coats. When it came to time to go to press we regularly and daily observed that we had not only overlooked errors enough to wreck our reputations, but that the compositors had failed to correct most of those which we had marked. Gravely, in a body, we used to march to the printing-office and threaten to send the entire corps of workmen as prisoners to Simonstown, charged with being hostile to the blessings of enlightened government. Then we would go to lunch and the paper would come out—so full of mistakes that there was clearly nothing to do but to allow the humour of the situation to have its way, and to laugh until we almost cried at the extravagance of the offences we were committing against journalism and "the art preservative of arts."

Adieu to "The Friend"

Despite its whimsicalities, THE FRIEND was a dignified newspaper, and very nearly a complete one. The largest daily circulation of any Bloemfontein newspaper had been 400 copies, but we regularly sold from 5,000 to 5,500 copies. We published *Reuter's* telegrams from all over the world (semi-occasionally when military messages did not block the wires), and the *Capetown Argus's* tidings of what went on in South Africa.

As I have written elsewhere, "its unique origin and purpose, and its eccentricities, combined to make it the basis of a collecting mania." Copies with a mistake in a date line, corrected after one hundred papers had been struck off, brought five shillings on the date of issue, and ten shillings two days later, and the price had risen to a guinea by the time the newspaper was turned over to the managers of the *Johannesburg Star* and *Capetown Argus*. This took place when it was apparent to all of us that two or three of us were not in the physical trim to serve THE FRIEND and our distant employers without causing one or the other to suffer great neglect.

The competition for complete sets of the newspaper ran the price up to £25, and this strife ran neck and neck with the rivalry to obtain sets of Freed State postage stamps made British by the letters V.R.I. on an overline of printing.

One of these stamps was quoted at £10 while the army lingered in Bloemfontein, but I have my own reason for thinking that THE FRIEND will receive a higher valuation than any "pink sixpenny stamp" or any set of stamps, for it fell to the lot of that journal to emphasise the present power and usefulness of the press as no other journal has ever done.

A single copy of this newspaper has since fetched £25 at a London charity bazaar.

Since the return to England of three of the editors we have decided to perpetuate the little organisation in a fraternal "Order of Friendlies," and Rudyard Kipling has designed a badge which Messrs. Tiffany & Co., jewellers, of Regent Street, have most ably and artistically executed in gold and enamel. It is of the size of a two guinea coin. On its obverse side are the colours of the old Free State and Transvaal, upon which is imposed the red cross of Saint George. In the ends of the cross are the initials of the four editors in Greek capitals. Lord Roberts's badge has his initials in the centre of the cross in green under a golden coronet, and where the ring is, on top of our badges, his has a green enamel shamrock leaf. On the reverse side are four pens crossed and surrounded by a motto, "In the Midst of War the Printing Press," here

couched in monkish Latin. Lord Roberts's badge has a drawn sword of gold on top of the crossed pens. Only seven men in all the world belong to this order: Lord Roberts, Lord Stanley, Messrs. Gwynne, Kipling, Landon, Buxton, and myself. All others are eligible, however, who have dedicated themselves to "telling the truth at all costs and all hazards," so that the mind fails to grasp the future possibilities of its membership.

THE END

A TIMELY BOOK.

China.

Travels and Investigations in the "Middle Kingdom"—A Study of its Civilization and Possibilities. Together with an Account of the Boxer War, the Relief of the Legations, and the Re-establishment of Peace. By JAMES HARRISON WILSON, A. M., LL. D., late Major-General United States Volunteers, and Brevet Major-General United States Army. Third edition, revised throughout, enlarged, and reset. 12mo. Cloth, $1.75.

General Wilson's second visit to China and his recent active service in that country have afforded exceptional chances for a knowledge of present conditions and the possibilities of the future. In the light of the information thus obtained at first hand in the country itself, General Wilson is enabled to write with a peculiar authoritativeness in this edition, which brings his study of China down to the present day. In addition to the new chapters which have been added explaining the origin and development of the Boxer insurrection, the relief of the legations, and the outlook for the future, the author has revised his book throughout, and has added much valuable matter in the course of his narrative. This book, which is therefore in many respects new, puts the reader in possession of a broad and comprehensive knowledge of Chinese affairs, and this includes the latest phases of the subject. The practical and discriminating character of the author's study of China will be appreciated more than ever at this time when practical questions relating to Chinese administration, commerce, and other matters of the first importance, are engaging so much attention. This new edition is indispensable for any one who wishes a compact, authoritative presentation of the China of to-day.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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By HOWARD C. HILLEGAS.

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